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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY

OF THE

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A.M.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ABRIDGED, WITH ADDITIONAL LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES.

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The Memoir of Summerfield, whose name is embalmed in the hearts of the people of God, has hitherto been issued in a handsome octavo stereotype edition, to which, in 1846, "Additional Letters" and "Reminiscences" were added, which swelled the volume to a size beyond the reach of many who have wished to possess it. In the hope of rendering an acceptable service to thousands of families, the proprietor of the work, in behalf of the surviving relatives of Summerfield, besides still issuing it entire in the larger size, is gratified to present it to the Christian public in the present form. This volume contains the Memoir by Mr. Holland, with the omission of some parts which seemed to be of less interest to the general reader, indicated by * * *; and the insertion, chiefly from the enlarged edition, of about thirty spiritual and eminently characteristic letters of Summerfield, together with most of the "Reminiscences" and some additional matter, no part of which additions was in the hands of the author when the work was originally prepared. These letters, for the convenience of the reader, are inserted in the Memoir in the order of time, commencing on pages 88, 92, 102, 131, 144, 146, 154, 159, 163, 165, 166, 167, 188, 191, 192, 207, 215, 218, 221, 223, 225, 231, 233, 234, 240, 247, 250, 256, 258, 260, 261. The preface now consists solely of the admirable Introductory Letter of the poet Montgomery; and the whole has been revised while passing through the press, and is commended to the grace and blessing of that God whom Summerfield delighted to serve.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

BY THE POET MONTGOMERY.

"To Mr. John Holland.

"Dear Friend—When I named you to the relatives of the late Rev. John Summerfield, as a proper person to prepare a memoir of that minister extraordinary of the gospel, I was perfectly aware of the responsibility which I thereby incurred; but I was also so well satisfied with respect to your qualifications, that I gladly trusted my credit on your performance of the task. I now thank you sincerely for having, most promptly and effectually, redeemed the pledge which I laid down for you. Without binding myself to subscribe implicitly to every sentiment, or to approve of every form of expression in it, I can say, after an attentive perusal of the manuscript, that according to my best judgment you have done justice to the subject, honor to yourself, and service to the church on earth, by presenting one trophy more of the power of the religion of Jesus out of weakness to perfect strength, and by instruments such as God alone *could* make, and such as he alone *would* use, to work miracles of mercy in converting sinners from the error of their ways, saving souls from death, and covering a multitude of sins.

"You know, that before I put the multifarious materials for the intended work into your hands, I had diligently examined the whole, both for my own satisfaction and that I might be prepared to afford you any counsel or assistance in my power, which you might require, in the prosecution of your interesting but by no means easy labors.

I confess now, that while my willing persuasion of the ardent piety, the remarkable gifts, and the amazing influence of the preaching of this young apostle upon hearers of all classes, was abundantly confirmed as I proceeded, my sense of the difficulty of exhibiting a portrait of the *deceased*, nearly corresponding with the recollections of the *living* minister in the hearts of affectionate kindred and friends, but especially of giving to those who knew him not, an idea which should justify in their esteem the praises that have been lavished upon him—my sense of the difficulty of doing this was greatly increased as I went along and found among his remains few traces of lofty intellect, powerful imagination, or touching pathos; such as would naturally be expected in the productions of a youth so early and enthusiastically followed and applauded. But the bulk of these, being mere journals of daily incidents, often very minute, and of heart-experience, never colored either under or above present feeling, the whole intended for his own eye only, and noted down under the eye of his Master, as though the running title of his pages had been, 'Thou, God, seest me,' the absence of all curious and elaborate composition, is a test of the genuineness of the records themselves, and rather to the credit than the disparagement of his genius.

"In his sermons, however, something of the character of elegant literature might be required, and would be in place; because the utter inartificiality which, in his *memorabilia* of hourly occurrences, was a merit, would have been a defect here. Accordingly I went with critical scrutiny, through nearly two hundred sketches of these, in his own handwriting; and I give it as my deliberate conviction, that though they were very *unlike* what I had anticipated from a fervent, fearless, self-sacrificing preacher, the delight of wondering, weeping, and admiring audiences wherever he went, they were, in one main respect, far *superior;*

being calculated less for instant effect, than for abiding usefulness. Though but *studies*, they are nevertheless exceedingly methodical in plan; and in execution they are distinguished chiefly by sound doctrine, exact judgment, and severe abstinence from ornament. Such ornament, however, as does occur, is often exquisite; and from being occasionally interpolated—as after-thoughts—I cannot doubt, that in uttering these condensed compositions at spontaneous length, illustrations the most lively and beautiful sprang in like manner out of the subject, when the preacher himself was full to overflowing, yet filling the faster the more he overflowed.

"And this was the right kind of preparation for one who always had *words* at command, but whose feelings commanded *him*. He came to the pulpit with the whole scheme of his discourse clearly and succinctly marked out in his mind. Then, when he was indeed 'in the spirit,' warmed, exalted, and inspired with the divinity of his theme, the chain of premeditated ideas, link by link, in seemingly extemporaneous succession, would be developed; while every thought, emotion, and appeal, would body itself forth in the most vivid and appropriate language. Then truly would his bow abide in strength, and every shaft which he sent from the string, like the arrow of Acestes of old, would take fire in its flight, shine through the clouds, and vanish in the immensity of heaven. *Virg. Æn.*, lib. 5, l. 525–8.

"But as the Sabbath and the sanctuary were the day and the place of resurrection, when his closet skeletons, thus clothed upon, became living, breathing, speaking oracles, the retrogression into their original forms would be proportionately to the preacher's disadvantage. *Hearers*, who had been rapt towards the third heaven in the fiery chariot of his delivery, and almost seemed to hear 'things which it was not lawful for man to utter,' when they afterwards became *readers* at home of the few faint outlines,

however symmetrical and harmonious, would scarcely recognize their shadowy resemblance to the glorious apparitions which had gone by, never to be renewed except with the presence, the eye, and the voice of the preacher himself. In fact, every attempt to present on paper the splendid effects of impassioned eloquence, is like gathering up dewdrops, which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run to water in the hand; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone.

"But Summerfield's memory needs no monument of his handywork to endear and perpetuate it; nor is it any derogation from his talents to say, that he has left no posthumous proofs of their power, to divide with his Maker the glory of what God was pleased to do by him, in the faithful exercise of them. Brief indeed was his career, but brilliant and triumphant. Like one of the racers in that ancient game, wherein he who ran with the greatest speed, carrying a blazing torch unextinguished to the goal, was crowned as victor, he *so* ran that he soon obtained the prize; and *his* light, not extinct even in death, but borne again in your hand, my dear friend, along the same path, while you retrace the Lord's dealings with him through his swift and shining course, shall be a guide, a comfort, and an example to thousands who never witnessed its living coruscations.

"I do now, therefore, not less heartily recommend your little volume—the more precious, because it is a little one—to the Christian public as worthy of their acceptance, than on the former occasion I conscientiously recommended yourself to the esteemed relatives of the deceased, as worthy to be his biographer.

"I am, faithfully and affectionately,

"Your friend,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY."

"SHEFFIELD, March 30, 1829."

MEMOIRS

OF

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SUMMERFIELD'S PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND EDUCATION—GOES TO RESIDE AT LIVERPOOL—REMARKABLE DREAM.

Although accounts of the parentage of a saint of the Most High, unless connected with some very peculiar circumstances, are generally uninteresting, yet it may not be improper, in the instance before us, to record the following brief particulars.

William Summerfield, the father of that excellent minister, the particulars of whose life I am about to narrate, was born in Devonshire, April 12, 1770. * * * At an early period of his life, he was engaged as a millwright near Wakefield, Yorkshire. While in this situation, he became acquainted with Miss Amelia Depledge, who, at the period in question, lived in the same neighborhood. In a short time they were married, and resided thenceforward about two years near Bretton. They then removed to Manchester, where Mr. Summerfield was engaged, during a residence of about four years, as foreman to a considerable machine manufactory.

Here an event occurred of infinite importance to himself, and doubtless, in the issue, to many others who subsequently

came within the sphere of his influence, which, from the natural vigor of his mind, was far from being inconsiderable. He began to attend the preaching of the Wesleyan Methodists; joined the society, and in a short time experienced a scriptural conversion; which he attributed mediately to impressions received under the preaching of the Rev. Joseph Benson, at that time stationed in Manchester. This great religious change is said to have taken place when he was about twenty-one years of age. From that period he became a zealous disciple of his divine Lord and Master, and continued to evince the ardor and sincerity of his religious profession to the end of his life—a life which was chequered with more than an ordinary share of trials and vicissitudes, the minuter details of which would be here entirely out of place.

It may, however, be observed without impropriety, that William Summerfield was one of those men whose sanguine temperaments and projecting minds are more likely to lead them to engage in plausible speculations, than to incline them to advance their fortunes by the slow process of uninventive assiduity. Lancashire was at this time exhibiting the earlier effects of that daring spirit of mechanical enterprise which has, almost as it were by the power of machinery, transplanted successful experimentalists from the poverty of paupers into the opulence of princes. Few men of persevering genius and common industry could witness what was then taking place around them, without thinking that they might, nor perhaps indeed without feeling that they ought to attempt the achievement of some such envied distinction.

After remaining some time with his employers in Manchester, William Summerfield removed with his family to Preston about 1797. Here he commenced business as an engineer and iron-founder, with every prospect of rising to opulence. He was highly respected by all who knew him,

both as a tradesman and as a member of the Methodist society; in connection with which body he now acted as a local preacher: he was, indeed, particularly distinguished for the liveliness of his faith, his continuing instant in prayer, and an almost unexampled spirit of self-denial.

After experiencing various reverses of fortune, arising partly from the common casualties of business, and partly from being outwitted by partners, his affairs, at a time when he had reason to think himself wealthy, became deranged; so that on the breaking up of an establishment and connection upon which he had reasonably, but mistakenly, reposed his all, he left Preston, and after residing about two years in Burslem, Staffordshire, and a short time in Liverpool, went to Ireland in 1812, where he successively filled situations of trust in Dublin and Cork. After a few years, he emigrated with his family to New York, in the United States of America, where his eldest daughter had been some time settled with her husband Mr. Blackstock, a respectable cotton-broker in that city. In the house of this exemplary son-in-law, where he had long found a home, and soothed by the affectionate attentions of all his surviving children, he expired, the victim of a violent dysentery, Sept. 19, 1825, aged 55. As his life had been characterized by eminent religious profession, so his death was not only satisfactory, but in the estimation of his friends, one of the most triumphant ever witnessed. His sufferings during the last twelve hours were exceedingly acute; but in the midst of these most trying moments his faith faltered not: he cried out, "I have an unshaken confidence." His frame of mind for several days before his death was happy beyond description—bringing, in the expressive phrase of his attendants, "heaven upon earth." A few nights previous to his departure, his daughter Amelia was awoke by his talking aloud in his sleep, as with his beloved son John, the subject of this memoir. Being interrogated on the subject, he

replied, "John and I had much to do together." To the foregoing testimony the writer of these pages has the gratification of being enabled to add, that when he visited Preston in 1828, he did not converse with a single individual who did not accord a prompt acknowledgment of the religious character and moral worth of his former friend and townsman.

Of the personal accomplishments and Christian experience of his mother, I am unable to speak, beyond the general fact that she was a pious woman. She died in Liverpool, whither she had removed for the benefit of her health, on the 9th of August, 1811; leaving with her friends a gratifying assurance that in her departure from this life she was gone to that Jesus whom her soul loved. Her remains lie buried in St. Paul's churchyard, in that town.

William and Amelia Summerfield were the parents of nine children, five sons and four daughters, three of whom died in their infancy.

John, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, January 31, 1798. Previously to the birth of this child his father had frequently been heard to say, that there was nothing that he desired more in early life, than that he should have a son; that that son should be a minister of the gospel; and that his name should be called *John*. And truly, as he and his wife, like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, "were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless," so likewise his prayer was heard—a man-child was born; and his father, in the spirit of the venerable priest of Jerusalem, "praised God" that he had given him a son. And it is worthy of remark, that at the time of the birth of the babe, *his father solemnly dedicated him to the work of the ministry*. How far, when in after-life "he was filled with the Holy Ghost," he imitated his evangelical namesake in "preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," resembling him as he did in being dedicated to the

Lord "even from the womb," the history of his ministerial life must testify.

John was an exceedingly interesting and amiable child. At five years of age he was sent to school, where he had not been twelve months before he was accounted the best reader; and his teacher was so proud of him that she frequently pointed to him as an example for the other children to imitate. He was much caressed and complimented by strangers as well as friends, and his manners were so pleasing that they always attracted attention: yet he was not in the slightest degree a spoiled child; for however much indulged, it appeared to have no bad effect upon him. He was so remarkably sensitive, that he could not bear to see his brothers or sisters corrected.

When about six years old, he was sent to school with his sister, aged about eight, to a pious Methodist lady, about twenty miles from home. This was the first time they had been separated from their parents, and was the occasion of much distress to his sister; but John, who had not only a happy method of restraining his own feelings, but likewise of administering comfort to others, addressed her in a style rather of manly than juvenile consolation. "Ellen," he would say, when his sister began to weep, "Ellen, I really am astonished at you; you know that our father sent us here for our good; but if you fret and grieve so, you will make yourself ill, and then you wont be able to learn any thing. And think how sorry our mother would feel, and how disappointed she would be, if she were to know. You ought to be more of a woman; besides, Mrs. Campbell would be displeased, should she see you." Such were the reasonings of the child, whose engaging manners made him almost the idol of the family; and who, when Mrs. Campbell was at prayer, would clasp his little hands, and devoutly respond, "Amen."

On leaving Mrs. Campbell, with whom he had made con-

siderable progress, he was placed under the care of Mr. Berry, an approved master in Preston: for him he entertained a very high regard, although he was extremely rigid. Mr. Berry pronounced him, on entering the school, the best grammarian he had ever met with for his years. Here he held a most respectable rank in the various classes; though it was remarked that he hardly studied at all during the intervals of school hours. At this period he was excessively fond of play; indeed, he was so entirely devoted to recreation, that from the time he left school, generally about five o'clock in the afternoon, he rarely opened his books until within about half an hour of school-time in the morning, when he would begin to make preparation. His manner of committing his tasks to memory in so short a time, was somewhat singular: he would lay himself down in the cradle, and with his feet over the sides, would set it rocking at full swing; he would then apply himself to his lessons with the greatest eagerness; after he had gone over them a few times in this way, he would spring up and hasten to school, reciting as he went the tasks he was expected to repeat. His mother would frequently tell him that she was afraid to see or hear from Mr. Berry, who might have a bad account to give of him, as he was so negligent with regard to his studies. The accounts, however, received of him, were most gratifying; and his teachers declared, that such was his aptitude for learning that he cost them very little trouble.

This towardness of disposition was so satisfactory to his father, that he was determined to spare no expense in giving him a good education. With a wise regard to the value of religious instruction in connection with scholastic discipline, he was sent to the celebrated seminary at Fairfield, an extensive Moravian establishment, about four miles from Manchester. The preceptor was the Rev. C. F. Ramftler, who was likewise the resident minister; under this gentleman, young Summerfield not only made considerable prog-

ress in the classics, and other branches of education, but received religious impressions which it is probable were never wholly obliterated from his conscience. In this school, too, he was generally beloved; and was especially a favorite with the Moravian bishop Moore, then residing at Fairfield. This venerable prelate used to delight in hearing the amiable tyro recite religious pieces in prose and verse: this distinction was carried so far, that he was even selected to give these recitations in the chapel—a practice which, as it has not been repeated, shows at least the estimation in which he was held by the worthy superiors in that establishment. He remained in this delightful retreat nearly five years, when he was abruptly taken away in consequence of his father's misfortunes, in December, 1809.

During the vacations of midsummer and Christmas up to this period, when he returned home, his company was sought and he was caressed by the heads of several of the first families in the neighborhood of Burslem; being treated more like an equal than a mere boy by some of his seniors, who held him up as an example for youth much older than himself to emulate. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his fund of entertaining pieces, grave as well as humorous, in connection with his powers for recitation before alluded to, rendered him a very desirable companion.

The following anecdote, as it exhibits the filial piety and precocious talents of this interesting boy, may be appropriately introduced here. In the year 1810, at the time when Mr. William Summerfield's embarrassments were extremely distressing, and led to the employment of John in various ways, a thought struck the intelligent lad, that it was possible for him so to redeem a portion of his time, as to enable him to open a night-school. With him, even at this early age, to devise and to execute were the same: the attempt was made; the school was opened; and many young men

twice as old as himself presented themselves, so that he had soon more applications than he could receive. The school was continued until his removal to Liverpool, when he parted with his pupils amid their sincere regrets. It is worthy of remark, that the proceeds of this school were religiously handed over to his mother.

At this period he seems to have cherished that spark of religious feeling, and to have maintained the distinctness of those impressions of which he had been the subject at Fairfield. It was, moreover, his practice to spend much time—his friends say "whole weeks"—in retirement, for the purposes of study and meditation; exhibiting herein a faint and juvenile emulation of the holy conduct of the celebrated non-conformist divine, Isaac Ambrose, once the minister of Preston, whose custom it was once a year to retire into a hut in a neighboring wood, and there spend a month in religious contemplation.

As already stated, Mrs. Summerfield died in 1811. John, then in his thirteenth year, accompanied this beloved parent to Liverpool, whither she had gone for the benefit of the sea air; and he was the only child that was with her during the last four months of her illness. The circumstance of her death peculiarly impressed his mind, and he often dwelt upon the subject—especially in after-life, when he hardly ever spoke of the glorified throng in heaven without naming his mother. This wealthy, interesting, and thriving town, which had afforded a grave to his mother, now became the residence of her son; and here, before he was fifteen years old, he filled the situation of clerk in a mercantile establishment, being principally employed in managing a French correspondence, the principal being himself unacquainted with foreign languages. He was an excellent book-keeper and accountant, and was prized and retained in this situation until the failure of the house.

It was about this time that young Summerfield had a

remarkable dream, to which he has frequently been known to advert in after-life; it is however mentioned here, not as otherwise important, than as showing, with perhaps the ordinary exaggeration arising from the effect of sleep, the tenor and tendency of his waking thoughts. One night, after he had been some time in bed, his sister was alarmed by an uncommon noise which he made: at this time he was subject to the cramp; but contrary to expectation, when his sister entered his room he was fast asleep, yet appeared very restless, and his countenance was much agitated. She awoke him and inquired what was the matter; he replied, "Did I disturb you? It was not the cramp: I'll tell you, Ellen, all about it in the morning." The next day, she was very anxious to know every particular relative to the disturbance which had caused the alarm. "Ah," said he, "it was a terrifying dream; when I made that noise and exhibited that struggle, I thought Satan had laid hold upon me." Said he, "I found a beaten track, in which great numbers of persons were walking; I therefore resolved to mingle with the crowd and ascertain the meaning of all this. After some time I discovered what I took to be the termination of my wanderings, yet I could not see any particular object of attraction, although many appeared to be worshipping something which I could not perceive; however, on a nearer approach, I found the object of adoration to be no other than *Satan* himself, surrounded by a prostrate multitude. I immediately looked round for some way by which I might escape, determining that *I would not bend the knee:* I at last discovered a narrow and winding stairway, the ascent of which was very high and steep, yet I was resolved to ascend although I had to pass by Satan to reach the stairs. I mounted with great rapidity; the windings became more and more difficult, and my course was much impeded; with breathless anxiety I took one look back, and finding I was pursued and almost within *the very*

grasp of the enemy, I made one desperate effort, by which I escaped, and immediately awoke."

No part of his correspondence with his family or others, at this period, has been preserved—at least, none has come to hand. In the absence of such documentary evidence as his own letters, it is yet certain that he indulged to the utmost of his means that thirst for information by which he had always been distinguished, especially a taste for oratory, which having been implanted with his early habits, he sought every opportunity of gratifying by hearing the best speakers, whether in the pulpit, at the bar, or in popular assemblies: among the former, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, whose popularity was at that time the ascendant attraction in Liverpool, appears to have been one of the chief pulpit favorites of our young aspirant.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO DUBLIN—FALLS INTO DISSIPATED HABITS—OCCASIONAL CONTRITION—CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. RAFFLES—THINKS OF ENTERING THE MINISTRY AMONG THE DISSENTERS—GOES INTO BUSINESS—FRESH IRREGULARITIES—ATTENDS THE COURTS OF LAW.

Towards the latter end of the year 1812, Mr. William Summerfield removed with his family to Dublin. On their settlement in that city, John evinced no disposition to pursue any kind of business or profession. It is somewhat remarkable that his associates, from this time until he became religious in the true sense of the term, were generally persons from ten to twenty years older than himself; indeed, he had no companions in youth of his own age; and one of the most extraordinary features in his character consisted in the fluency and ability with which he could converse on subjects seldom attended to by one of his years. At fifteen he seemed to possess the experience of a person advanced in life—an uncommon knowledge of human nature, and the rare talent of describing whatever he had heard or seen in the most interesting manner.

These qualities, with a large fund of anecdotes and a rare facetiousness, together with a disposition the most accommodating, probably conduced to his chief misfortunes. His warm heart, which was truly formed for friendship, could rarely withstand the fervor of solicitation. So ready was he to serve his friends, that he would frequently, for acts of kindness towards others, perform acts of indiscretion towards himself, which as frequently led him into difficulties.

His extreme sensibility was such, that a plaintive appeal was generally irresistible; it would call forth all his energies; and sometimes he has had the mortification to discover that his kindness had been at least ill timed, and frequently,

as just intimated, accompanied by serious disadvantage to himself. To turn a deaf ear to the complaints of the distressed, was quite out of the question with John Summerfield; if his time or his talents were in requisition, they were bestowed with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm; was pecuniary assistance required, it was never withheld, if in his power to communicate. On one of these occasions, he was called upon by a petitioner in distress; but alas, his means were exhausted: after a moment's deliberation, he left the person, requesting him to wait till his return. Going home, he found the silver spoons laid upon the dinner-table; these he removed, together with what teaspoons he could collect, and presented the whole to the person in distress, whom he had known, when in affluent circumstances, as an individual by whom his father had lost considerable sums of money.

The company with whom he at this time mingled, caused him to be much from home, spending his time at the theatre, the billiard-room, or the card-table; most frequently the latter. This infatuating species of vice so captivated his mind, that by practice he became quite an adept, and was led on by degrees to emulate the more adventurous by playing a *high game*. It may well be conceived that these irregularities were sources of indescribable anguish to his father and family, who frequently labored under the most dreadful apprehensions, not knowing where such things might end.

Remorse of conscience always followed a season of dissipation, and then his sufferings were almost beyond endurance. On these occasions, he would remain closeted for weeks together, engaged, not only in his studies, which were intense, but in daily lamenting with heart-rending fervor his trangressions; seven times a day has he been known to prostrate himself with his face to the ground, imploring the divine forgiveness for his manifold sins. His distress of

mind, on account of disobedience to his parents, was often almost more than he could bear. It was during these lucid intervals of compunction and penitence, that his father's bruised hopes of ultimately seeing his son a minister of the gospel used to revive. Had he not been a man of uncommonly strong faith, there were circumstances existing at this period abundantly sufficient to dishearten him; enough, indeed, to destroy the confidence of most other men: yet he remained firm in the belief that his prayers would be answered concerning his son.

It has already been stated that young Summerfield, while in Liverpool, was an occasional attendant on the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Spencer. On the publication of the Rev. Thomas Raffles' interesting "Life of Spencer," a copy of the work was sent by a friend to our young prodigal in Dublin: he read it with great interest; and feeling his heart yearn towards the sacred profession, and experiencing at the same time a strong desire to return to England, he resolved to open a correspondence with the author, in the hope of obtaining admission into the academy of the dissenters at Hoxton. Through the kindness of Dr. Raffles, the first letter on this subject, in the autograph of Summerfield, lies before me:

"Dublin, Grand Canal Dock,
Hanover Quay, Jan. 7, 1814.

"Reverend Sir—I am at length induced by the repeated solicitations of a few of my more particular friends, to address you upon a subject which of all others is the most weighty.

"My name is utterly unknown to you, as well as my person, though I am well acquainted with both these in yourself.

"From my earliest infancy, I have had it in contemplation to become an ambassador for Christ; and of late, this has been kindled in me to a degree, so as not to leave a doubt

in my mind, but that my prayers to God to open my way are now answering. The other week, a friend sent me your 'Life of Spencer' from Liverpool; and I have read it with such delight, that it has tended more than any thing to increase the spark already kindling. I am but eighteen* years of age, not yet quite accomplished, and my youth would be the chief hinderance to my resolution of addressing you, had not my friends encouraged me to write you freely, being so perfectly satisfied of your Christian temper and candor, that if you gave me nothing to hope in my application, it would not be taken amiss.

"As this is the first communication—though I trust it may be suffered to be continued; yet being uncertain, and the event in embryo—I do not write fully, any farther than to say, that the tenets professed by the church of which you are the present supporter and guide, do most coincide with my ideas and belief in the revelation of God by his Son. I have had a very liberal education, having been brought up at Fairfield academy, near Manchester, among that worthy people the Moravians; and my father, having apparently intended me for the church, spared no expense to render my education fit for the purpose. But as I cannot give my mind to that church, for many reasons, I would be more willing to list under the banners of your church; though God knows it is in effect the same as theirs, being all warriors for Christ. I enclose this in a letter to my friends in Liverpool, to be forwarded to you, being ignorant of your address.

"You will see how to address me, at the head of this; and I would entreat your answer, if so much of your precious time can be devoted to answer so unworthy a servant; but though unworthy, not the more unwelcome.

"I would wish to begin my race early, run it with joy, and end it with glory.

* So in the original, but it is certainly a slip of the pen; it should be "sixteen."

"This communication is with my father's approbation—a gentleman in moderate circumstances, whose highest wish it is to see his son settled in his course.

"Believe me, reverend sir,

"Yours, most respectfully and devotedly,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

"The Rev. Thomas Raffles, Liverpool."

The following letter, apparently in reply to the foregoing, was written, as will be seen from the date, about three months after it; there had probably, however, been an intermediate communication.

"Liverpool, March 28, 1814.

"Do not imagine, my dear sir, because I have not been so quick as you might wish, and as I have desired to be, in my reply to your communication, in which you stated so much at length your feelings and your views, that I have forgotten you, or that I take no interest in your affairs. The fact is, that I have been waiting for a favorable opportunity of writing you pretty much at length, but owing to the extreme press of official business, I have not been able.

"You can form no conception of the labors of a pastor who has two thousand souls committed to his care. Even now I steal half an hour from rest, for the purpose of communing with my friends; and I cannot prevail upon myself to retire, though exhausted nature demands repose, till I have, by a few lines, relieved the anxiety of your mind.

"I have been out of town, into Wales, which is the cause of my not having answered your letter till now. I am very happy now to find that you have a design to visit Liverpool; I can talk to you upon the interesting subject of our correspondence, and say more to you and hear more from you in one hour, than could transpire in twenty letters.

"Have you friends in Liverpool? I am sorry that I have no house to invite you to. I am but a bachelor, and consequently a lodger. I hope you will come either before

or after the month of May, as during that month I expect to be in London. I should rather it was after May, as in the ensuing month I have no less than three journies to make, by which, of course, my time will be very much consumed—besides much other business which will absorb my whole attention.

"I should like, when you are here, to enjoy much of your society; and this, at present, I fear I should not be able to do. I forbear, in the prospect of an interview which your letter promises, to enter now into any further particulars respecting your views of the ministry—and praying you to maintain a spirit of self-examination, watchfulness, and diligence, with best respects to your friends, I am

"Yours, very faithfully,

"THOMAS RAFFLES."

The two foregoing letters are given entire, because they constitute the material evidence of a very interesting movement in the mind of Summerfield, and the solicitation for an arrangement which, had it taken place, might have been of the last importance in his life. Upon the probable issue of events, had the desire he then felt been consummated, it would now be idle to speculate. One question, however, naturally suggests itself, which it will be neither difficult nor improper to settle, namely, whether the negotiations alluded to were terminated voluntarily or otherwise on the part of the petitioner. Whatever other letters were written on this subject—and others undoubtedly there were—the two above cited are obviously the first and the last that passed between the parties; and whether or not the intermediate ones contained any more distinct overtures from either side, cannot be ascertained. If it should be thought that Dr. Raffles' communication holds out but little encouragement to the youthful applicant, and that the stretching forth a little further the hand of ministerial affection might have brought a valuable recruit into the ranks of the dissenters,

it must at the same time be recollected that Mr. Summerfield's solicitation, although signed with his name, and to a certain extent accredited, was virtually anonymous; and for the pastor of a large church thus to be expected promptly to extend his patronage, in a matter of so much delicacy, to an entire stranger, was in the abstract unreasonable. Besides, under these circumstances, the language of courtesy and the proposal of an interview on the part of Mr. Raffles, fairly entitle his conduct herein to the character of that of delicate and judicious encouragement. Thus much is plainly deducible from the document alone; and if there was no other evidence, the legitimate inference would be, either that Summerfield retracted from discouragement, or that he changed his mind. His own testimony, from a letter written after his conversion to a religious friend, appears to settle the question. Speaking of the sanguine hopes he once entertained in prospect of this arrangement, he adds, "Filial duty however prevented, on my father's remonstrance, which arose from the doctrines taught by many of that body, as to election, etc.; consequently I gave up the idea." Few persons, at all acquainted with either the father or the son, would doubt their sincerity in this reason; fewer still, it may be presumed, of those who witnessed Summerfield's fall into new dissipations, would rejoice that they should have prevailed. At the same time, many things not necessary to be specified here, must have been attended to before he could have been admitted into a dissenter's academy. He evidently had not the religious experience required of candidates, whatever his doctrinal notions might have been.

Notwithstanding all the agony which he occasionally felt for his past misconduct, and his frequent intervals of resolution and reform, he was repeatedly tempted into courses of dissipation. He became extravagantly fond of theatrical amusements; and having no regular employment, he delighted in attending whole days in the courts of justice and

in visiting public institutions. He would leave home for weeks together, visiting London and other places with the view of gaining information—his family sometimes having no idea where he was. As already intimated, his admiration of oratory was excessive; and he would lose no opportunity of hearing eminent speakers. It was all one to him whether they were to be found in the pulpit, at the bar, in the senate, or on the stage. When necessity compelled him to return home, he would shut himself up in his chamber; and during these fits of seclusion, such was his thirst for knowledge that he made a point of rising at four o'clock in the morning; after which he frequently remained at his studies without interruption until eight o'clock in the evening, taking, during the intermediate sixteen hours, only two or three cups of coffee!

This irregular and intense application was, without doubt, seriously injurious to his constitution; and he had at times a very emaciated appearance, arising from mental labor, close confinement, and great distress of mind on account of his past misconduct.

Young as he was, his father now began to feel a wish to establish him in some business, and selected, very unpromisingly, as most persons will think, the *coal-trade*. In this ungenial concern he was associated with another individual more experienced than himself. Prospects of profit had no influence with Summerfield to induce his certainly elegant mind to accommodate itself to the language of the wharf, or calculations by the chaldron. Instead, therefore, of being found at the quay or in the counting-house, he gave his attention to neither, but would shut himself up in his study or absent himself from home altogether. Such misconduct was followed by its natural consequences. The unsettled kind of life which he still continued to lead, frequently incurred his father's displeasure; and this conduct was aggravated by his promises of reform, which were not more frequently

made than they were broken, so that his derelictions became intolerable. This total neglect of business and the concomitant money losses, led him to the exercise of a facile and too often practised expedient for the relief of his present difficulties: he was induced to indorse paper acceptances, for those whom he conceived to be his friends. This involved him in responsibilities which he could not meet, and not only brought poverty and distress into his family, but ultimate ruin upon himself. As the climax of his degradation he was thrown into the marshalsea of Dublin.

Here a new theatre for the exercise of his ingenuity was presented: having a tolerable stock of legal knowledge, he employed himself for his fellows in confinement, in drawing up the necessary memorials for those who were seeking their enlargement under the provisions of the Insolvent act. Whatever an attorney could do in this respect, was easy to Summerfield; and the cases which he undertook to manage being generally successful, his practice in this way became considerable, and continued even after his own liberation. His necessities compelled him to make a regular charge, so that he derived from this source a considerable income. In drawing up a petition on any subject, he had acquired a facility that was astonishing: he would commence and continue to the end of the document, almost without a moment's hesitation, and rarely with a single interlineation. In this respect he was singularly gifted, as his letters and other compositions evince, for seldom had he occasion to alter or erase a word; and it may be added, that in after-life especially, he wrote a neat and elegant hand with great rapidity and evenness.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that he felt a strong inclination towards the study of the law. At the age of sixteen, as before stated, he was wont to spend days together in the courts in Dublin, where he has frequently heard causes tried from beginning to end, as well

for murder as for other crimes. After attending to the testimony of the various witnesses with as much anxiety as if he were engaged as counsel, he would closely estimate all the bearings of the case, and with boyish enthusiasm has been heard to say, "O, how I should like to sum up."

On one occasion, he was in attendance before one of the courts of justice in Dublin, as an important witness against a person who was seeking to take the benefit of the Insolvent act. He was examined and most rigidly cross-examined by an eminent lawyer; but to puzzle him appeared impossible: he was able to recollect, without any memoranda, the dates of a vast number of payments and receipts, sales and purchases—pounds, shillings, and pence—with such exactness, that it astonished the whole court. On this occasion the judge paid him a high compliment: "Pray, sir," said his lordship, "what is your profession?" "I am in no profession, my lord," answered Summerfield. "No profession, no *profession*, sir?" "No, my lord." The judge then said something to the following effect: "Well, sir, I have never heard a witness within the walls of these courts, give his testimony in a more clear, correct, and satisfactory manner than you have done. *Depend upon it, you'll one day or other be a shining character in the world.*"

CHAPTER III.

HIS CONVERSION—ATTENDS PRAYER-MEETINGS—INTERESTING LETTER TO HIS CLASS-LEADER.

The shrewd and generous prediction of the Irish judge, just cited, was destined to be fulfilled within a few months after it was uttered, though certainly in the way least anticipated by the legal prophet. Summerfield was now nineteen years of age, the last four of which had been spent in the desultory manner already noticed. The time, however, was now approaching, when the Lord was about to give the distressed and praying father to see the fulfilment of his most anxious desires, in the conversion of his son; and moreover, in seeing a double portion even of the spirit of a prophet rest upon him. This great gospel change, it will be seen, was not effected by any slow or uncertain process; much less, under such circumstances as to leave it for some time a doubtful case, whether or not his new character might originate in the mere reformation of sentiment and manners. His conversion, indeed, was at once signal and scriptural, and in its proximate circumstances little agreeing with the notions of those who, as he used to remark, fancied "that John Summerfield would have been converted like a gentleman."

In the year 1817, he was brought to reflect seriously on his past life and on the conduct he was then pursuing. He saw clearly that he was the cause of the distress to which his father was reduced; and his own prospects in life appeared at the same time awfully gloomy: these reflections had a dreadful effect upon his mind, and he experienced lashings of conscience too terrible for endurance. Instead of seeking and finding relief in prayer, he felt himself a reprobate before God, and was more than once tempted to commit suicide. He found no resting-place amid the "mire

and clay" into which Satan had brought his feet, and saw no escape from the "horrible pit" of his own despair.

In this state of mental agony, he was one day wandering about in the streets of Dublin, weeping bitterly, when he was noticed and accosted by a pious man, by trade an edge-tool maker, who, with the tact of a Methodist and the simplicity of a saint, ascertained his state and endeavored to comfort him; at the same time inviting him to his house, where he was about to hold a prayer-meeting. The party assembled consisted chiefly of soldiers from the barracks; prayer was offered by different persons in turn, and the case of the providential interloper was specially presented before Him with whom "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" and such was the fervor of the good leader and the soldiers, and so sincere the contrition and supplication of the penitent, that he that very night found peace to his soul.

Having found such a blessing among these poor soldiers, he became much attached to them, and resolved to make them some return of kindness for what they had done for him. On inquiry, he ascertained that their situation at the barracks was by no means comfortable, they being perpetually ridiculed and insulted by wicked men in the regiment. Hearing this, he was determined to relieve them if possible—for on his visits he found them as bad as they had been described—utterers of profane sarcasms and revilers of all religion. In resolving to do what he could towards changing the character of these men, he hit upon an expedient which, however successful in his case, is of too perilous a nature to be adduced for imitation. He commenced his work of reformation by relating such stories and anecdotes as he knew would please them, endeavoring by every means to make his company agreeable to them. In this he succeeded; and in time, as his visits became frequent and acceptable, he began to check their swearing and other im-

proper language. He would even occasionally condescend to assist them in little matters, as pipe-claying their belts, etc. At length, he so far gained their respect and established his own influence, that no improper language was ever allowed or used in his presence; and if any thing wrong happened to be going on at the time of his visit, the moment that he entered the yard, some one would give the signal, "He's coming," and presently all became order and regularity. He next got them to attend to reading the Bible, held regular prayer-meetings among them, and exhorted them to seek the Lord. The number of serious persons among the soldiers increased daily, and his plan prospered more and more, until, to his great regret, the regiment was removed.

He now felt at a loss for a proper sphere for the exercise of his zeal: at length he bethought himself of the *Old Men's Hospital*, which he visited repeatedly, but with little success, as he found the inmates, to use his own phrase, "too tough for any impression that he could make;" and he was often heard to say, in consequence of his experience here, that "a man turned fifty would *hardly* be converted."

His first class-leader was the pious Patrick French, who, at the latter end of 1817, left Dublin as a missionary to the West Indies. This gentleman presently discovered the sterling piety and promising talents of the young convert; and before his departure from Ireland, he waited upon one of the preachers to commend the stranger to his particular notice. "Brother Lamb," said he, "I am going from you, perhaps never to return. Remember now my last request: take particular care of brother Summerfield; make him known to all your brethren, and he will one day shine in the world and in the church of God."

From Mr. French, whom he used to call his *spiritual father*, he had received many kindnesses, and that too at a time when the attentions of a Christian friend were most

necessary and acceptable. * * * The following extracts from a letter addressed to him by Mr. Summerfield will be read with great interest. The writer's well-known characteristics of memory, veracity, and candor, are vouchers for the authenticity of a narrative to which Providence has given a peculiar interest, and which exhibits certain delicate autobiographical touches which, in the estimation of its present copyist, ought to be sacredly preserved.

"DUBLIN, LOWER MOUNT-STREET, Nov. 24, 1817.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR—Although you kindly promised to favor me with a letter from London at your convenience, yet my anxiety to have this pleasure fulfilled will not suffer me to wait, without putting you in mind of this your promise, and requesting that you would hasten that communication for which I am so anxious. I should be quite discouraged from attempting to write to you at this time, when I suppose every moment is engaged in concerns of so weighty a nature; and with this idea, it gives me some pain to think that I am trespassing upon any portion of that which must be so very valuable to you; but when I view you in the light of my dearest parent, in which capacity you have not only been pleased to consider yourself by words, but much more by your actions, I should be wanting in that dutiful respect which I owe you, were I to permit any consideration to prevent my paying my respects to you, as I am bound to do by duty, but much more by love. Hoping, therefore, for your kind pardon for this hasty liberty, I presume to unbosom my mind to you in a manner which bashfulness would not suffer me to do when I had the happiness of your presence here.

"I cannot sufficiently lament that I had not the delight of your acquaintance at a much earlier period of time than I have had; for had I been so fortunate, I should have been prevented from fighting against what I now see to be the manifest openings of that kind Providence, who says, 'Your

name is graven on the palms of my hands,' who therefore marks out all our goings, if we will but follow his dictates.

"Such was the short duration of our acquaintance, that I do not even know whether you knew that I was the son of a person with whom you had, I believe, been very intimate as brethren in Christ for a long time; for my father was for a considerable time a member of the Strangers' Friend Society in Dublin, and on terms of affectionate intimacy with you.

"However, as the loss I have sustained in my spiritual state for want of an earlier connection, cannot now be recovered, I wish at this time to lay before you a very short account of the dealings of Providence with me, and to request you will give me such paternal advice as you may see I so much need; but as this can only be done when you have a moment of leisure time, let me not intrude myself on you till that offers itself.

"I often think that the dealings of Almighty God have been more various towards me than with persons much more advanced in life.

"I shall have cause to bless the Lord through all the ages of eternity, that I was born of religious parents; my father being for many years a leader and local preacher in the Methodist connection, and for some time a steward, until we removed from Preston to Staffordshire. As I was his eldest son, it was his particular wish that I should have the best of educations, as he always designed me for a profession. With this view, after being sent to the best preparatory school, I was put among the Moravians, or United Brethren, at Fairfield, near Manchester, where I remained nearly five years. About the close of this time my father received a call from the Almighty, to preach the everlasting gospel on the itinerant plan. At this time, he was very extensively engaged in business in Lancashire, and estimated

worth £10,000; he had just completed the building of a commodious house for our family in Preston, and was prospering in worldly concerns as much as any reasonable person could desire.

"His heart being alive to God and his cause, he dared not resist the will of his great Master, and prepared to quit his business and hang upon Providence for his future life. For this purpose he accepted the offer of a gentleman from Liverpool to become partner with him in his business, which my father was the more willing to do, as it was his intention to quit his business gradually, by disposing of all he had to this his then partner. But before he could get this accomplished, he found that he had misplaced his choice, as the person with whom he had associated himself, though to all appearance a gentleman of the first respectability, yet a worldly man, was involved in a mass of debt from which it was impossible for him to extricate himself. In this situation, my father became liable for these debts as his partner; and in order to prevent worse consequences, he was advised to assign over *all his property* of every nature and kind to this person, upon the promise that he should receive a fair recompense for it. My father had but two choices, either to do this, or be torn in pieces for these debts, which might be more than the amount of all that my father was then worth. This person, however, never fulfilled any part of his agreement; and my father, by repeated delays and disappointments, gave up the idea of following that call, which he has ever since confessed it was his duty to do. It seemed as if Providence had prepared his way by cutting off at one stroke every worldly affair, and by now refusing that call which he had promised to accept, the judgments of God have ever since hung heavy upon him. He has often engaged in worldly matters since; he has amassed wealth since that time, but the Almighty never suffered it to remain with him; he has lost thousands of pounds in such ways as

almost seemed miraculous, and he now attributes it entirely to this one act. Though he now enjoys the favor of God, and even his sanctifying love in a great degree, yet he always mourns this one action of his life, and has frequently told me in sincerity and truth, that the Almighty has clearly shown him that this was the cause, and always will be a cause of temporal chastisement.

"The ways of Providence have been most mysterious to me; and in order that I may not frustrate the wise designs of heaven, I will briefly state what I have experienced.

"From the losses my father sustained I was taken from school very abruptly, and having engaged in several worldly affairs, I became clerk to a merchant in Liverpool at fourteen years of age, with whom I had a liberal salary, though so very young, owing to my knowledge of the French language, of which my master knew nothing. Few so young had such fine worldly prospects as I had; but in a short time it pleased Providence to thwart me by my employer becoming a bankrupt. I then removed to Ireland with my father, where I had not been long, when I had a strong desire to return to England, having opened a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Raffles, a Calvinist minister, with a view of obtaining permission to enter their seminary at Hoxton, to be prepared for the ministry of the gospel; which, if I had done, I should probably now have been a preacher of the everlasting gospel to that people. I poured out my prayers to God; and if ever I felt power with the Almighty, it was then. I am assured he smiled on me in all I did; and when I had wept before him on the reflection of the awfulness of the work and my own youth, I have experienced such a sense of his presence and promises of assistance, that I could not for a moment doubt it was his will.

"From what I experienced at that time I am convinced that there are as good men in that body of Christians, as in any other; for I was strongly rooted in their opinions, but

suffered no diminution in love to God on that account. Since then, the Almighty in a great measure withdrew his presence from me; and when my father directed my pursuits to worldly objects, He thwarted me in every undertaking.

"After being for some time with my father, he put me into the coal-trade, in partnership with another person then in the business. I advanced £500 as my capital: before we had been together three months, my partner behaved to me very dishonestly; he had my money in his hands and got himself arrested, and having spent four months in jail, got out under the Insolvent act, by which I lost all my money.

"In my soberest moments, I cannot account for these different crosses on the scale of human mischances so called; for I was not devoid of all such prudence as worldly men make use of. After this, my father again resolved to continue me in the business.

"My prospects for a time began to brighten; and with my business my acquaintances also increased, and I was induced by some to accept bills for their accommodation to a large amount, which they were to provide for. My good-nature was visited on my own head; the bills came down on me, and in the midst of my seeming prosperity, I was thrown into prison for those bills which I had accepted. There the Almighty kept me *seven long months*, and I was again plunged into poverty.

"Now, my dearest friend, what shall I do? I hope that God has completely weaned me from earthly things; I have not one wish below the sun, but to live to him. I am determined to submit to his providence, and to do whatever he shall unfold to me.

"A thought occurred to me yesterday, in which I also entreat your advice: I understand that the Messrs. Shaws have taken your establishment; now if you think they would want some person to fill the capacity which you filled along

with Mrs. French, you might write to Mr. Shaw for me. From my knowledge of the French language, music, Latin, Greek, etc., I might be an acquisition; not to mention the inferior branches, such as geography, history, astronomy, etc., etc. If it should please God to call me to this situation, I could fill it with honor to myself and them. But I am entirely resigned to God, to whatever he has for me to do. I often wish that I was in the Strangers' Friend Society, for the Almighty might have something for me to do for him, and I think I can never glorify him sufficiently. Yet O, my dear friend, I am like a sheep without a shepherd; I have no one to lead me by the hand; I am myself a stranger—yet I would fain become a stranger's friend. If I could flatter myself that I could be in any degree useful, I should never be tired in being spent for God.

"However, I sit me down and mourn over my fate—if I may use the word—and my misfortune in being torn from you at such an early stage of our connection. You are indeed my father in Christ; and whatever glory may redound to my heavenly Father through any weak efforts of mine, must eventually be attributed to you. I bless God, my love to him is daily increasing, and I am determined, let others do as they will, I will serve the Lord. I hope you are growing more and more to the fulness of the measure of Christ; and that Mrs. French enjoys a continued sense of the approbation of her great Master. If I never meet you again on earth, I am certain I shall meet you in heaven; for thither I am resolved to hasten, and I am as certain you will embrace me there.

"Do not neglect to answer me fully.

"May God have you in his holy keeping, is the earnest prayer of,

"Dear sir,

"Your unworthy, but affectionate,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

A brief note in reply, dated November 29, 1817, contains the following exhortation: "Wait God's appointed time in all circumstances. I wrote to Mr. Shaw about you; he will, I know, do what he can. God is your best friend, trust him; when you least expect it, his promise will be confirmed. Let prayer be your constant exercise. Value the Bible as your faithful companion. Rise early in the morning for reading and prayer, and frequent the ordinances."

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINS TO KEEP A DIARY—ATTENDS SUNDAY-SCHOOLS—GIVES AN EXHORTATION—INCESSANTLY STUDIES THE HOLY SCRIPTURES—ATTENDS AN IRISH WAKE—FILIAL OBEDIENCE—FALLS INTO TEMPTATION.

The preceding chapters exhibit a somewhat rapid sketch of Mr. Summerfield's life, from the time of his birth to the twentieth year of his age. Of the remaining portion of his brief but brilliant career, more ample and detailed notices will be expected: happily for the writer and readers of the memoirs of this most interesting servant of God, his own industry has left materials the most abundant and satisfactory.

From the time of his conversion, until the period when he could no longer hold a pen, with some interruptions, he kept an exact diary of his life. In projecting this elaborate register of his daily actions and experience, Mr. Summerfield might justly have colloquized with himself in the language of the most eloquent and powerful of modern British essayists.* "The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers, is an interesting object to the traveller, who is apprized, as he steps across it or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood. So, while I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have *begun* to be that conscious existence which I *am* to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life, in which I am setting out on such a progress: I cannot be content without an accurate sketch

* Foster. On a Man writing Memoirs of Himself.

of the windings thus far of a stream which is to bear me on for ever."

This invaluable document, in a transcript of certified accuracy, now lies before me. It appears, indeed, from an expression in the passage presently to be cited, that this is not the earliest diurnal record which Mr. Summerfield had kept: whether, however, *that* has been preserved or not, appears uncertain; it is not among the papers transmitted to the present writer.

The "JOURNAL," as it is entitled, is thus introduced:

"1818, JANUARY 1, THURSDAY. Commenced this year in Whitefriar's-street meeting-house on my knees, at the watch-night.

"I felt the presence of the Lord, and my soul was fed with good things. O, that I may prove faithful this year. I have often dedicated myself to God on a similar occasion, but as often have violated my engagements; yet this year I am determined, let others do what they will, I will serve the Lord.

"When I call to mind the mercies of the past year, I am quite lost in contemplating the goodness of God:

"'Where shall my wondering soul begin?'

The last year was truly a year of trial and great affliction to our family, as may be seen in other parts of my former diary. What this year may bring forth, I know not. But O, my Father, whatever thou mayest have in reserve for me in the womb of thy providence this year, prepare me for it. Thy will be done. I am satisfied to pass through *poverty*, if it is thy will; only let me be always *rich* in faith towards thee. If I should be intrusted with temporal *riches*, may I consider myself as thy steward, to whom I must give an account; and keep me always *poor in spirit*. If this should be a year of *sorrow* to me, yet may I be enabled always to *rejoice in God* my Saviour. If a year of *joy*, yet may I

sorrow that I do not love thee more. I am thine; do with me what thou wilt, only bring me to glory."

The following entry, under the same date, refers to an engagement which is the more precisely noted here, for a reason which will presently appear: "Eight o'clock. After preaching, was invited by my dear brother, my class companion, to come to a prayer-meeting in Whitefriar's-street, appointed for supplicating a revival of God's work among us this year. While on my knees, an unknown hand tapped me on the shoulder to pray; it was the first time I ever prayed in public: I began in weakness, but, glory to God, good was done and I ended in great power. The meeting continued till eleven o'clock."

Three days afterwards, he notices his attendance at the Sunday-school in the forenoon; and in the afternoon, that he went to arrange "for our new school in Weaver's-hall." In the evening of this first Sabbath in the year, he went to Whitefriar's-street, to hear his "beloved Mr. Wood" preach; and there he "renewed the covenant with fear and trembling:" on reaching home he wrote, "Eleven o'clock. On my way home I was musing upon what I had done: saw that I had married myself to Christ, to take him for better for worse, through honor and dishonor; and I saw the beauty of that passage in the Revelation, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; and the bride, the Lamb's wife, hath made herself ready.' O, may I be pure and chaste and spotless, and worthy of this high honor. The family were all in bed and I had a fine opportunity, which I improved by fervent prayer; my soul was watered abundantly."

The following evening at the class he experienced a still more distinct manifestation of the divine presence and approbation; he says, "Though I obscured myself in a dark corner of the meeting, yet God saw me and I was called upon to pray, though there were many in the meeting much more able. I never experienced so much freedom; I have reason

to believe it was owned of God; three souls were set at liberty 'from the bondage of their sins.'" At the conclusion of this day, after having prayed three times in public, he exclaims, "Where will all this end?" The next day he was unanimously voted a member of the "Praying Association," which engagement required that he should exercise his gift publicly in the chapels, as well as in private houses; upon receiving his appointment for Cork-street chapel, he repeats the exclamation, "Where will this end?" When the season for his public officiation in the chapel arrived, his apprehensions were disappointed; he not only felt liberty but comfort. This prepared him for the next turn when, in consequence of the local arrangements, his duty required him to ascend the reading-desk: he had never before been so conspicuously elevated, and experienced in consequence a good deal of agitation. Having a slight impediment in his speech, he was apprehensive that he might stammer in giving out the hymn. But he found how true was the divine assurance, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;" he felt no hesitation, and much good was done.

He next ventured to speak his experience at a "fellowship-meeting;" and on the 18th of January, at the instance of his "dear class companion," he was induced to give a brief extemporary exhortation at the conclusion of a prayer-meeting, held in Sweeney's-lane. To use his own words, "I arose with fear and trembling; it was the first time that ever I exhorted," so *formally*, he means, "in public or private. Glory to God, he was my mouth, and though I feared the impediment in my speech, I found no effect from it. I sung and prayed, and I believe good was done." Thus, in the short space of three weeks, this sincere and zealous disciple of the Lord Jesus graduated from the first public exercise of his talents in an obscure prayer-meeting, to the earliest display of those higher pulpit qualifications, for which he became afterwards so preëminently distinguished. It is

a case happily illustrative of that peculiarity in the system of Methodism, which provides for the development and occupancy of whatever degrees of piety or intelligence may be possessed by any of its members.

Many persons will doubtless be inclined to regard this rapid advancement on the part of Mr. Summerfield either as very presumptuous or very precocious. Some of his slower-paced contemporaries were not slack in exercising this prerogative: without, however, the slightest disposition to impute improper motives to these inquisitors, it is gratifying to know that the subject of them was not only not offended, but that he evinced at once his growth in grace as well as in gifts, by the spirit and manner in which he received—perhaps wholesome—animadversions. Those who were fond of order in the prayer-meetings charged him with being "too enthusiastic;" and, which grieved him the most, professed to doubt whether he had even "experienced the pardon of his sins." These allegations induced him to exclaim in secret, "God, thou knowest my heart. Thy glory is the sole end I have in view;" and the next day, after studying the Scriptures for two hours, he adds, "This day I have been more earnest at the throne of grace than ever I was before. I have prayed six or seven times at great length that I might not be deceived, and felt my soul melted down in the furnace of love."

At this period, besides attending to numerous religious engagements and studying the holy Scriptures systematically and almost incessantly, he was employed in various household duties, which his past indiscretions having contributed to impose, his present humility influenced him to perform. He likewise devoted a certain portion of each day to the education of his younger sisters; and withal, attended to the settlement of various accounts connected with his father's concerns. The adjudication of these affairs was irksome to his spiritual sensibility, by bringing him into contact with

persons and circumstances ungenial to the growth of piety; and in one instance especially he very narrowly escaped an unpleasant exposure in connection with the marshalsea. His own account of this accident is as follows: "I had this day a miraculous interposition of divine aid; I was in a strait, owing to some error I had committed in ———'s business, confined in the marshalsea, which would have remanded him. I cried unto the Lord, and he delivered me. He caused that the mistake was not perceived by the officer of the court, though seven persons were remanded for a far less trifling mistake. I will glorify thy name, O Lord my God."

The custom of *waking* with the dead, although of great antiquity and extensively prevalent in Ireland, is so frequently connected with social broils, and other circumstances of indecorum, that it would be much "more honored by the breach than the observance." This practice, however, is not confined either to the poor or the ignorant; and the subjoined passage from Mr. Summerfield's diary at this period, will show that even such an observance may be turned to spiritual account: "Eleven o'clock, I went to a wake of a dear brother, who had died the day before in the Lord. Five of our brethren accompanied me; we sat up all night; the room was filled with a mixed society, Catholics and others: we redeemed the time. Having obtained the consent of the relations of the deceased, we commenced singing a hymn, which is a most unheard-of thing on these occasions, the time being usually spent in mirth. I then went to prayer: after this we spent the night between singing and praying, and exhorting and religious conversation, and our little labors were owned of God. Some were struck by his word and wept aloud. Glory to God." * * *

Filial obedience is a most excellent and much too rarely practised Christian virtue. It is not only the "first commandment with promise" in the law of God, but happily

one of the most beautiful and early instincts of our nature. Alas, how soon does the depravity of the human heart manifest itself in rebellion against parental authority; and it is a no less painful truth, that frequently the spiritual children of God fail rightly to reverence their earthly parents. It is indeed matter of lamentation to see how many fathers and mothers, instead of themselves obeying the divine injunction to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," seem rather willing, by their negligence, to release their offspring from this paramount duty. It has already been shown that the elder Mr. Summerfield was a man of God: to the utmost of his ability he brought up his children in the way that they should go. His son John, especially after his conversion, not only duly reverenced his father as such, but regarded him as a Christian professor of rare and ripe experience. He appears, however, to have inclined towards a degree of strictness with reference to the subject of these memoirs, which might be partially attributable to the past misconduct of the latter.

At prayer-meetings, and other means of grace, as well as in religious conversation with Christian friends, Mr. Summerfield was sometimes detained until a late hour in the evening: this exposed him to the dissatisfaction and remonstrances of his father, who had generally on these occasions to sit up, or rise from his bed to let him into the house. While the diary before me contains towards the commencement of his spiritual career some entries—generally compunctious—on this side of the question, it presents correlatively and throughout innumerable records of the most delicate and affectionate expressions of filial admiration as well as respect.

"January 21. At family prayer this evening, the close of the week, my soul was well watered. My father returned thanks most beautifully for the mercies of the past year, which was spent in Lower Mount-street: and most pathet-

ically implored Jehovah to dwell with us in this house, not as a transient guest, but as a stationary friend. In surveying the past year, I am lost in thought; the arm of the Almighty has been made bare on our behalf, and has wrought miraculous deliverances for us. We have known the want of bread last year, and yet in this state our necessity proved the Lord's opportunity. O, my Father, if my soul ever forget thee, may my right-hand forget her cunning. O, that all men would praise the Lord for his wondrous works, and for his loving-kindness to the children of men. For my own part, my heart is this evening ready to burst with a gust of his praise. Glory, glory, glory."

"Sunday, January 25. This being the first morning in our new abode, and also the morning of the Lord's own day, my dear parent dedicated it to *His* service, whose it properly was. My soul was melted down, and I hope received more of the heavenly mould. I remarked that my father was specially thankful to God for afflictions—nay, he even prayed to be further chastised if God saw it expedient, that he might be drawn nearer and nearer to his Father. How unlike many professors, who repine at these things—and even I, Oh, what a lesson have I to learn."

It is painful to shade so beautiful a picture of family religion with the following passage, referring to the evening of the same day: "Eleven o'clock, arrived home—the family all in bed. And now a scene occurred which stole from me every blessing I had got to-day. Satan truly presented himself to me as an angel of light in this temptation. My father reproved me for being out until so late an hour, and threatened the consequences if I continued in the practice. It was suggested to my mind by the author of all evil, that I was suffering for the cause of Christ. The bait was well gilded: I swallowed it. With this idea, I returned some very improper answers to my dear parent, which wounded

him in the tenderest part; he not knowing that I was connected with any prayer-meeting."

For the first time since his conversion he retired to rest without prayer. He rose at seven next morning, "but could not pray:" he felt that he had grieved the Holy Spirit, and saw that he had fallen; and his compunctious visitations derived an additional pang from the fact, that although it was his duty to have apologized to his father, his father almost apologized to him. His mind was in a most abject and distressed state; he felt he had suffered loss in his soul; and could not even bring his mind to go to his class in the evening, but early retired to bed. In a dream of the night he was particularly impressed with this passage: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." He rose early next morning, convinced that this was a monition from God; took courage and instantly set about recovering the happiness he had lost. He attended the soldiers' prayer-meeting in the evening, "and again tasted that the Lord was gracious."

On the 31st of January he writes thus: "This is my birthday. When I take a survey of the mercies of my past life, and consider my poor returns, I am sunk in the deepest humility before my God and Father. But I now give myself anew to his service; I feel I am not my own; and as I am this day at that maturity which the world calls *of age*, when we cease to be children, I am fully determined to cease to be a child of the devil's any longer. My father gave me most loving advice to-day. O, may I improve by so good precepts."

CHAPTER V.

STUDIES INCESSANTLY—THINKS ABOUT THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY—HEALTH VERY DELICATE—RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE—ARDENT PIETY.

The man who illustrates by his own practice a mode of cultivation by which two acres of ground may be made to produce twice as much as they did before, is really a greater benefactor to mankind than he who shall discover an island of two thousand acres extent, with but little prospect of its ever being cultivated to any good purpose at all. So the individual whose religious experience exhibits most explicitly and successfully the progress of that growth in grace, and the manifestation of those "fruits of righteousness," that "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which are expected to distinguish every true believer in Christ Jesus: such individual does more towards recommending the cultivation of evangelical virtue among mankind, than he who presents unexpected peculiarities of Christian character. In the moral, as in the material world, there exist, doubtless, immense tracts of *terra incognita;* but both, in a certain sense, appear to have their limits: and it is as frequently the case that great men are the creatures of circumstances, as that they are the voluntary creators of their own high destinies. If Summerfield had been born in the dawn of Christianity, he might have been an apostle; a century or two later, he might have won the crown of martyrdom; as the contemporary of Luther, he might have been a reformer: on the other hand, had Columbus been the contemporary of Cooke, he might, like him, have circumnavigated the globe, and with him discovered sundry groups of islands in the vast Pacific; a hundred years later he might, with Parry, have penetrated towards the pole. It is said *might*, in the foregoing assumptions, because in both cases the spirit was the

same, but its operation was limited as well as modified by circumstances. A greater than Columbus may be born, but the world probably does not contain an unexplored tract large enough to immortalize his discovery: a greater than St. Paul may be converted, but—and with reverence be it spoken—Christianity has not an untilled field equal to that which lay before the apostle of the Gentiles.

These remarks are suggested, perhaps gratuitously enough, by the acknowledged fact that the diary of Mr. Summerfield, although rich in the memorials of happy experience, must nevertheless be regarded as comparatively poor in incident. This lack of what the world looks for as "spirit-stirring" matter, is abundantly compensated to the Christian reader by the very circumstance of its details consisting mainly of what may be deemed the every-day trials of faith and patience, and overflowings of love and gratitude—which self-observers, who converse much with their own hearts, know well how to appreciate in one another. Nor is it perhaps either quite fair to the subject, nor absolutely required by honesty, to concede even so much. Events which, from their romance or rarity of occurrence, or the magnitude of their operations, are so absorbing in many narratives of merely worldly interest, leave nevertheless, in most cases, but a fugitive impression; while in that little world of thought and feeling which lies within the circumference of every human heart, there are incidents perpetually transpiring unobserved by the great world without, but which are of universal interest, either as developing moral phenomena, or as having a general connection with the hopes, the fears, the joys and the sorrows, the aims and the enterprises of all mankind.

It has already been intimated how assiduously and unremittingly Mr. Summerfield at this time applied himself to the systematic study of the holy Scriptures, in connection with the usual expositors of sacred literature. Under the

date of February 12, 1818, he writes, "This day I purpose getting *a flint and steel*, as my fire is so often out that I am obliged to lie in bed till daylight, as was the case this morning." On what small things frequently depend our convenience, our happiness, nay, the most important issues of life itself. The purchase of a flint and steel for a few pence added at least two hours to his day during the winter months. Time is often cheaply sold, sold for naught; here it was cheaply bought: the value of the bargain to Summerfield he *now* knows far better than he did at the time, highly as he prized it; for every moment well employed on earth has its record and its reward in eternity. How much his usefulness on earth may have been improved by this recovery of time—the most precious talent, next to the grace of God to use it well—it is vain to speculate now. But let nobody who reads of this simple incident, despise it; let nobody be afraid or ashamed to go and do likewise—to go and buy as much time, whether by the sacrifice of sixpence, or of an idle habit or a mischievous indulgence, as will purchase much temporal, spiritual, and eternal enjoyment. It appears that he was now in the habit of rising between four and five in the morning to his studies, and rarely retiring until near midnight.

"Feb. 13. After private prayer, house matters, an hour and a half studying Romans, read Young's Night Thoughts till ten; breakfast, etc., till quarter past ten, when I resumed, studying Romans unceasingly till half-past twelve. Recreated in domestic affairs till one o'clock. Resumed, and continued unremittingly until a quarter before three; dined, etc., etc.; half-past three again resumed the Romans, at which continued until half-past five, with an intermission of half an hour, during which time my beloved John, my [class] leader, visited me. Half-past five to half-past six, prepared to go out, domestic affairs, and private prayer; then went to the soldiers' prayer-meeting; from which I returned

a quarter before eight; then supper, and from half-past eight to half-past ten studied Prideaux's Connections, vol. 3. My father not come home, alarmed me, and so unhinged my mind that I could read no more; I sent the children to bed, and spent an hour in prayer to God, and serious self-examination. About half-past eleven my father came in, and at twelve I went to bed. I watered my pillow with tears of love to my sweet Jesus, and closed my eyes as if in his arms." The foregoing is a fair sample of his diurnal occupations at this period, especially if we add to it the reading of Boss' Antiquities of Greece, and such items as the following: "My father then came in; dined, and spent an hour in conversing with him on 7th Romans." * * *

The aspirations of Mr. Summerfield's mind were almost exclusively turned towards the work of God, and his ardor in devotional exercises was so absorbing, that the intervention of merely secular duties was not only cold and uninteresting, but was frequently regarded as damping his spiritual enjoyment. Indeed, the following entries show with what reluctance he engaged in worldly conversation. "Prayer-meeting in Park-gate street; Jesus was as good as his promise; we were all blessed. When I came home, my father chid me for my neglect in —— and ——'s business; my mind was so unhinged I could not study for some time; however, we had family prayer." "Went over to the marshal's, where I was detained on business till near one. I then called on Wm. —— in —— street, and was pressed into the parlor, where were two ladies, in whose company I spent two hours. I feel it was wrong; my soul suffered loss by it." How tender was his conscience. Few persons could see any sin in spending two hours in respectable society; nor perhaps was it otherwise wrong, than as he felt it so much time lost from communion with God. How few even of his fathers in the gospel would have manifested such sensibility; and to how many who might be disposed to

chide him for it as a weakness might the young disciple reply, in the words of the Saviour when twelve years of age, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"

March 1, in the morning, after having spent three hours in self-examination and prayer, he writes, "I look for a special blessing from heaven to-day." In the forenoon, "My soul is like liquid gold this morning: it is softened by love; Oh, Father, now lay on thy blessed seal." At eleven o'clock, "Went to Sunday-school, which I opened by prayer; came away along with —— and ——, but I find an unspeakable loss in my soul in consequence; their conversation was of that loose and almost indecorous nature, that I find I have lost my centre by mixing with them, and am quite unfit for religious duties." Again: "Went to ——'s on business for my father; they are an ungodly family; I have lost by my visit; a lady was there, who compelled me to write an acrostic extempore. I was to blame for yielding." Next morning, he exclaims, "O that I had not paid that worldly visit last night." Thus anxious was he to respect that excellent rule of Methodistic discipline, "Be serious; let your motto be, *Holiness to the Lord.* Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking."

At this period his health was very delicate, and he was especially subject to a grievous headache; this, united with the intensity of his studies, and the apparent necessity that existed for him to set about helping his father in some way, induced him to think of giving up the management of prayer-meetings; and for some reason which does not so clearly appear, his attendance at class also: still, however, he resolved to continue to pray that he might know the will of God concerning him, and especially with reference to the ministry.

Having experienced considerable relief to his head in consequence of following the example of Mr. Wesley, who

under similar circumstances consented to have his long hair cut off, he still continued his usual attendance at the means of grace. In one instance he observes, "I gave the whole five shillings [part of which was borrowed] to my class. Whether right or wrong, I know not; but my poor heart pitied Zion. Only six members attended it. I was quite dispirited, and got no blessing under the means; my mind is now, on this account, fully removed from all thoughts of the ministry; and I informed my father that I was bent on assisting him at his business." This is the first time of his naming the ministry in his journal as an object of contemplation with him; but it is evidently a memorandum of only one of the conflicts in his mind on this point, and the desponding result of many a previous one. God, however, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways, so far from being about to desert his faithful servant to the errors of his own imagination, appears rather by this process to have been humbling him preparatory to the display of more distinguishing spiritual revelations.

On the Sunday following, he went to the fellowship-meeting in Gravel-walk. "A better time was never remembered; several were set at liberty. I sung, prayed, and exhorted. My cup did indeed run over." Next evening he adds, "Went to my class. I am astonished at the goodness of God: He makes my cup run over. I concluded by prayer, and the Lord owned me *wonderfully;* many declared it was the best class we ever had. God can raise up stones to praise him." Mr. Summerfield from his childhood manifested a disposition the reverse of stoical, and this he mainly inherited from his father. Strong feelings were familiar to him—high enjoyments or deep distress—his cup running over with sweetness or with bitterness. These very frames, so exquisitely quick to feel and to be moved by every touch of joy or woe, gave his whole subsequent life—especially in his ministerial labors—its peculiar character, and constituted

him the preacher who could by sympathy raise the most powerful and passionate emotions in his audiences.

The exercises of his mind were at this time very violent—feeling as he did a desire to be devoted wholly to the service of God, and at the same time a necessity laid upon him to give more of his attention to some kind of secular labor. Still, however, he clung close to the rock of his help: towards the middle of March he thus records his lamentation and his resolution: "How little have I studied in the past week: I am resolved to give new edge to my exertions."

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find," is the language of Him who holds the dispensation of all spiritual blessings; and Summerfield was not one who pleaded coldly or unbelievingly for any of the precious promises of the gospel; and on this occasion especially, he experienced a new and deep baptism of the Holy Ghost. Being on a Sunday afternoon, with a few other religious persons, at the house of a friend, he writes, "I was never in my life possessed of such feelings. While sitting in silence, the words, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' flashed into my mind in so sweet a manner that I could not contain: I burst into tears; all wondered at the cause; a hymn-book was handed me; I sung and prayed; and that night I received an unction from the Holy One. Glory be to Jesus." When he awoke next morning, he "found the fire alive within: the love was burning." At half-past six he went to the prayer-meeting, where, says he, "my soul was so overpowered with the love of Jesus, that I wept amain. I was often inclined to go out, that I might roar out the pantings of my soul. For the first time, dear brother M'Dowall called on me to pray. I scarcely could utter words for weeping; but my heart was full, full, full. Many will remember the morning."

The habitual tendency of his soul towards the object of

its supreme love is strikingly indicated by such entries as the following: "Being alone, I snatched the opportunity and spent half an hour in secret intercourse with heaven. O, that I could pray always. Three to five, unceasingly studied Taylor's Key. Being again left alone, I snatched another half hour to converse with my Beloved." "My sisters went out, and Jesus did certainly spend those three hours with me." What blessed opportunities were these to him, when the members of the family were all absent and he was left alone, yet not alone, for Jesus made his sweetest visits to him then, as himself testifies: "My sisters are gone to spend the day out, and I am alone with Jesus."

Summerfield *watched*—lay in wait, as it were, for *special* opportunities for private devotion, when he could uninterruptedly cry *aloud* in prayer to God. How much have they to answer for to their own souls, who never enter into their closets, shut to the door, and pray to their Father which seeth in secret; or if they do, slink from secular engagements to this duty as to a task, and come away, not lightened of a burdened conscience, but as if released from a penance necessary to keep conscience quiet under its burden. O what a mercy it is to feel that burden intolerable; to lie down under it at the Redeemer's feet, like the woman who was a sinner, and though we speak not a word for shame and sorrow, determine never to rise again till he says, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee:" at least, never till we know that we are sincerely and with our whole heart asking the blessing, and believing that we shall have it according to our faith, in the Lord's time. That time indeed is *now*—for *all His time is now*, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" but sometimes ours is "not yet." Even then when he comes to deliver, He may say to us, with the rebuke of kindness, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?"

A few miscellaneous entries from his diary at this time,

may be with propriety introduced here. "Spent two hours in reading Clarke, and discoursing on it with my father, from whom I received more light than from the doctor." This commentary was a great favorite with him, and "unceasingly studied" at this time. The truly spiritual writings of Fletcher, however, were still more deeply interesting to him; and it is not too much to suppose that his whole soul and character received a very powerful bent from the contemplation of this able and pious author. He devoted some time to the "learning of short-hand, trusting that it might be of use," and likewise "exercised on the piano." His taste for music had been cherished, if not contracted, at the Moravian seminary; and might justly be cultivated as an accomplishment not without many advantages to a preacher. With reference to stenography, he appears either not to have studied it successfully, or to have abandoned it as inconvenient in practice, as no traces of it are observable among his papers; a circumstance of no regret to his biographer, who, whatever be his opinion of its utility in many cases, feels glad that he is absolved from the task of decyphering it in this. "March 22, went to Werberg's church, and for the first time received the memorials of the death of my Lord. It was to me a most solemn occasion, and I could indeed feelingly say with the poet,

> 'My Jesus to know, and *feel* his blood flow,
> 'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below.'"

Being invited to take breakfast out, he observes, "As I purposed this day to mortify the body, I took two cups of tea; afterwards was called on to pray—all the family were assembled." At noon, he adds, after studying for two hours Clarke on the Hebrews, "The family then going to dine, I walked out pursuant to my design, and went to the Park; having found a sequestered spot, I wrestled with God till near four o'clock, and was greatly blessed. Returned home, and after domestic matters, went to the soldiers' meeting,

where I sung and prayed." After reading the foregoing memorial of his fast, and when we recollect that his retirement to the park was in the cold month of March, we cannot, without being affected, meet with the following item about a fortnight afterwards: "April 12. This is my dear father's birthday, aged forty-eight. Dined on *cocoa*, as we had no money. It is much better than we deserve." * * *

CHAPTER VI.

RECEIVED AS A LOCAL PREACHER—SPIRITUAL EXERCISES—VISITS FOR THE "STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY"—ANXIETIES ABOUT HIS MINISTERIAL CALL—EXCESSIVE FASTING—REMOVAL TO CORK—ENTIRE DEVOTEDNESS TO GOD.

We now come to contemplate Mr. Summerfield in his introduction to that high and important office which had so long been the object of his ardent aspirations. As a prayer-leader—as an exhorter—as a visitor of the sick—as a Sunday-school teacher—as a speaker at the conversation-meetings of Christian brethren—as a class-leader—as a rich and fluent scripturist—and above all, as a young man of fervent piety and of deep experience for his years, Mr. Summerfield was justly esteemed by those of his friends who were best acquainted with him, as the possessor of gifts and graces far above the ordinary rank. While, therefore, his youth and the official responsibility of his elders justified the prudence exercised towards him, his own conduct from the period of his conversion to the termination of his life, never afforded a single incident to lead any individual to suspect, much less to say, that his elevation had been too precipitate or his progress too rapid.

It is well known to persons acquainted with the economy of the Methodist society, that between the description of persons whose engagements are intimated above, and the regularly itinerating ministers, there is an important class of laborers designated *local preachers:* individuals of accredited piety, whose mouths God has opened to call sinners to repentance and to declare to them the salvation that is in and by Jesus Christ. These men, unlearned as they often are, deserve not only to be regarded with honor "for their work's sake," but with astonishment on account of the orig-

inal talents and uncommon experience which many of them possess—men who during the week labor incessantly for the bread that perisheth, and on the Sabbath eloquently declare from the pulpit the wonderful works of God.

In this rank of preachers, therefore, Mr. Summerfield took his place; and it was while *graduating* therein that his pulpit ministrations attracted towards him such unwonted popularity. It may, however, be interesting to notice some of the steps by which he ultimately as a regular preacher ascended to the sacred desk.

He had frequently delivered brief and occasionally more lengthened exhortations at prayer-meetings and elsewhere, as well as expatiated upon given passages of Scripture at religious "conversation-meetings;" but he had never spoken publicly from any text, until Thursday morning, April 23, 1818, when, being at the six o'clock service at Gravel-walk chapel in Dublin, he was called upon to officiate in a more formal manner. But his own statement of the case, made only for his private record, and in the simplicity of his heart, will be acceptable: "Mr. M'Dowall commenced by singing and prayer, then called me forward to read and exhort. I never spoke before from any passage in the word of God; this, then, was my first attempt. I read part of the fourth chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy. My Master was with me; I spoke fluently, and though I have a defect in my speech, I felt nothing of it. I take it to be a token of good from God. 'Whatever thou hast for me to do, O prepare me for it; only make me a holy Christian.'" His second attempt was on the Monday following, at the same chapel. "I had," says he, "to carry on the meeting alone. I sung twice, prayed twice, and exhorted for about half an hour on the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the first chapter of Ephesians; this is my second attempt, though this was more immediately in the form of a sermon. I felt great liberty, and I hope good was done." After a few days

he repeated the experiment at the same chapel, preaching from Rev. 2 : 1–7. * * *

Having found access to the pulpit and acceptance among the preachers, he resolved to devote himself with double diligence to secure the richer and more abundant outpourings of the Spirit of God upon his own soul. For instance: "May 6th, rose at five, and retired into the garden for meditation and prayer, which occupied me an hour. I find I should grow in grace more, if I prayed in *private* more; all the *public* means of grace will not compensate me in this respect. By the grace of God, and relying on his divine aid, I purpose beginning from this day to pray in private *five* times every day." However improbable it might be that he should long keep such a resolution, or however questionable the propriety of taking it upon him at all, it appears from subsequent allusions that it was observed by him at least for some time, with religious scrupulosity and corresponding advantage. Every thing done faithfully to the Lord has its peculiar reward.

They who have most largely experienced the influences of the grace of God, and consequently discovered most deeply the innate corruption of their own hearts, are alone able to understand what is meant by those temptations from the world, the flesh, and the devil, to which a spirit seeking to increase in holiness is peculiarly exposed. To such only will the following sentence be at all intelligible, occurring as it does amid notices of prayer almost literally "without ceasing," and the most unremitting exertions for the salvation of souls: "Unceasing meditation on the word of God, private prayer, and self-examination in the presence of God. O my sins of *omission, omission, omission.*

> "'Lord, grant me mercy for the past,
> And grace for time to come.'"

Such was the daily practice, such the ingenuous confession of the conscientious John Summerfield, when a Christian of

little more than twelve months' standing. "Who then is that faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing," that he shall not have occasion, not only to say, "I am an unprofitable servant, I have done only that which it was my duty to do," but rather to cry, "Omission, omission, omission."

Sunday morning, June 14, half-past eight, "Came home from preaching; my mind was in an *unusually* happy frame this morning; I could weep all the day long; I fear some temptation is at hand—I could scarcely restrain my feelings under family prayer. I retired immediately to the garden, and such a sweet powerful time of prayer I don't remember." This is a very touching scene of personal experience; but still, amid this rush of happy feeling a still small voice whispered, "Rejoice with *trembling*:" he was so happy that he feared some temptation was near. These are delicate but perilous feelings; and we shall often be discouraged if we measure our love and faith by the *sensible* measure of peace that passeth understanding, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, which are permitted only as occasional antepasts of heaven, while we are travelling through thorns and briars in a world yet under the primal curse—though, wherever that curse has reached, blessed by the footsteps of the second Man, the Lord from heaven, who is with his servants always and everywhere, even to the end of the world, when they preach the gospel. * * *

Among other pious engagements which about this period occupied the attention of Mr. Summerfield, was that of taking appointments on behalf of the "Strangers' Friend Society." * * * The field of labor opened by this society attracted him soon after his conversion: "I, who am myself only a stranger in Dublin," said he, "am anxious to become a strangers' friend."

It may here without impropriety be noted, that "social meetings" for religious conversation, at which the mem-

bers of the various societies in Dublin took breakfast or tea together, are still kept up; and in them is maintained a general and profitable religious conversation, which is made a peculiar blessing to the persons present. These interviews were very interesting to Summerfield, and frequent allusions to them occur in the diary. The following exhibits a delicate trait: "Attended our social meeting. Arranged for the ensuing breakfast; it is my turn to invite. I will therefore invite my father, as we expect William Bunting, Mr. Gaulter, etc., to it, and I know I could not give him a higher gratification."

On the 23d of June, he made the annexed memorandum, which appears too interesting to be omitted: "Mrs. C—— has desired my father to let me spend the entire of this day with her dying son. May I go filled with the spirit of prayer. I went. I stayed there to breakfast, and remained till two o'clock. He is very happy; I read Baxter's Dying Thoughts for him, and commented thereon: I prayed with the family; my own soul was watered also." After dinner, he adds, "Mrs. C—— has desired me to spend the whole night with William. I am very unwell myself; yet if it be the will of my Master, I will go, notwithstanding this." He went accordingly, but found his friend "no more a *man;* he was now become an *angel*. I remained with the beautiful clay all night. O that I was landed as safely beyond the stream." How short a time sufficed to realize this ardent aspiration.

The precision with which he notes the various emotions connected with the composition and delivery of his pulpit discourses, and his record of the slightest intimations of approbation or otherwise, expressed by the preachers, both tend to illustrate the undoubted fact that he very carefully watched every movement of the finger of God in this momentous affair. Indeed it is evident, from several incidental expressions, that his mind was laboring from day to day in

anxious suspense, as if he waited for some providential change, some call from God, which should decide the future course and complexion of his life. He seems less to have aimed at a distinct object, *consciously* at least, than to have expected some such manifestation as should decide *for* him: it is indeed abundantly evident, that with heart, soul, mind, and strength, he had been preparing for the *ministry*, and longing to be clearly and effectually brought into it, not of his own will only, but by the will of God: indeed, the former appears to have been so resolutely submitted to the latter, so conscientiously sacrificed to it, that he was hardly aware of its survival in himself.

This entire resignation accounts too for that absence of anxiety, so nearly resembling indifference with which he regarded any prospect of a permanent situation: for instance, after naming an individual, he says, "He proposed for my acceptance the probability of a situation in ——— of sixty or seventy pounds per annum. Judging that this might be of God, I told him that if it offered, I would not refuse it. If it be thy will, my Lord, open thou the way." The way however remained closed; God had other work for him to do. * * *

After mentioning with great humility the fact that at one place in the country there had been but five hearers on the preceding Sabbath, but that he had a congregation of twenty; and moreover, that one of the friends complained, that, as some of the young men who had been sent out there were not such as they liked, they would only receive three, he adds, "Lord, make me more humble. I was one of the three. Thou, Oh my God, shalt have the honor. I will put the crown on no head but thine. Have I a *gift?* Thou bestowedst it. Oh, grant me more *grace*." After preaching in the evening of the same day, July 19, he thus writes in the diary: "It was a season of blessing here also. Go where I will, if in the true spirit of sincerity, I meet my

Master. God wonderfully subdued the thorn in my flesh; I never spoke with such fluency and ease to myself. Bless and magnify thy God, Oh my soul. I am now fasting thirteen hours; I have walked many miles, and twice preached till I am quite hoarse; yet I am neither weak nor weary; I could go again, if called to it, to hold a third meeting. *He* wonderfully supports my body on these occasions; though I want bodily food, yet having fed my soul, I feel no lack."

It is not quite clear from these words, whether the protracted abstinence to which they refer was casual or voluntary; but from Mr. Summerfield's practice, the latter is rather to be apprehended. * * *

Mr. Summerfield is now to be viewed as laboring in a new section of that extensive field of usefulness providentially opened for him in Ireland. His father had been for some time engaged in the management of a general machine manufactory in Cork; to this city, at the call of his father, this youthful, lovely, and zealous apostle of our Lord Jesus instantly repaired. He left Dublin for Cork on the 23d of July, 1818, and arrived at the latter place on the following evening, and contrary to his expectations, was no worse in body next morning, although he had ridden on the outside of the coach, and been thoroughly drenched with rain. * * *

The next day being the Sabbath, he piously and appropriately remarks, "This morning I had that leisure which I could not before meet with since I came to Cork. I bought up the moments, and earnestly dedicated myself to God in this novel country; I besought his grace to enable me to walk circumspectly before all, and preserve a conscience void of offence. I scarcely recollect so great a sense of the divine presence. May I watch the finger of Providence in this my call to this part of the country, and trace his hand in all the events of my life."

The divine hand—for it was manifestly no other—soon pointed out a way of employment very different from that

which was the more immediate object of his visit to Cork; for although he entered promptly upon business, and sundry entries occur of his diligence therein, yet his talents and piety being discovered and appreciated, he was presently almost exclusively engaged in preaching for one or other of the Methodist ministers, who really appear to have had too little consideration about his delicate frame, upon which he had no mercy himself; while the people exercised still less forbearance in the mode and measure of their approbation of his pulpit labors. These things find their solution, perhaps their apology, in the fact, that the uncommon fervor of his discourses was generally accompanied by abundant manifestations of the divine presence.

The following *naïve* entry occurs under Sunday, Aug. 2: "This promises to be a high day with me; I found Jesus truly precious in my morning prayer. Ten o'clock, went to Patrick-street; heard Mr. Waugh on peace in all things, by all means, etc. And now how can I describe my feelings when, after morning worship, Mr. Stewart rises up and publishes these words: 'Brother Summerfield from Dublin, a member of the Strangers' Friend Society there, will preach at five o'clock this evening at Douglas: *Brother Summerfield from Dublin*,' he repeated. I knew not whether I was sitting or standing, I was thrown into such a state of perturbation. He mistook me; I am no member of that society;" [not perhaps in the strict sense, but he had often preached for them;] "and to invite *immortal souls* to come to hear *me!* and this my first regular sermon, exceeded the powers of my mind to bear under. I hurried home, and found the way to my closet, and found my God there. Glory to him." At five o'clock he repaired to the preaching-house, which was crowded to excess. After casting himself by private prayer into the arms of his blessed Master, he gave out a favorite hymn, "Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise," and then preached three quarters of an hour from

Romans 8 : 32. He felt great liberty in the pulpit, and probably regarded the whole service as a happy presage of his future destiny, for he thus writes concerning it: "Thus have I commenced on this, to me, MEMORABLE DAY. And now, 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;' my heart warms in the work, and I am determined to lay myself out for God."

How emphatically he acted upon this determination, the subjoined entry relative to his engagement on the following Wednesday will partially show: "Seven o'clock, I set off to Blackpool; the place was again crowded to excess. Oh, my God, did I *speak*, and did they *hear* for *eternity?* I was as wet with the heat as if I had been dragged through water. I over-exerted myself; preached near an hour, besides the singing and prayer; but who could forbear? If I injure my body, I cannot restrain. I hurried home, muffled up as well as I could, and got to bed." Well might his record next morning be, "I find myself very unwell from last night, and therefore obtained a respite from further labor the remainder of this week; which time I employed, as good George Howe says, *in mending my net*, nay, more, in employing the aid of Him who can direct me how to let it down on the right side of the ship." A day or two afterwards, when called upon to pray at the public *bands*, a kind brother whispered in his ear, "Take care lest the sword cut the scabbard." This metaphor, which is proverbial, is yet hardly a correct one. Of what *use* is the sword *in* the scabbard? by *rusting there*, it may consume it; but the body is something more to the soul than the scabbard to the sword. The metaphor, however, though it will not exactly "go on all fours," is sufficiently expressive of the danger to be apprehended to the delicate form of our young preacher, when his "soul was sharpened," to use his own words, by a sense of the presence of his Master.

It was ever Mr. Summerfield's solicitude to avoid not

only the evil communications of those who were evidently the corrupters of good manners, but likewise all unnecessary conversation with the professors of religion at times or on topics not convenient. The following item is quoted for the purpose of accompanying it with a remark which, although it may be disregarded, need not be taken amiss: "After preaching was over I hurried home to my closet, lest I should lose the blessing by conversing with any one." Would that Christians in general had in them a disposition to "do likewise." How frequently are the good desires and holy feelings derived during divine service, dissipated by that frivolous conversation, or at best, that semireligious twaddle, which is so often heard on the breaking up of our congregations. * * *

CHAPTER VII.

SUMMERFIELD BECOMES A POPULAR PREACHER—PREACHES ALMOST INCESSANTLY—MINISTERIAL ANXIETIES—TRAVELS AND ADDRESSES LARGE AUDITORIES IN IRELAND WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

* * * Mr. Summerfield's popularity at this time frequently brought him into very trying circumstances. In consequence of some slanderous remarks which had been made concerning him, he resolved to lay aside his public labors in Cork for the present, and even to give up an engagement to preach which he had made there; this was August 28. Next morning, while travelling on the steam-boat to Cove, he observes, "My mind was much led out into the case of Jonah: like him, I was fleeing from the Lord's work, in which I should have been engaged to-morrow, being appointed for Douglas. I prayed that my God would pardon this my sin. I would gladly have returned to Cork, if I could have done so; however, I vowed to him that I would not again shrink from the cross, and anew committed my soul and body into his hands."

A few days afterwards he was distressed by the injudicious affection of several of his friends, who, when he had done preaching at Passage, "dragged him in different directions," and as he could not go with *all*, *some* were offended; but, as he justly exclaimed, "What could I do? If I could leave an arm here, and a leg there, I would. My God, keep me very, very, very humble. I told them that I feared they would ruin me by making me think of myself above measure, and begged, if they loved me, they would desist." Let the friends of popular young ministers affectionately consider this. If it might not with truth be affirmed that Summerfield was absolutely insensible to such adulation, it cannot be denied that he was as little improperly affected by it as perhaps any human being in his circumstances could be.

His dislike of participating in any engagements which

were not exclusively spiritual in their object or tendency, has been repeatedly noticed. On the first of September, after mentioning the kind entertainment which he met with in a respectable family, he adds, "After breakfast, spent a good part of the forenoon in singing and playing sacred music. But O, how unlike the song of Moses and the Lamb." In the afternoon he was induced, much against his inclination, to join a boating party, which had nearly been connected with fatal consequences. I use his own words: "I am not fond of this kind of amusement; but I could not refuse. We were sixteen in number; and were most providentially preserved from a watery grave; being thrown into the most imminent danger, and glad to get to the shore, struggling through the water on a bank of mud and quicksand, which nearly destroyed us.

> "'O, how shall I with equal warmth
> The gratitude declare,
> That glows within my ravished heart?'"

* * * He was now engaged almost incessantly, at one place or another, preaching the word with increasing acceptance; but the struggles of his mind respecting the probability of his receiving a call to the work of the ministry in the regular manner, and his providential situation at this time, were strong and frequent. He was, indeed, placed in a most delicate and difficult predicament: conscious that while he pursued his present course he was neglecting in some degree the business upon which he came, and at the same time anxiously looking for some opening whereby God would bring him more fully into the ministry—that blessed work for which his ardent soul panted to be entirely given up. "O, my God," says he, "willing as I am to be spent in thy service, thou knowest I often cry out, 'Send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me;' and yet thou hast replied, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

He had a great unwillingness that his father should hear

him preach, and had given up one appointment on that account. On the 15th of September, he preached in Blackpool chapel, from Rom. 8:32. Messrs. Waugh and Stewart sat with him in the pulpit. But, on this occasion, he remarks, "I never was so embarrassed as I found myself—I never disliked my own discourse more. I hid my face afterwards, and almost vowed I would never again stand up to preach." O the infirmity of man: unwilling to be humbled; dissatisfied if he cannot *please himself* in serving God. The congregation was large; and, added to the perturbed state of his feelings on this account, what was his surprise to learn, on his arrival at home, that his father had been one of his hearers. This discovery, and the recollection of his defects, abashed him a good deal. His father, however, assured him that he had been profited; and a pious man, to whom he mentioned his temptation to desist from preaching, warned him in God's name not to do it. Next morning he went to preach in Patrick-street chapel. Here he exemplified the danger of relying too much upon present "frames and feelings," without taking into the account other evidences of the divine favor. The following and several similar statements prove, in Mr. Summerfield's case, as in many others that might be mentioned, how emphatically it may be asserted, that he who has "abundance of revelations," needs no other—needs no sharper thorn in the flesh, no messenger of Satan more tormenting and harassing than this—the perpetual buffeting of the temptation to seek his own glory, while he is promoting God's. But to quote the entry referred to: "If ever the enemy was permitted to buffet me, surely this was the time. I had my thoughts taken from me, and in this state I began to roam, I know not where. I would have given the world to have been out of the house; and after I had concluded, I remained till all the people had retired, that I might escape home unperceived. My God, is this from

thee? O, my Father, send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me; I cannot, I cannot preach. Perhaps God has withdrawn his light from me; I know I might have been more faithful; but O, my God, yet bear with me. I did dedicate myself to thee; but if thou hast naught for me to do, remove me out of this world altogether I only wish to live to promote thy cause." Surely these agonies of anxiety ought to have been somewhat allayed by the consideration that his preaching was accompanied, not only by the power of God, but by the applause of men, and abundantly rewarded by the affection of the people of God—indeed sufficiently so to tempt the vanity and ambition which is in every human heart. That Summerfield had a sincere desire to do the work of an evangelist in simplicity, was abundantly evident to others; but he did not know himself fully at this time. "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Psalm 19:12. It may be proper to add an item relative to his very next sermon: "I preached to a large congregation on these words: 'Come now, and let us reason together.' Isaiah 1:18. God wonderfully assisted me; he again returned to my help, and it was a season of blessing to all our souls. Glory to God."

Every incident that reminded him of the venerable founder of Methodism, seems to have excited in his mind strong desires to emulate the labors of that illustrious man. In a collection of wax figures which he was taken to see at Cork, nothing interested him so much as "that man of God, John Wesley." Again, in the subjoined graphic sketch: "I could not help thinking how like a travelling preacher I was just then: a boy whom I had hired walked before me with my travelling-bag, like a preacher's portmanteau, and I was hurrying after to meet immortal souls who were waiting for me. John Wesley rushed on my mind. Oh, that I had his spirit, his zeal, his piety; then indeed I should

be a burning and a shining light in the world." Again: "I have now preached six times this week; and yet what is this to the zeal of a Wesley or a Coke?" Surely, when we regard the "more abundant" labors of this devoted man, there was much propriety in the designation, "Young Wesley," which was frequently applied to him at this and an after-period of his career.

In connection with a previous remark relative to his diffidence in the presence of his father, himself an occasional preacher, I cannot forbear transcribing the following passage: "For the first time I took up a cross which I had not before borne, namely, preaching where my father was, to my knowledge, a hearer; he walked with me to the chapel, and I could not refuse his request. He sat just under the pulpit, and I observed that he wept all the time." Some sons make their fathers weep bitterly, but these were tears of joy and love.

So interesting was the appearance and so fascinating the eloquence of this young evangelist, that many persons who had never heard a Methodist preacher, and probably would not have been prevailed upon to hear any other, attended the preaching of Mr. Summerfield in the neighborhood of Cork. Whether, however, these were churchmen or Catholics—persons bigoted against Methodism, or mere men of the world—all were delighted and edified by the fervor and simplicity of his sermons. While he labored to acquit his conscience in speaking faithfully to all who heard him, with the meekness of wisdom he sought to turn to profitable account even the slanders of foolish or wicked men: "May I never," says he on one occasion, "forget the caution which a false accusation has given me. O, how happy we should be when we hear our faults from our enemies; our friends seldom tell them to us—too seldom."

Under the date of September 28, there is an entry which seems to point to the anniversary of his spiritual birthday:

"I recollect it was this night twelve months, that I joined the Methodist society; and so God has kept me *one year*. O how unfaithful I have been. My God, forgive, forgive the past. O may I be more faithful in time to come. One year—O, eternity! This evening I renewed my covenant with God; may he who could keep me *one year*, keep me *for ever*." One year only since he became a member of the Methodist society, yet such a preacher that he even dreams—as he did a few nights previous to this—that he is before the lord-lieutenant and his lady, in a palace or a cathedral. But O, how truly and sincerely self-humbling are his acknowledgments this day. He is now alone with his God, and the tempter does not dare to disturb him on this occasion. On the following morning he took his leave of the congregation in Patrick-street, from these words: "Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." Jude 21. He then wrote in his diary, "This day is the beginning of a new year with me; the morning of this new year I have been found in the service of my Master. O, my God, where shall I be in the morning of my next year? But above all, where shall I be in the morning of the resurrection?"

Towards the beginning of October, he visited Fermoy, and preached in the court-house to the largest congregations ever seen in that place. On his arrival, he represents his soul as having been in the happiest frame he almost ever remembered; indeed, great grace seems to have rested upon him day by day; and yet such were the humbling views which he had of his own weakness and darkness, that in the midst of blessings from above, he writes, "Read Mr. Wesley's sermon, 'The Almost Christian;' my own experience."

Clonmel and Waterford were next visited by him; and during the week which brought him to the latter place, he had travelled on horseback seventy miles and preached seven times. He was really *itinerating* now. * * *

He was received at Waterford by the Rev. W. Stewart, the highly esteemed superintendent preacher of that place. To this man of God, in whom Summerfield found a true friend, he soon became ardently attached, and numberless are the expressions of regard and endearment which in connection with his name occur in the diary. This affection, so characteristic of Summerfield's attachments, was reciprocated by his friend; and I am happy that a communication from Mr. Stewart, while it affords me an opportunity of expressing personal obligation and respect, furnishes at the same time the following interesting notice of Summerfield's introduction at Waterford. "He came from Cork recommended to me," says Mr. Stewart, "as a local preacher, by the late Rev. W. Copeland, who was then stationed at Cove; and who remarked in reference to brother Summerfield's talents for the ministry, that if he were not a star of the first *magnitude*, he at least promised to be one of the first *brilliancy*. We were much delighted with him in Waterford. He preached for us several times; and his sermons discovered a depth and extent of scripture knowledge and Christian experience much beyond his years. This, together with his manner, style of delivery, and very youthful appearance, attracted great congregations, who all seemed edified and impressed; and retired, wondering at the grace of God manifested in his person, his preaching, and his prayers; and readily reëchoing the common sentiment respecting him, '*He is a prodigy.*'"

Besides the crowds of ordinary hearers attracted by his popularity, many persons of rank and influence went to hear him; and in one instance the Rev. Mr. Fleury, son of the archdeacon of Waterford, sat with him in the pulpit, a mark of respect not often shown to the Methodist preachers; but, above all, God was eminently present in the congregations.

It must be regarded as a felicitous circumstance for Mr. Summerfield at this time, that while he was in the habit of

receiving numerous letters of invitation, and indeed of commendation, from ministers of the gospel, his correspondents were men of experience in the ways of religion, able and willing to give him the best advice with reference to his spiritual prosperity. Letters lying before me, written by the Rev. Messrs. Hamilton, Cooper, Robinson, Matthews, Cobain, Stewart, etc., all breathe the same spirit. Brief extracts from the two last will exhibit the bearing of the whole. Rev. E. Cobain says, "O what shall I say to one I love so dearly? *Lie at the foot of the cross; keep close to the Bible; sit loose to the praise of men. If any good be done, sink in the dust before God and give him all the glory.*" Rev. W. Stewart: "If I had only one advice to give you on the subject of preaching, it would be—preach Christ and him crucified, and a free, full, and present salvation, through faith in his blood; whether you preach to children or grown persons, to the rich or to the poor, to saints or to sinners, to the crowded auditory or the humble few, let this be your theme, Jesus and his salvation, salvation from sin," etc., etc.

On Sunday, the 8th of November, he preached at Cove his *first missionary sermon*. He undertook the duty with fear and trembling, but God aided him, and the collection was larger than on any previous occasion. On the following Sunday he preached for the same purpose at Waterford, and notwithstanding that it rained heavily at the time of service, the collection was double the amount of the preceding year.

After preaching at Ross one evening, to a large congregation, he thus alludes to an unpleasant interruption: "The devil did not like my sermon; he annoyed us by a drunken man, who threatened to pull me down. Some of the hearers dragged him away, and Satan was disappointed." A very proper representative of his satanic majesty—a drunken man. * * * Is there a breathing animal in human shape so great in his own eyes, or so contemptible in the eyes of others, as a drunkard in his glory? If he could see himself

with their eyes, he would be fit to pluck out his own, that he might never again look them in the face.

Having left Waterford, he visited successively Carrick, Piltown, Clonmel, Cashel—where he went to look at "that wonder of art, the rock of Cashel, where heathenism, and afterwards popish idolatry held sway;" the great Dr. Coke trod the same ground before him, and he felt peculiar emotions on the reflection that the doctor's footsteps had been where he had the honor to tread—Thurles, Templemore, Roscrea, Shinrone, Birr, and Mountrath, and arrived at his father's house in Cork on the 23d of December; having travelled more than three hundred miles, and preached, on an average, seven times a week, since he left home. He was most cordially received at Cork by his "well beloved" friend the Rev. S. Wood, who three months before had wished him "God speed," and parted from him with a "farewell kiss" at Waterford; and who now intimated to him that he should not let him be idle.

This chapter may with much propriety be closed with the reflection with which Mr. Summerfield himself concluded the year 1818: "This is the last day of the old year. O what shall I say to my God for all his goodness to me in the past year? I am at a loss for expression. My heart is too full. In this *one year*, I have first prayed in public, and begun to preach, and preached in the metropolis of Ireland, in our largest chapel and at the most public time. O, my God, may I grow up into thee more and more, in all my ways. May I be spent for thee, who was spent for me; may I glorify thee continually. Attended the *watch night*. I was to have exhorted, but I did not feel my mind free to do so, and hid myself in the chapel. Mr. Doolittle spoke suitably on watch nights, and mentioned *three* in the Bible: the Egyptian watch night, when the Jews were delivered; our Lord's watch night in the garden, and Paul and Silas' watch night."

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNS TO DUBLIN—POPULARITY INCREASES—DEDICATES HIMSELF AFRESH TO GOD—VISITS CORK—HIS FERVOR—LETTER TO HIS SISTER—FALLS FROM HIS HORSE—ABUNDANCE OF HIS LABORS—LETTER TO REV. EDWARD COBAIN—RECEIVES A CONFERENCE APPOINTMENT—MISSIONARY SPEECH.

The year 1819 found Mr. Summerfield in Dublin, the friend and favorite of all the influential Methodists in that city, as well as of many others—his popularity just setting in with all the fulness and freshness of its spring tide. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the excitement occasioned by his labors during the day should affect his imagination by night; and accordingly, as before observed, he was liable to *dream* about those things which so unceasingly occupied his waking hours. Notices to this effect repeatedly occur among his memoranda. The following has reference to January 7: "I had a dream to-night, to warn me not to be high-minded, but fear." This dream may be thought at least a very seasonable one, when considered in connection with the fact that three days before he had preached to two thousand five hundred persons, and "felt no fear of man." Great men and good men have experienced very opposite emotions when standing in the presence of their auditors. Perhaps, generally speaking, the spectacle of an immense multitude to one who *can* speak to them, is only so far overawing as to render the sublime exhilaration of spirit more intense by that sweet and solemn restraint, under which the mind rises, instinctively, in proportion to the pressure upon it; while the effusion of itself with all its burden of thoughts and feelings into the bosoms of thousands, all eye and ear and heart, is better ordered and more effectual than if it broke loose, and flooded *them* and lost *itself*, for want of regulating bounds and controlling influences.

On the 9th of January he again left Dublin to fulfil several pulpit engagements; at the end of the first week he found himself at Newagh, having travelled ninety-six miles and preached ten times. *Ninety-six miles, and ten sermons, in seven days!* He went with the speed of a chariot-wheel down hill, till the axle catches fire; and it *did* catch fire, and consumed the vehicle at last. On the 20th, after speaking *three hours*, he observes, "I now for the first time lost my voice; the groans and cries for mercy were beyond description; I could say no more, so I dismissed them with a promise to preach in the morning. May God help me." Notwithstanding, therefore, that his voice had been thus taken from him *in mercy*, the next morning found him in the pulpit at eight o'clock; and in the evening he was at Pallas, where after speaking for two hours he was obliged to desist; and moreover constrained to confess, "I never was so ill in my life." According to his promise, however, ill as he was, he preached the following morning, though his "body almost refused its functions," and he rather "cried aloud" than spoke as he was wont: it would be painful to detail here the sufferings which constituted the natural sequel of such agonies of ecstasy.

Now, who would have dared to quench such a spirit? yet to those who may be *seduced* to follow his example, it may not be improper to give a word of caution. This confessedly is delicate ground; but why not make a stand upon it in the fear of God? While the cause and glory of the Redeemer was most emphatically the *primum mobile* of Mr. Summerfield's zeal, yet might there not be *something of himself* in these preternatural exertions? it could not *all* be of the Lord. It would be wrong to speak dogmatically on so tender a point; but such is the opinion of one of the most pious and judicious individuals with whom I am acquainted; who however observed that he should almost fear to utter such a sentiment, lest it should be mistaken, or misrepre-

sented, or abused. Who, after reading the accounts above, can help thinking that on such occasions, if amid the whirlwind and earthquake and fire, he could for a moment have covered his face and listened in the silence of his spirit, he *might possibly* have heard a "still small voice" saying, "Who hath required *this* of thee?"

And yet, amid all these labors, he records his resolution: "I am determined to begin this week with living more in my room and in my Bible. I have lost much in this respect; and I am too apt to walk out and trifle with my precious, precious time." He had a few days before laudably "made up his mind against Sunday dinners from home."

It is matter of satisfaction to transcribe the following passage, although somewhat diffuse, from the entry which he made in his diary on the 31st of January. It shows how his whole soul was on the stretch, to be entirely devoted to God. "This is my birthday; Oh, what matter have I for shame and confusion of face. When I look back on myself, I see great cause for self-abasement. I see that ever since I began to preach, my time has not been improved: occupied in visiting—the destruction of some of our young preachers whom I could name—and travelling from place to place; mixing necessarily with various companies of people, and not being guarded against that levity which creeps inadvertently upon me; all these combined have produced a dislike to closet duties, meditation of the word, and prayer. Though I feel with shame my shortcomings, yet I am thankful that God has not given me over to hardness of heart; my conscience is not yet seared as with a hot iron. I find that if I look for and expect my God to own my labors, I must live a life different from most of our preachers, for whom my heart melts. Oh, Zion! Oh, Heaven! thy cause! thy cause! thy great concern! and yet how little it seems to occupy their attention. With regard to many of them, it seems to have become *a trade*, a mere

form. My young heart has been led astray. I thought to have found among them self-denial, gravity, piety. But ah, where is fled the spirit of my Master? If I expect God to bless others under my ministry of the word, I find I must not be conformed to them; I find it necessary to swim against the stream. Too many of them preach what they never practise. Oh, my Father, enable me from this day to dedicate myself afresh to thee:

"'Here's my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.'

For the regulation of my future conduct, the following is the plan I lay down, which I intend by God's grace to put in practice. I will first try it for a day: if my God enable me to keep it a *day*, he will for a *week;* if for a week, a *month*, yea, *continually*.

"Time. As I find a natural sloth attaches itself to all my powers, which is, I believe, common to all men, I think there can be no better way of guarding against it, than in observing how *every moment* is spent; and as I am persuaded I never grew in grace so much as when I was thus employed, as in the former part of this diary when I accounted for every hour, so I intend renewing the same plan and commencing to-morrow, please God. Thus my conscience will accuse or applaud at the close of each day, according as my time is employed; and on that account, I shall peruse it every night.

"Allow myself no more time for sleep than necessary.

"Prayer. As I believe no growth in grace will take place unless there be regular stated seasons for private prayer, I purpose attending to *three* such seasons at least: before I leave my room in the morning, before I retire in the evening, and at twelve o'clock at midday. Be where I may, this must be attended to; and I must go home to perform it, as if to meet any other person. Besides this, twice family prayer, and visits to the sick.

"STUDIES. All my studies and learning to turn into the channel of the glory of God; to read nothing but with a view to his work, and all my researches to be subservient to the Bible—to be '*homo unius libri*,' (a man of one book.') Visit none, except for God's glory, and stay no longer than barely necessary; guard the door of my lips; guard against levity; be much employed in ejaculatory and mental prayer; while lying in bed night and morning, before I sleep and before I get up, to employ myself in self-examination, and this *only*. Take with me every day a text as a motto, to be employing myself upon while walking, or in my leisure moments; and this day by day.

"Never speak ill of an absent person, except the glory of God require it; in short, to do *all* with singleness of heart, so that my rejoicing may be, that 'in *simplicity* and *godly sincerity*, I may have my conversation in the world.' May my God enable me to be more circumspect; and as I commence anew in preaching more from study than from art and memory, may my life be commenced anew; and may I die in the service, and reign with him for ever."

How just are the foregoing remarks; how pious the writer's determination. There may however be excess, and consequently danger, both ways, for ministers. They must not be ascetics, any more than they ought to be merry companions, wasting their animal spirits and losing their gracious fears even in the society of religious people. "It is not good for man to be alone," even as a minister, and a stranger to his people in every other character; nor is it good to have a plurality of associates, so as to dissipate the affections by their diffusion; but the minister of the gospel should stand among his people as in a family circle, in which he may move and shine, and lead the way to heaven; exemplifying, as our Saviour did, his doctrines in his life; and making things lovely in reality, which in pulpit representation appear repulsive and hard to flesh and blood. Oh how

good and how pleasant it is to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

The absolute distribution of his time compels this objection against its imitation by others—that its exemplification was soon found impracticable, even by so rigid a devotee as the conscientious Summerfield himself. If men will make such fetters for themselves, they ought to make them at least loose enough to correspond with Christ's own easy yoke, and not binding and galling like the ceremonial law, which "neither we nor our fathers were able to bear." There are sins enough both of omission and commission into which the most watchful Christian will be hourly in danger of falling, without making occasions for sin by voluntary obligations, from which the prisoner who has thus bound his own hands and feet, like Agabus with Paul's girdle, cannot disentangle himself without bringing darkness and confusion into his mind.

His determination to choose *a text every day* as a motto for meditation, was a most profitable and easy obligation, in which there need be no snare to entrap the tenderest conscience. He borrowed this from his Moravian recollections. In the congregations of the brethren there are two texts, and lines from certain hymns, appointed for meditation every day in the year.

The following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Summerfield by his father, will show how devoutly his beloved parent participated in the common satisfaction of his son's ministerial success. The letter is dated from Cork, February 4, 1819. "Take care to dwell in the divine bosom; be faithful in heaven's first concern; be a firm friend to her bleeding interests; live much in the closet, and you will be useful in the pulpit. Follow the God-Man as your example in all things; keep company with a Fletcher, a Wesley, and a Baxter, who will shine as stars in the firmament for ever. In you God has given me my

heart's desire; and my first concern on earth is, that God may be honored in the accomplishment of his grand design in bringing to glory the lost posterity of Adam; and my daily prayer is, that you may be the honored instrument in turning thousands and tens of thousands to himself: this is not too much to ask of bleeding love."

Although his constitution was at this period much shattered, his labors were unremitting. On the 9th of February, amid notices of floods of heavenly light poured upon certain portions of Scripture, and uncommon sweetness in his noontide devotions, he incidentally remarks, "My bodily frame is quite decayed;" and yet, ten days afterwards, he notes that in the preceding week he had rode forty-one miles, *and preached ten times.* * * *

On the 14th of February, he preached a missionary sermon at Birr, and collected treble the amount of any former occasion. On the following day he addressed a large congregation of children at the same place, and pleased them so well that at their own desire a collection was made. He often addressed auditories of young people in after-years. Among the Moravians he had been accustomed to those services, which are very frequent with them under the denomination of "Children's meetings;" and in such meetings no doubt the seed was sown which on this very 15th of February was producing good fruit in his own heart and life, and enabling him, having as a child "freely received" of the good word of God, "freely to communicate" of the same to little children; aye, and to obtain an earnest in hand that it would produce ripe fruit in due season in some of their hearts.

On the 27th of February he arrived safe at his father's house in Cork, and declined an invitation to preach on the following day because his "body required some rest." And well it might, as on the preceding evening he thus sums up the amount of his labors: "I have now preached fifty times

since I left Dublin this time, which is seven weeks since; and I have in that period travelled three hundred and sixty-two miles up to Cork." A man may be prodigal of God's spiritual gifts as well as of providential ones, and in both instances want must follow waste, or early exhaustion be the consequence of reckless profusion. Let any learned and experienced Christian minister say whether a young man twenty-two years of age, and *scarcely twelve months old as a preacher*, did right to spend and be spent after this rate. Travelling three hundred and sixty-two miles, and preaching fifty times in seven weeks! "a frame of adamant, a soul of fire" would be worn out with such perpetuity of feverish excitement; what then could a frail body with a hectic constitution do, or rather, what must it suffer, in such a case? To adopt an elegant simile from my friend Montgomery, elicited by a perusal of the forementioned entry: "I have seen fire carried in a handful of dry grass hastily, lest it should burst out into flame, to light a heap of stubble in autumn; and I have seen it instantaneously consumed when applied to the materials thus collected. Summerfield so carried his life in his hands; and though he was enabled to kindle heap after heap, at last, and long before his time as man would say, he was compelled to let it drop; it fell to ashes, for it was but tinder at the first. Let others be warned, who like him have the holy flame in their hearts wrapt round with the weeds of the body, lest that which burns within consume that which is without, and thus become itself extinct, on earth at least, for lack of fuel. It ought to be cherished; not opened to the whole atmosphere at once, any more than suffocated by being too closely pressed." But this devoted young man, upon whom rested so much of "the spirit and power of Elias," although he lived a dying life, experienced in the sequel as little of death as could consist with a translation from life to immortality; indeed, his progress from earth to heaven all but resembled

the ascent of the prophet of mount Carmel: in faith, in labor, in devotion, he "went up in a chariot of fire." Who in England, Ireland, America, hath caught his mantle?

Being now at home, he was frequently engaged in business for his father; this, and other engagements, led him frequently to lament his defective performance of many of his birthday resolutions. Indeed, the task was impracticable to him, as he was circumstanced; and he who attempts to do more than he can, frequently in reality does less, because he spends much of his strength for naught and wearies his spirit with fretting and remorse. To these chances the susceptible subject of these pages was inevitably exposed; hence his frequent complaints of losing or misspending time in company, on a journey, or in his father's house.

A few passages indicative of his spiritual state at this period will be acceptable. February 28. "I grew this day in grace and knowledge; the sacred page had new beauties and ideas to my soul." March 4. "My mind has been sweetly exercising faith in Jesus this day, and I see the dawn of day." March 7. "My Jesus was precious to me this morning; my heart was melted down, and he gave me a sweet foretaste of the good things of this day." March 8. "I am quite hoarse to-day, after yesterday's exertions; but my Jesus has paid me for it all by a sweet sense of his love which I feel upon me." March 10. "My mind is truly dejected; for these last two days I have been in Gethsemane. I long for the time of refreshing. Come, my Lord, come quickly. I cried unto the Lord; he heard me and delivered me from all my troubles. I seldom had such a pouring out of the divine glory. Bless the Lord, O my soul; magnify his great name. Applied myself to reading *principally* in THE BOOK." Next morning: "Commenced my Bible again; my mind is much happier this day than yesterday. I have a *little* faith, a *little* love, a *little* labor; O, my Lord, do

thou increase it." There is nothing more exemplary in Summerfield's preparations for ministerial labors, than his devoted attention to the holy Scriptures. He drew water for himself from the well-springs of salvation, and he drew it with joy, that he might refresh his own soul before he went to call aloud to others, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye unto the waters."

Towards the latter end of March, he was seriously indisposed; violent pains and retchings of the stomach, accompanied with other alarming symptoms, led him and his friends to apprehend that danger was at hand. Ill however as he was, he neither remitted his studies nor forbore his pulpit labors while he could attend to either. He had no mercy upon himself; nor, as it appears, were any of his counsellors merciful unto him. There is but too much truth in the following extract of a letter addressed to him by the Rev. S. Steele, dated April 2d: "I am sorry to find that your health is worse than it was when you were here. Preaching so often in the week to large congregations, is too great an exercise of body and mind for your constitution; but you will learn to be wise when it is too late. There are many of the Methodists who in their godly zeal would encourage you to preach until you would drop down dead. But remember, neither God nor man will thank you for what may be called *religious suicide*." And yet the main object of this very letter was to solicit his services at Roserea.

On the 13th of April Mr. Summerfield attended the annual meeting of the Sunday-school Association, in Dublin, Mr. Sheriff White in the chair. On this occasion he delivered what he calls his "maiden speech;" for although he had prepared his mind to speak at a missionary-meeting some months before, a change in the resolutions prevented him from saying what he intended. * * *

On the 19th of April he wrote from Dublin to his eldest

sister in New York, the following description of his religious experience.

"The circumstances in which I have been involved since I last wrote you, are the only reasons for this long pause; they have been multifarious indeed: to recapitulate them would be certainly a display of the wonderful dealings of Providence with regard to me, such as seem unparalleled; but they are now over, and I thank God for the deliverance.

"As my father wrote to you some time ago, you have some idea of the change which, by the grace of God, has been effected in me: you know what *I was*, God knows what *I am*. If you except family and filial affection, of which I was *never devoid*, you may fill up the catalogue of my conduct in any way you please. Truly

> "'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.'

Various were the chastisements which God laid upon me to bring me to himself—prisons, distresses, afflictions, nay, I might add *death itself*. This last had the effect: while my body was brought down to the verge of the pit, my mind began to think of God. 'I vowed a vow unto the Lord;' he knows the nature of it—he received it—I was restored to health, and by the strength of the Lord I am performing it.

"I began to seek Him whom I had before despised; the world was stripped of her charms; I saw with new eyes: Jesus was the only amiable object; while I loathe myself in dust and ashes, 'that I so late to him did turn.' However, my cry was incessant,

> "'Only Jesus will I know,
> And Jesus crucified.'

"Long was my struggle for mercy, severe was my agony; often tempted to suicide to rid myself of the pangs of a

wounded spirit; but finally the Lord lifted upon me the light of his countenance, and spoke to my heart as with an audible voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' O how was I melted; I wept—but they were tears of joy. I groaned, but they were unutterable groans. Heaven proclaimed, 'My beloved is mine;' and my heart replied, 'I am his.' Thus I began to serve the Lord. This was October, 1817, now a year and a half ago; but Oh, what has God done since then. Last September I embarked in the same vessel with Jesus. I began the ministration of the word of life to others. Six months have I wearied this feeble body in the laborious calling, and yet I am not tired; I hope I shall never put off the harness."

On the 13th of May he had a narrow escape with his life, in consequence of a fall from his horse just as he entered Dublin; that he was not killed on the spot, nor his horse injured, he gratefully ascribes to the providence of God. Had he been half as much in fear for himself, as he was for his horse on this occasion, he might have escaped with his life much longer, and not have died as he did by *a fall from himself.*

Notwithstanding this misfortune, by which he received serious internal injury, he preached on the fourth day afterwards to a large congregation, for the benefit of a female orphan asylum. The effect of this sermon will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. He called to mind the affection of his own mother, and the motherless state of his two younger sisters; the current of emotion thus drawn out of his own bosom flowed into the current of feeling which his description drew from the hearts of others; and the impression became so powerful and general that utterance failed him, and he sat down beckoning the children to stand up and finish the plea for their cause with *silent eloquence.* He sat bathed in tears and expectorating a quantity of blood, which had collected on his lungs since his accident; this, in

connection with his unremitting exertions, brought him as we shall presently see to the verge of the grave.

In addition to all that has been said on the subject of "making rules to live by," see the following reflections, at the close of May 18: "I see I have of late neglected my time in an alarming way, and I find that when time is loitered away, grace is declining in the heart. I was much struck with an advice in a magazine, 'to live by rule.' I have often resolved, and often broken; in the strength of Christ I will begin again. I am resolved to be in bed at ten o'clock every night, and rise at four. From four to five in the morning, twelve to one mid-day, and five to six evening, shall be hours sacred to God, for prayer, meditation, and reading his word: no less a proportion of time will do for me; and half past nine to ten, before retiring. The remainder of my time to be regularly accounted for, and dealt out with circumspection." What premeditated though unconscious suicide is involved in these resolutions! Yet who could have forbidden the self-offering to the Lord? Nevertheless, as already intimated, we are required to present "a *living* sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service;" we are besought "by the *mercies* of God," to surrender our *bodies*—emphatically our *bodies*, including our souls with all their powers and affections—because when the body is burnt out the sacrifice is complete, as was the case with the victims on the altar in the temple. Whatever service may be required in the temple not made with hands, from the spirits of just men made perfect, it will *not* be sacrifice. The sacrifice on earth, then, ought to be made as perfect, as long in endurance, as possible. It will be in vain to say in defence of such self-immolation as Summerfield's, that the "fire from God" descended and consumed the holocaust at once, like Elijah's on Carmel; for even if this were evident beyond doubt, which it is not in *his* case, let others beware lest they destroy themselves as early by a conflagration from

sparks of their own kindling. But what does this example say to those who *sacrifice nothing of themselves;* or at best, bring oblations of no value to the Lord's altar?

At the close of the month of May, he proceeded according to invitation to Waterford, "where," says he, "the friends were glad to see me, and none more so than my beloved brother W. Stewart; he is an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." At this place he was seized with a profuse spitting of blood, to which indeed he had become alarmingly subject. His friends were justly frightened—though himself "felt happy under the affliction"—and called in an eminent physician, Dr. Poole, who bled him for the first time, and interdicted him from preaching: this was on Saturday; and yet, as Mr. Stewart informs me, he was with difficulty restrained from appearing in the pulpit on the following day.

In reference to this severe affliction, he wrote to his beloved friend and brother the Rev. Edward Cobain, under date of Waterford, 29th of May, 1819:

"The present state of my health requires indulgence. I have exceeded my strength. I preached in Dublin last Sunday at two o'clock, and again at seven o'clock in the evening, to upwards of two thousand people each time, and I felt such uncommon liberty that my heart was too great for the casement of the body. I exerted myself a great deal, and felt a material inward change in my frame on Monday. After I had preached on Tuesday evening and had gone to bed, I was obliged to rise suddenly by the flowing of blood through my throat, and it was a long time before I dare fall asleep; it has continued since then, and last night it was very severe.

"But I feel resigned to the will of my heavenly Father; perhaps he is going to throw me aside as a useless vessel. I know he does not need my poor aid, and I believe I am as willing to *suffer* his will as to *do* it. I only desire Christ

Jesus to be magnified by me, and I care not whether it is by my life or in my death. I feel much happier under my affliction than at any other period; my soul is more chastened and heavenly-minded, and I do hope to be a great gainer by it, if the Lord see fit to recover me.

"I pant after a full conformity to the mind of Jesus. I feel I want the *abiding* witness of the Spirit. I want to arrive at that state when

> "'Not a cloud shall arise
> To darken the skies,
> Or hide for *one moment*
> My Lord from my eyes.'

I want to know the Spirit of truth, not merely as the *inspiration* of God, but the *influence* of God—not as *breathing upon* the soul, but as *flowing in* and *through* the heart. I desire him as a well of water *springing up* to eternal life, and thus cleansing from all sin; in short, I wish to experience him as my *sanctifying Lord*, and not merely as my *justifying Saviour*. O how great the change. Earnestly do I desire it.

> "'*Restless, resigned*, for this I wait,
> For this my *vehement* soul *stands still*.'

"We never discover the glory of our dispensation till the change is wrought in us; and yet how few press after it. Though the Christian church knows the Spirit of truth as being *with* them, yet how few know him as being *in* them.

"To-morrow we commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost. I look for a pentecostal shower. O may you, my dear friend, be filled with all the fulness of God."

An event of great importance in the settlement, or rather, as it turned out, the *unsettlement* of this heavenly minded man in after-life, occurred at this period. Having in the month of March preceding been formally proposed to travel as a preacher in the Methodist connection, and having

satisfactorily answered the questions usually put to candidates for the ministry, Mr. Summerfield proceeded with his friend Mr. Stewart from Waterford to attend the Irish conference, held in Dublin, at which city they arrived in safety on the 30th of June. His case was now officially and anxiously considered; and it appeared, after very mature deliberation, that the delicacy of his health at that time, and the consequent improbability of his being long able to endure the difficulties and fatigues of itinerancy in Ireland, forbade the experiment of appointing him forthwith to a circuit. And the conference was thus induced to suspend the execution of their eager wish of sending him to travel, for another year, hoping that his health might in the interim be restored. Meanwhile he was appointed to fill Mr. Maynes' place in Dublin, till that preacher should return, with the other Irish delegates, from the British conference. "Alas, alas," says he, on receiving this appointment, "I know not how I can bear this burden. O Lord, my God, be thou my strength."

During the conference season in Dublin, the annual meeting of the Methodist Missionary Society was held there, at which the Rev. J. Edmondson presided. On this occasion Mr. Summerfield, in moving a vote of thanks to the English committee, made a speech which not a little confirmed to the English preachers present the reports which they had heard of his piety and talents. On this as on a previous occasion, I might remark upon the difficulty, not to say the impropriety, of giving, as a specimen of a speech, any portion of memoranda merely made to assist the speaker's memory. I shall however give a passage which refers to a name consecrated in missionary annals; it is merely the radical idea, and was beautifully unfolded in passing through the speaker's lips, but I confine myself to the words of his incipient draught: "The idea of Christianizing the Asiatic world was one which seemed too great for human concep-

tion. Yes, sir, the very idea was one which could only have had birth in an apostle's mind. But yet there was found a man among the tribes of our spiritual Israel, possessed of a mind which conceived the grand design: to the earthen vessel which contained the deposit, men gave the name of COKE; heaven will reveal his true name in 'that day.' In his devotedness to the service of his God and the best interests of mankind, he was equalled by *few*—surpassed by *none*. At the feet of his Master he laid his wealth, his ease, his honor, his character, nay, his life itself. He sacrificed all; he was the *slave* of slaves: unwearied in the work of heaven, no dangers could intimidate—no allurements seduce him from his one pursuit. He was like Paul, like Wesley, a man of one business. Ceylon had long been the object of his contemplation, and the fulfilment of his wishes and his prayers seemed now accomplished; preparations made, and standard-bearers obtained who were willing to carry the banners of the cross, he quits his native shore. You, sir, followed him well-nigh to the beach, and little thought to see his face no more. But he is not; for God took him. Not far distant from the promised land, his Master called him to a higher mount than Pisgah's top, to view the goodly shore; he heard him say, 'Come up hither;' welcome summons to his waiting soul. The body of this Moses has indeed been hidden from us; but we dispute not concerning it, for we sorrow not as those without hope: we take the Bible in our hands and inscribe beneath his name, 'Pleasant in life, and in death not divided.' The dispensation seemed severe to human ken; to him it was merciful. His death seemed without pain; his frame was not worn with disease, nor his features distorted with agony; and his body sunk in the flood, as it will arise in the morning of the resurrection, with a blooming, heavenly countenance. He shall not be forgotten; for in the day when Christ shall gather up his jewels, Coke shall be collected from the ocean's

bed, a diamond of the purest water. Pardon me, my brethren, I dwell on his name with pleasure; I loved the man, I love his memory still: *you* knew his worth, *you* know his great reward; and though no marble urn can boast of concealing his remains, his name is engraven upon all your hearts; and while unadulterated goodness, ennobling talent, genuine worth, and sterling piety shall find one lover among men, the name of Coke shall be preserved from the ravages of time, and finally displayed with all its glories in the archives of the upper and the better world."

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE—RESOLVES TO AVOID TEA-PARTIES—PREACHES AT THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF ROSSE—A DANGEROUS ILLNESS—LETTER TO HIS SISTER—RESUMES HIS LABORS, AND ADDRESSES LARGE CONGREGATIONS—EXERCISES OF SPIRIT—LOYALTY—ANXIOUS TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Mr. Summerfield, like most other good men who have large experience of the things of God—especially when possessing temperaments as fervent as his own—was subject to many and often very painful fluctuations of religious feeling. These variations of the devotional temperature, so to speak, are probably much less uncommon with strong or susceptible minds, than ordinary persons are willing to suppose; but few, very few indeed, have the faculty to distinguish with that accuracy, or would have the courage to record their discoveries with that fidelity which characterizes the precious autobiographical sketches of the heart of this interesting individual. Summerfield, while all his labors might seem to be wrought amid the tempest of an enthusiasm at once irresistible to himself and his hearers, was at the same time in his "inner man" an exquisite spiritual barometer, graduated with surprising delicacy through the entire scale of religious experience. To those professors of religion who are content to live at the zero of orthodoxy, his language must sometimes appear strange indeed; but to others, who have known something of those "deep things of God" which pertain more or less to every true member of the body of Christ, these alternate elevations and depressions, through all their degrees, are neither unintelligible nor strange. The most exalted spirit, while compassed about with the infirmities of the flesh, must never expect to enjoy a perpetually unclouded vision, much less an invariable beatitude of feeling. A few passages from the diary shall be given.

"June 17. My soul was still more strongly led out after

God this morning than of late. Oh that I knew where I might find him. I view myself as the most abandoned of all sinners; I am tempted to wish that I was openly profane, as being in a more likely way to obtain the salvation of God than in my present state. I know not what to do. Lord, pity me in my low estate. Oh make thyself known unto me!" Here he was beset with a horrible temptation, and appeared surrounded with the blackness of darkness itself; but lo, the very next day the cloud is dispersed: "I think," says he, "I see the dawn of eternal day upon my soul; but I anxiously cry, Oh, when will He fully appear? However, by his grace, I am determined to persevere." And presently perseverance had its reward—in the following passage, "the true light shineth." "June 20. This has been one of my happiest days; I have been *greatly* blessed." On a review of the dealings of God with his soul, he thus strikingly expresses himself on the 16th of August: "Many are the consolations which in the last three weeks I have experienced; but my experience is still variable: one day on the mount, another in the garden; one day hardly knowing whether I am in the body or out of it, and perhaps the very next, ready to give up the beginning of my confidence and fall from the grace of God. But I bless the Lord that his grace is sufficient for me, and in his strength I am determined to follow on to know the Lord."

During Mr. Summerfield's temporary appointment in Dublin, notwithstanding that he preached *nine, seven, and five times a week*, he was a good deal engaged with visiting, as must generally be the case with a favorite preacher, especially in a large city. This practice was not only opposed to the rules which he had laid down for the government of his time, but really injurious in its tendency. "I always feel," says he, "that *tea-parties* are as so many fungi to my soul." On the commencement, therefore, of a fresh volume of his diary, he resolved "to turn over a new leaf;" and

accordingly entered on its first page the following resolutions:

"1. *Never to go out to breakfast.* This squanders all the forenoon away, which is the most valuable part of my time.

"2. *With regard to dining abroad*, as I purpose rising at four in the morning, and remaining in my studies all day till dinner-time, it may not injure me to relax my mind, but always take care to bring Jesus with me, and guard against religious dissipation.

"3. Never to breakfast or dine abroad on *Saturday*.

"4. Always to *return home* after preaching, and never to go back to the family with whom I dined. This does no good, keeps the family up, and injures my own health.

"5. Avoid all *tea-parties*, as they are called, as much as possible: they seldom do good."

It was his practice, wherever he visited, to seek the spiritual edification of all present, and he always considered the time as worse than lost when this had not been the case. He several times visited, at her special request, the Hon. Mrs. Butler, in Richmond-place; but even here he resolved to leave a savor of his sacred character behind him; to which end, he not only recommended family prayer, but set them an example which there was reason to believe was not in vain.

The following little incident is affecting. He was at the quarterly meeting of the Strangers' Friend Society: "While calling over the names as they lay in the list, I was much struck when Mr. Tobias named John Smith; a silence ensued, and brother Tobias added, '*Before the throne of God;*' he died in the last quarter. Oh, may I work while it is called day." The brief, significant phrase, "before the throne of God," comes like a voice interpreting the silence that went before.

On the 15th of September, his engagement in Dublin

was terminated by the return of Mr. Mayne from Limerick. He next visited Roscrea, Birr, and Parsontown. On his arrival at the latter place, he found the family of the Earl of Rosse had made a request that he would preach at two o'clock in the courthouse. With fear and trembling he complied; the bell-man was sent round to announce the service; and at the appointed time, he preached to a vast assemblage of the nobility, gentry, and others, many of whom had never before heard a Methodist sermon. At first he was somewhat overawed; but casting his care on the Lord, he felt his usual liberty, and several of his friends afterwards declared that they never heard him preach with greater pathos and energy. Although the congregation was so large and composed of all ranks and sects, the most profound attention prevailed, and many appeared much affected. He preached in the evening at the chapel, which was so crowded with strangers that the regular hearers and friends stood on the outside, all the windows being taken out that they might hear.

On the 10th of October he again arrived at his father's house in Cork, after having been thoroughly drenched with a day and night's rain on the outside of the coach, which had broken down twice during the journey. He was justly alarmed at the anticipated consequences of this unwonted exposure to the cold and wet, delicate as he then was; he therefore willingly availed himself of the invitation of his old friend Mr. Edwards to spend a short time at his delightful residence on Hop island. He had, however, only been domiciled in this retreat a few days, when the disorder, which had long been growing upon him, in consequence of excessive labor and fatigue—certain glandular obstructions—came to its crisis. Symptoms of this complaint had for some time appeared; "but," says he, "I knew not from what they proceeded: a curling in my tongue, which was a spasmodic affection, often troubled me; this I have named in other

parts of my diary, calling it 'a thorn in my flesh,' which indeed it was; but this I never mentioned to any one. All that I remember was, that my tongue doubled in my mouth; my mouth itself and face were awfully distorted towards my left ear, my breath stopped, and reason forsook her throne. I was just enabled to venture my soul on Jesus, and saw death staring me in the face; I expected nothing else than dissolution." On coming to himself he found his feet in a crock of hot water, the room filled with friends, and among them his father, who had been sent for to see him expire. He had however brought with him a physician, who, after taking two and a half pounds of blood from the arm of his patient, ordered his head to be shaved, a blister to be applied, and other medicines to be used. For some time convulsions succeeded one another with alarming violence, and it was not until the following morning that the balance which had seemed to weigh life and death against each other, perceptibly preponderated on the side of hope: his numbered days were not yet come to an end, and in a short time convalescence was apparent. It would be injustice to the kind family which nursed him in their house at Hop island, were I not to record his gratitude in his own words: "Sunday, October 17, with the permission of my physician, I rose from my bed, but dreadfully weak and emaciated. My father and family, with some kind friends, spent the day with me. Throughout the whole, the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were beyond all description, nor could they be equalled by any other, except Mrs. Cole. Her love to me was wonderful: may the Lord repay them a thousand-fold."

So great was the anxiety created by the report of his indisposition among his Cork friends, that public prayer-meetings were held on his account: those supplications were heard, and the lease of his brief life was again renewed. For himself, he says, "I believe this affliction will have the most blessed effect upon me; I see the brevity and uncer-

tainty of human life; I feel more set upon heaven and heavenly things; my access to the throne of grace is with greater boldness, and my soul is truly melted before the Lord. O, that he would now stamp on my softened heart his own most heavenly image."

Many were the letters which, after this affliction, he received from different parts of Ireland, praising God for having again raised up his servant: this description may serve to characterize generally the contents of the whole bundle. A passage in one of the Rev. W. Stewart's letters contains the following seasonable advice: "Preach seldom, that you may preach often; preach short, that you may preach long; and let comparatively few hear you now, that many may hear you hereafter." * * *

On Sunday, November 7, he resumed his pulpit exercises. After preaching in the evening, he says, "I felt my soul borne above the world; it soared very high, and I sat with Jesus in heavenly places." And at the conclusion of the following Sabbath he remarks, "For the greater part of this week, I can say of a truth that my peace has flowed as a river."

Although now on the Conference list of reserve, and therefore filling his several appointments as a preacher, he still considered it his duty to assist his father in writing for the concern of which the latter had the management; nevertheless, wishing to be entirely devoted to the work of God, he considered bookkeeping "as all lost time" to him; "but," adds he, with exemplary propriety, "I remember at the same time that 'honor thy father' is a command of Him whom I wish to obey." This was, however, nearly his last implication with "counting-house business."

At this point in his history, he wrote a full letter to Mrs. Blackstock, his sister in New York, narrating the interesting and alarming events through which he had recently passed.

"Cork, December 6, 1819.

"My dear Ellen—Having just been informed of a vessel bound for New York being about to sail in a day or two, I can no longer deprive myself of the gratification I always feel in addressing you. 'Tis true this has been seldom of late, but I promise you it shall be more frequent if the Lord spare me; and though my correspondence has been in time past very scanty, my mind has often wandered across the mighty deep and brought me close to the circle of your social hearth. I am satisfied of your kind assurance that you have a vacant seat for me, if Providence should direct my steps to visit you; and as to the share I have in your affection, I can measure it by no other rule than that by which my own is measured out for you: time and space tend but to increase it, not to diminish it; and if I should never have an opportunity of giving proof of it upon earth, I hope to be able to do so at that place where kindred spirits meet and blend themselves together in joy which is unspeakable.

"You request me, in your valuable letter of June 9, to give you a particular account of whatever has occurred with regard to myself since I last wrote you; this would require a volume, but as I know the interest you feel in my welfare, I will endeavor to give you an outline. I have my diary now open to assist my memory, and I will extract a few of the most striking incidents that have occurred to me.

"If my last was dated April 19, I must at that time have been in Dublin. Perhaps I informed you of my being invited thither from Cork to preach a charity sermon for the public Sunday-schools of that city; this I did to such a multitude as I could scarcely give you any conception of. My Lord and Master lent me his aid, for if he had not, such a child as I am could not have addressed the thousands assembled on the occasion. The lord mayor and high sheriff, etc., came in state, and among the collectors were many of the

rank of the city; the collection exceeded all our expectations. Next morning a deputation from the Female Orphan Asylum waited on me with a request to preach on behalf of their institution as early as convenient. I appointed it for the following month, and meantime made a tour through the delightful county of Wicklow; never had I been in this county since the time we all visited the Dargle. O, what were my sensations, thou, God, knowest. Not visiting it at this time on a pleasurable excursion, but preaching the word of the kingdom of God. So great was our number of hearers, that I was obliged to preach in the *open air;* the Lord sowed the seed plentifully in many hearts, and I believe fruit will be found from it in the day of the Lord Jesus. But I can't dwell on many particulars. The Hon. Mrs. Tighe of Rosanna, whose son was member of Parliament for that county till his death, opened her house for me: it was a home indeed. I spent a short time in her delightful mansion, and quitted it with regret, amid her earnest solicitations that I would spend the summer at her happy retreat. Thank God, though the Holy Ghost has declared that *not many noble* are called, he has not said *not any;* I believe she will prove a trophy of the Redeemer's death.

"I returned to Dublin; but what will be your feelings when I tell you, that on entering the city I was near being killed on the spot. In the midst of life we are in death. I had rode almost twenty Irish miles that day, and my horse was a good deal jaded. Just as I was riding down Stephen's green, something as I suppose startled him, but before I was aware I was dashed off his back and thrown over his head a considerable distance, pitching on my head on the pavement. When I came to myself I found I had suffered no material injury; my hat being new, and keeping on my head, broke off the dreadful percussion in some degree, or my brains would in all likelihood have been dashed out. I felt a pain produced in my left side, but did not mind it,

hoping it would wear away. This was on a Tuesday: the Sunday following I ventured to preach for the poor orphans. They were *female* orphans. Never did I preach with so much effect: I was enabled to paint their loss in liveliest colors. I spoke from nature. Amelia and Anne were before my eyes, and the remembrance of a mother's loss operated on my own feelings most powerfully. The impression was general—emotion thrilled through every heart. I could say no more; but beckoned for the little dear ones to stand up and plead their own cause in *silent eloquence*. I sat down and pleaded for them with my tears: I need not tell you the effect. However, the exertion I had made increased my pain that night. The Tuesday following, the effects of my fall and exertion subsequent were perceived. I began to throw a quantity of congealed blood off my lungs; and after this was removed, the fresh blood began to flow profusely: it was found that I had broken a bloodvessel on the lungs. However, it ceased towards night, and I hoped all would be well. Wednesday I set off in the mail for Waterford: it had been published for me to preach a charity sermon there the following Sunday, and I was unwilling to disappoint; but the motion of the coach brought on the vomiting of blood, and I arrived very weak in that city. After a night's rest it staunched, and I ventured to speak the following evening. I know you will blame me; but O, my dear Ellen, could you but enter into the feelings of a minister of the gospel, you would at least *pity*, if not *forgive*. The love of Christ constrains us. I hardly need tell you the effect which this brought on me. I was completely exhausted; took to my bed; had doctors attending me; was bled; took medicines; was laid under a regimen, etc., and thus suffered till Conference. The plans I had formed were frustrated. I had made appointments to preach, on behalf of the foreign missions, in the south of Ireland—say Cork, Bandon, etc., but was unable to go anywhere. Little did my dear father

know the state I was in; however, God blessed the means, and I recovered a little. I went to Conference, but was unable to preach before them during the whole of their sittings. Mr. Edmondson was the President. You remember he was in Burslem when we lived there: he was delighted indeed to see me, and invited me to his pulpit in Birmingham with all the warmth of a brother and a friend. During the Conference we held the anniversary of the Hibernian Missionary Society. Our chapel was crowded to excess; Mr. Edmondson was called to the chair: we had some delightful reports read and speeches delivered on the occasion. After the Rev. Mr. Marsden of London had addressed the chair, I was called forward and a motion put into my hand. I rose and spoke after my worthy friend as well as I was able. I was followed by some others. Indeed I never witnessed so delightful a public meeting.

"My plans were arranged for my returning to England with Mr. Marsden, but my health was yet very bad; added to this, Mr. Mayne—brother of judge Mayne—who had been appointed for Dublin during Conference, was obliged to be absent for some time; the Conference therefore made a request that I would remain in Dublin till his return: this I complied with, and preached in that city for three months. The duty was very severe for me in my weak state: the weather was so very warm, and the congregations so overflowing, that it was at the hazard of my life. However, God was with me, and he suffered not a hair of my head to perish. Blessed be his name. Mr. Mayne arrived near the middle of September, and I thought now to have had rest; but the work of God called me to Parsonstown, Roscrea, etc., for a few days; and when God calls, I dare not disobey. While in these parts I remained only seven days, I preached eleven times and travelled one hundred and sixty miles; but it was indispensable. The Earl of Rosse, whose residence is Parsonstown, had been very kind during my last

visit there, and gave us a most eligible plot of ground for a new place of worship, the former one being quite too small. He paid us marked distinction during this my second visit, and at his request I preached in the court-house for the accommodation of his family and those of the surrounding nobility and gentry. I believe the word of truth cut its own way. I trust those noble ones too will be among the number of the *few rich* who are called to eternal life.

"I returned to Dublin, and was about setting off on a northern tour through this country; but a letter arrived from Cork, from my dear father, calling me to come to him immediately. He had heard of my exertions and feared for the event. I came to Cork: it was well I did. Perhaps if I had not come here, I might have been in my grave. The exertions I went through in Dublin, Parsonstown, etc., with the fatigues of excessive travelling, brought on a crisis in my constitution: an inward obstruction was produced, and when returning to Cork in Mr. Edwards' carriage, at whose hospitable mansion in Hop island I had been on a visit ever since my arrival in these parts, violent spasms came on; reason left me, and when I came to myself, I found my feet in a vessel of hot water, myself stripped, a physician by my side bleeding me to excess, and a man shaving my head preparatory to the applying a blister.

"But the interval was short; the spasms returned and succeeded each other all the day and night, during which I was delirious. My beloved father was sent for by express. He came, as he thought, to see me die. Blessed be the God and Father of all my mercies, I felt no fear. I believe that if I had died it would be to be for ever with the Lord. My life was for a long time despaired of. For a month I remained at Hop island, and now I am fast recovering, and am likely to be better than ever. The physician thinks that my illness will renovate my constitution. However, my dear Ellen, do not be alarmed for me, I will take

more care for the time to come: experience is the best of teachers.

"I have again commenced to preach. Last night we had an immense congregation, while I delivered all the words of this life. The Sunday preceding, I was in Bandon, where I was kindly received and entertained by the governor of the town. I hope to be able to continue preaching, but am limited to *once a week;* this will not distress me.

"I shall now remain with my father till after my next birthday, 31st January, and then go to England. Bristol, London, and Liverpool will be my halting-places, and I purpose returning to Conference with the Rev. Joseph Benson. I cannot yet say where will be my final destination: when I write again I can inform you. My father has written you, so that I need say nothing on the affairs of the family: I suppose he has done this. And now, my dear Ellen, believe me to be, with increasing affection for you and James,

"Your loving brother,

"JOHN."

Throughout the whole of December, and even during the following month, the state of his mind within appears to have resembled in some measure the aspect of nature around him: sometimes gloomy and lowering, the clouds hung about his soul and intercepted his comforts, compelling him to exclaim, "Dark, dark, dark;" at other times his mental atmosphere was bright and clear, and the Sun of righteousness shone out with full lustre. It might appear indeed sometimes a little difficult with unscriptural readers, to reconcile the heavenly manifestations of the love of God in Christ Jesus, which he generally enjoyed, with some of his dark and terrible conflicts and fits of despondency. As before observed, however, there was nothing in his state, however singular to himself, beyond what thousands have experienced and must experience, who look much and closely

at the fluctuations of feeling in hearts not made perfect in love. A debilitated body, united with a spirit of extraordinary intensity, exposed him in a peculiar manner to those besetments which are not uncommon with men of a similar temperament. He was often very unnecessarily distressed by dreams, which, however regarded by himself, were doubtless the phantasmagoria of a fevered brain. Another evident cause of his painful depressions was the absence of spiritual manifestations—not of the *nature*, but in the *measure* which his soul desired; for at this period the prevalent feelings of his mind and actions of his life were not of the nature of the "old man," which he had long put off, with his lusts, but of the "new man," which he had put on, and whose works were righteousness and true holiness.

On Sunday, the 19th of December, Mr. Summerfield preached, on behalf of the Methodist missions, at Tralee; on Tuesday he spoke at great length at the half-yearly meeting of the Bible Society, and on the following evening at the missionary anniversary. His addresses on both these occasions were well received, and judging from the sketches extant deservedly so.

It may with propriety be mentioned here, that about this period he embraced several opportunities of enlarging his stock of ideas by attending lectures on natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy.

On the first Sunday morning in the year 1820, he preached in Cork to a large assembly. "I was peculiarly affected," says he, "under the first prayer; the Lord gave to my eyes refreshing tears, and I could only sob my petition to his throne. He caused all his goodness to pass before me, and revealed to me his name. I felt him passing by. He put his hand on me, and then revealed his glory; he covered me; I was lost in the ocean of his goodness." And yet the very next day he laments that he "felt no gracious impression," at the covenant-meeting. How little were these

vacillations of rapture and agony to be taken as proofs that he was in the favor of God, or rather, that he was otherwise. Indeed, in such a case, how can a person be sure that *these* are of God and *those* of Satan, or of his own mind, or rather of his own body? How wise, and yet at the same time how simple, is the test of the divine acceptance laid down by Mr. Wesley, in the old syllogism, "He that now loves God, that delights and rejoices in him with a humble joy, a holy delight, and an obedient love, is a child of God. But I thus love, delight, and rejoice in God; therefore, I am a child of God."

We may unhesitatingly apply to Mr. Summerfield's case the above rule of sound judgment, which he appears not to have applied to himself, though he could apply it to the case of others. For instance, after saying of himself, "I am miserable, miserable, miserable," he goes on to state how he continued to preach, and how God blessed the word to the *experimental* salvation of the souls of others, while he himself either had not, or imagined that he had not such *experience;* and if experience of *this* kind is to be the only test of reality, and he had it not, does it not follow that he was under the curse of God as an unpardoned sinner, and must have gone from preaching to perdition had he died at the time? Summerfield was undoubtedly in a state of justification before God, and moreover, was evidently seeking to be sanctified wholly: there is no middle state between guilt and pardon, in which a man may thus serve and fear and love God, as he appears really to have done, and have visitations even of joy unspeakable and full of glory, as he says that he had, and as we must believe, and yet all this time be under condemnation, and every moment in danger of hell-fire: such hypotheses were equally absurd and unscriptural.

He appears on the whole to have sought his religious exemplar in the celebrated Fletcher, and to the spiritual

attainments of that eminently holy man his soul perpetually aspired. "Oh, what a saint! I would, but scarcely dare aspire to his attainments; and yet Jesus kindly whispers to my inward ear, that he has the residue of the Spirit. Oh, shed it abroad. Come, Lord, from above!" Such is Summerfield's ejaculation on reading the life of his pious predecessor; in allusion to whom he says, in another place, "I never met with any experience so much a counterpart of my own: I mean his experience just at the eve of his stepping into gospel liberty. I took courage, I kneeled down, I cried to God. He drew near, I set the seal of my faith to his promises of pardon through the death of his Son; I now wait the seal of his Spirit to be applied to my heart. Lord, I must, I *must* believe, and now."

The 31st of January, as the reader is already aware, was the anniversary of Mr. Summerfield's birthday; on a single page under that date, in the present year, there occur in the diary two entries of so conflicting a character, that they can only be reconciled by the extreme probability that a slight mistake may have occurred in dividing the matter under the date: even this supposition leaves different entries singularly contemporaneous. After mentioning some conversions which, the day before, had taken place under his preaching, he adds, "But what shall I say of myself? Despair begins to lay hold on me, and for some days I have left off [private] prayer. My hell increases, and yet sometimes I have a beam of hope; in the instances I have mentioned above, it seems as if the Lord mingled encouragement amid my despondencies; and he seems unwilling to give me up. Oh, that I knew where I might find him." This evidently refers to the 30th, for in the next paragraph he writes, "This is my birthday. So twenty-two years of my race are accomplished. I have felt a good deal of the divine presence with me to-day, and I have solemnly offered myself to Him again." After devoting himself anew to God, he

adds, "I feel enlivened; this next year of my life will be the auspicious year, in which I shall be introduced into the kingdom of grace or of glory; whichever it may prove, 'thy will be done.' Amen. J. Summerfield." Still, in the review of his state, he writes bitter things against himself. It may justly be asked, If he was not already in the kingdom of grace, where was he? It would be blasphemy to say that he was in the kingdom of darkness, and under the power of Satan. What was wanting to him? Evidently nothing but some *more sensible* manifestation that he *was* in the kingdom of grace. To multitudes, undoubtedly, such manifestation is given, and is given according to their faith; but there must be other evidences, or a person may awfully deceive himself, as well as harass his spirit to despair, if he has it not in the degree which he himself expects and prescribes, or in which others have it. It is difficult to avoid yielding to a conviction, on the whole, that much of Mr. Summerfield's misery arose from bodily disease, some probably from satanic temptations, and more than either, and overruling both the former for his good eventually, from the striving of God's Holy Spirit with *his* spirit, to bring him, by a necessarily severe discipline, to an entire surrender of himself to the Lord; for, followed and admired and flattered no doubt as he was, young, inexperienced, and sanguine, there was continual peril of his being a castaway after preaching to others, because there was continual temptation to preach himself as well as Christ Jesus the Lord, and to glory in his talents as well as in the cross.

So deeply and steadily flowed the rivers of peace and blessedness from the throne of God into his soul, at the beginning of February, that he writes, "If all my days were spent in as close a communion with God as these were, methinks the change which death would introduce would scarcely be felt. I find I can trust my Father for all things; I can cast my soul on his promise, made through the blood

of Jesus, even though the seal of the Spirit should seem long delayed. I know and sensibly feel that I am not worthy to be a *son* of God; and if he sees fit, for wise purposes, to retain me so long in the character of a *servant*, his will be done. I have prayed with the prodigal, 'make me as one of thy *hired* servants:' this he has exceeded; he has made me a *domestic*. He *will* then increase in me all the good pleasure of his will. He *will* yet set me on high, even among the princes of his people." Here a blessed "trust and confidence" in the faithfulness of God takes place of those "hard sayings," in which he had so frequently of late indulged against himself. Indeed, it is plain that he was more in his right mind, more calm, collected, and resigned to the will of God, and less impatient, though not less earnestly longing for full redemption; for his satisfactory assurance of which, nothing seems to have been wanting but "the seal of the Spirit." The deed of his adoption was no doubt ratified in heaven; though the roll, such as Bunyan's pilgrim received at the foot of the cross, and which others have received there, was not yet given to Summerfield.

No occasion has heretofore occurred requiring the expression of any sentiment in connection with Mr. Summerfield's feelings as a British subject, nor would the opportunity of making any allusion at all to this matter have been regarded in these pages, but for the occurrence of a passage in the diary of this devoted individual, which it would be the most manifest injustice to his memory to omit. * * * George III. departed this life on the 31st of January, 1820. On the 15th of February the pious diarist writes, "I cannot but remark on the political state of the times in which I live; the prospect for several earthly kings is very gloomy, and yet I fear it will not drive them to seek after a kingdom in the heavens, or a crown of glory that fadeth not away. And so the British throne hath changed its monarch. George the Third is counted among the leaves of autumn. My heart

even yet says, 'God bless him;' I trust to meet him in my Father's house, sheltered from every piercing wind of keen adversity. His son was proclaimed king in London on my birthday.

"The duke of Kent has also put off the coronet; he died a few days before his father, and was buried on the Saturday preceding. When death speaks from palaces, surely subjects should take the warning. And is England alone thus visited? No: the heir of the French throne has been assassinated by another Ravaillac. Never did a darker cloud impend over any nation, than this and France at this moment: may I watch the providence of God. Some Pella will be provided for them that love him. My father urges me to go to America; he thinks it would greatly improve my health: if I thought it was the will of God I would not hesitate, but I have no light on this subject."

The destruction which Summerfield, as well as some other good men anticipated, did *not* come upon our Jerusalem, and therefore the saints were not "scattered abroad" by persecution, though many were "thrust out" by a better spirit into the wilderness of this world; and in the sequel his own way was opened to that mighty field of labor which God had prepared for his servants in the new world. There he was, in due time, hailed and heard in his "father language," as a messenger of good tidings to those western churches, who acknowledge with their brethren all over the world, one Spirit, one faith, one baptism.

From the month of February until towards the middle of May his labors were divided between Cork, Mallow, Cappaquin, Youghall, Limerick, and Fermoy. To his exertions must be mainly attributed the acquisition of the site of the chapel at the latter place, as the interviews and arrangements with Mr. Walker the landlord devolved entirely upon Mr. Summerfield, who had the satisfaction not merely to win the esteem of the gentleman with whom, on

the part of the Methodists, he negotiated, but likewise to see the leases perfected, signed, sealed, and delivered for a charming plot of ground fifty feet by forty, at a peppercorn fine and rent for ever.

In consequence of the intensely painful exercises of his mind, he now anxiously longed to visit the land of his nativity, "not to preach, but to be instructed in the way of salvation." "I am," says he, "like Apollos; I want to know the way of the Lord more perfectly." "I long," says he in another place, "to be in England, where, unknown, I may without reserve communicate my almost indescribable state to some one to whom my gracious Lord may direct. Oh, may he open my way if it please him." This prayer was heard and answered.

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVES IN ENGLAND AND PREACHES AT BRISTOL—EXETER—ATTENDS CONFERENCE AT LIVERPOOL—ENTERTAINS THOUGHTS OF GOING TO AMERICA—EMBARKS FOR NEW YORK.

On the 12th of May, 1820, Mr. Summerfield bade adieu to Ireland and expected presently to set his foot on the English shore; the vessel, however, in which he sailed, and which was bound for Bristol, being detained by adverse winds at Markstown, he embraced the opportunity of once more visiting Cork and hearing Mr. Wood preach. On the 15th he reëmbarked at Cross-Haven, to which place he was accompanied by his father, who "loaded him with blessings." "Such a father! he is only surpassed by another, and that is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

This detention in the channel afforded him leisure to reflect upon the time he had passed in Ireland, and the objects of his visit to England. In the preceding *eighteen months* he had not only preached *four hundred sermons*, but had been blessed with good ministerial success; he and his congregations had often experienced times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In reference to an unhappy division in the church he observes, "The Methodist society was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and, forced out as I was in these times, it was my object to assist in sewing up the rents which had been made. To the glory of God I would record it, that I believe my labor was not altogether in vain in the Lord." With sincere pleasure may be added to this record the following testimony of a reverend gentleman who had many opportunities of judging on the subject: "He preached practical Christianity in most lively colors; and his 'sweet persuasive tongue' so recommended 'brotherly kindness and charity,' entreating his brethren even weeping to 'fall not out by the way,' that all appeared

to be carried away by his eloquence to spiritual union and heavenly peace; and he was made a general blessing at that time of strife and division in the church." * * *

On the 16th the wind was favorable; the vessel stood out fairly for her destination, and as the green hills of the land of his spiritual nativity receded from his sight, the anxious voyager ejaculated in broken accents of affection, "Farewell, my sweetest friends. Farewell, Ireland; thou concealest all that I love dear on earth, yet I give you all up. The cross—but then the crown! I leave a land of friends, I fly to a land of strangers. Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife; it is for Jesus. Farewell. Adieu." On the 19th he landed at Bristol.

It may here be remarked that the object of his voyage to England was threefold: first, to attend to some business for his father; second, the prospect of benefiting his constitution; and third, a resolution to converse unreservedly with some one on his spiritual state, and therefore to remain for some time unknown to the brethren. Providence had otherwise ordered concerning him.

Immediately on his arrival at Bristol, as he was passing along one of the streets of the city in the loose blue coat which he had worn abroad, and his head so reeling from the motion of the vessel that he had occasionally to cling to the palisades to prevent himself from falling on the pavement, he saw a number of children playing at marbles; of these he inquired the way to the Methodist chapel. Thither he repaired, and found that "a stranger" was expected to preach that evening. Having taken his seat in a pew, he sat "unknowing and unknown" with the rest of the congregation. When they had waited nearly half an hour beyond the time appointed, no preacher making his appearance nor any person attempting even to give out a hymn, the people meantime beginning to go away, it was strongly impressed upon Mr. Summerfield's mind that he must himself be "the

stranger" thus providentially appointed. After reasoning a short time with flesh and blood, he at length broke the snare, and inwardly replied to what he considered a call from God, "Lord, here am I; not my will, but thine, be done." He then ascended the pulpit, and under a sweet sense of the divine presence gave out the hymn beginning, "God moves in a mysterious way." He felt a little trepidation at first, but in a few minutes this text came to his mind: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." He preached with his usual freedom and unction; and thus singularly commenced his ministry in England.

A few words will explain the circumstances which thus opened Mr. Summerfield's way to a British pulpit, so contrary to his expectation and even to his wishes: the district meeting, which had that week been held in Bristol, had terminated only the day before, and this in connection with the anniversary of the local Methodist missionary society, had brought a considerable number of preachers to the spot; publication had therefore been made for "a stranger" on the evening in question; but no name was mentioned, as it was hardly to be doubted but that when from forty to fifty preachers were present in the city, some stranger might reasonably be expected. No other stranger however, nor any other preacher could be found, though many of the friends actually went from the chapel to seek one.

Having, in consequence of the above incident and contrary to his intentions for the present, been induced to show the letters of introduction with which he had been furnished by Mr. Wood at Cork, he was received with much affection by many of the English brethren then in Bristol. While in that city, he was kindly entertained by John Hall and Edward Jones, Esqrs. Mr. Hall carried him in a chaise to Bath, where he met with and was affectionately received by

that truly apostolic man—now in glory—the Rev. Walter Griffiths.

On the 22d he set off to Exeter, on the business with which his father had charged him in England: this negotiation, however, terminated inauspiciously. "So," says he, "my dear father is again disappointed; he thought that the providence of God was removing him to England, but all is closed. I wrote to him the day following, to communicate the unpleasant result; and endeavored to encourage him to trust in the Lord. Indeed, my dear father has no continuing city here. God in his mercy removes him from place to place, and shows him that *this* is not his home; but he has given him a title through grace to a *kingdom*—a kingdom which *cannot be moved*."

His visit to Exeter at this juncture was, however, interesting to himself as a Methodist preacher: the district meeting was assembled, and the anniversary of the missionary society of the district was held; and as Mr. Summerfield was just come from Ireland, he was not only allowed but required to take a prominent part. Some of the preachers were very shy on this occasion; and one of them had even the indiscretion to say to his colleagues, "Be cautious how you mix with the Irish brethren." This conduct deterring the resident preachers, he was not invited to occupy their pulpits, until at the kind solicitation of Mr. Kilpin, the Baptist minister, he had preached for him in his meeting-house. He was then, on the following Sunday, asked to preach in Exeter; not however by the superintendent, but by Mr. Overton the junior preacher. He had promised to be in Bristol that day; but lest his motives in leaving a place where he had not been well treated might be misconstrued, he apologized to his Bristol friends and preached on the Sabbath at Exeter with great power and acceptance.

Sunday, June 3d, he preached again at Bristol, Mr. Roberts reading the church service before sermon: this was

quite new to him, as was also the appearance of the chapel, which is adorned with marble monuments affixed to various parts of the interior. On the following Sunday he preached twice in St. Philip's chapel, and between these services assisted Mr. Waddy to administer the sacrament. This also was new to him; it was moreover the first time that he had communicated in a Methodist chapel: so, after preaching in King-street chapel, Bath, he observes, "As I am always meeting with something new in England, I may observe that this was the first chapel in which I had met with an organ; the hymns were played on it in a delightful manner, and produced good effect." While in Bristol, he had a pleasant interview with Mr. Thomas Exley, the ingenious mathematician; he likewise saw several Moravian friends, and among them two of his Fairfield preceptors, Rev. Messrs. Ramftler and Mallalieu.

Having soon after his arrival in England written to the Rev. Thomas Thompson, his old friend, companion, and fellow-laborer,* then stationed at Framlingham in Suffolk, he received a letter in return, from which it may be interesting to make the following extract: "Your dear father—whom, as long as recollection endures and a spark of gratitude exists in my heart, I shall love and respect—has now got what from your childhood he most anxiously desired, and what *I know* he has prayed for hundreds of times. Yes, my dear John, your dear father knows what it is to wrestle with God, and he knows what it is to prevail. I have for the last eleven years, in which I have been an itinerant preacher, seen numbers of men who possessed deep piety; but one who had greater influence with heaven, more power with God, than your father, I have not seen."

It does not appear that Mr. Summerfield kept any jour-

* Mr. Thompson was an apprentice to Mr. Summerfield's father as iron-founderer and engineer, and for several years was an inmate of the family.

nal of his feelings or his proceedings, from the period of his leaving England for Ireland,* nor in fact until his arrival in America. Indeed, the very latest entry in the foregoing country occurs under June 28: when reviewing God's dealings with him, he remarks, "And here I have been abundantly blessed; my heart has been sweetly drawn out after the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ; and I believe I can say, I feel more truly alive to God, and have nearer access to him than for some time past." He adds, "Of the kindness of Mr. Hall's family of Bristol, I cannot speak in any just terms; God bless them."

While at the conference held in Liverpool, he became acquainted with the Rev. John Emory, the representative of the American conference. The interviews which Mr. Summerfield enjoyed with so respectable and influential a member of the Methodist church in America, though they did not originate, may reasonably enough be supposed to have thrown a halo of new interest around that project of emigration which Providence seems at this period to have forced upon the attention and choice of his father and the family. How long, and on what accounts chiefly thoughts of America had occupied the minds of Mr. Summerfield and his father, may be gathered from the following extracts from letters written by him to his eldest sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock of New York, in which city, as already stated, they had for some time resided:

* Mr. Summerfield returned from England to Cork in August, 1820, little improved in health. His time was variously employed as before, namely, in writing for the establishment of which his father was manager, and occupying the pulpits in the different chapels in Cork and its vicinity, until the 19th of October, when he was again most alarmingly attacked with the same disorder which brought him to the verge of the grave at Hop island—the *very same day* of the previous year. In a few weeks, he was so far convalescent that his physicians advised a sea-voyage, which was promptly acceded to by his father, who had long contemplated the removal of the family to America. J. B.

"Temporal affairs have not answered our expectations. I believe it was not the will of God that I should be buried in a secular calling. I was given to the Lord from my mother's womb; and because I refused the surrendering of myself to the ministry *exclusively*, I have been scourged beyond measure: but at last I came in, and I never mean to quit the temple service of the God whose name is Holy.

"We have long talked of removing to America. If my father should not make up his mind to settle in Cork, he will certainly conclude to go without further delay; and with regard to the rest of us, we can have no objections, notwithstanding the dangers of the passage, when we have such attractions already on that side the water." He thought right, however, to modify the phrase, "we can have no objections," by adding, "Perhaps I spoke hastily: with regard to myself, perhaps my best friends would not consent that I should *remain* in America; but at all events, they could not deny me the indulgence of the heartfelt pleasure of seeing you."

At the conclusion of a long letter to his sister, he says, "I often tell my friends in this country of my desire of going to America; they will not listen to it for a moment. I do indeed desire it, *if it were the Lord's will*, but not otherwise. I long to see you, that I may be *filled* with your company; if it is his will, he will open the way."

America appeared to be his providential destination. All things were duly arranged for the voyage; Mr. Summerfield, his revered father, his elder brother William, and his two sisters Amelia and Anne, sailed from Cork on the 12th of December, 1820, in the ship General Lingan, bound to New York. The vessel being only ballasted, after a not unpleasant sail of fifteen days touched at St. Ubes, a Portuguese harbor about fifteen miles south of Lisbon, to take in a cargo of salt. After staying at this place some weeks, and receiving every civility from the resident British and

American consuls, they again set sail. The captain of the vessel was a most gentlemanly officer, and did every thing in his power to make the passengers comfortable: added to this, the young ladies had their piano in the cabin, so that the time passed very agreeably on shipboard; the more so, as the breezes of the Atlantic appeared to have a favorable effect upon Mr. Summerfield's health. On the 17th of March, 1821, they landed safely at New York.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMERFIELD ARRIVES AT NEW YORK—ELOQUENT SPEECH—STATIONED AT NEW YORK—SPEECH—UNPRECEDENTED POPULARITY—ADDRESSES CHILDREN—LETTERS—NEWSPAPER NOTICES—IMMENSE AUDIENCES AT WASHINGTON—PREACHES IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL—AFFECTION OF HIS FRIENDS—LETTERS—PRESENT OF A COAT—AFFECTING SERMON.

* * * PRESENTLY after his arrival at New York, in March, 1821, he commenced his ministerial labors, though he was in a very indifferent state of health.

The fifth anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at the City Hotel, in the city of New York, on the 10th of May. The chair was filled by the president, the honorable and venerable Elias Boudinot, LL. D., then in the eighty-second year of his age. At this meeting Mr. Summerfield made a speech which produced a wonderful effect, and added much to that popular estimation in which he had been rising ever since he preached his first sermon. His address, as imperfectly reported, was thus introduced:

"SIR—Before I second the motion you have just heard, permit me to make a few observations. They shall be but few, on account of the lateness of the hour; indeed, would the time afford it, much could not be expected from me after the able address of the gentleman who has preceded me. It only remains for us to raise the shout of victory in a cause which yet goes on from 'conquering, and to conquer.' Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place. Already we see the dawning of that day, the prospect of which so fired the poet's soul, when

> "'The dwellers in the vale and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other; and the mountain-tops,
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.'

But while our anchor is dropped for a few hours, that we may come ashore and tell you of our past success, it affords *us* at least, unspeakable delight to call to mind the dangers we have escaped, and the difficulties we have overcome. To *you* also it cannot but be pleasing to observe how the Bible Society has outrode every storm that was raised against her. Though we now appear in smooth waters, and have of late been wafted by auspicious gales, yet from the beginning it was not so. At that time we very often found it difficult to keep her head to the wind; and were we embarked in any other cause, our soul must have melted because of trouble. But we never forgot that our divine Master had embarked with us; and though for a moment he seemed asleep in the hinder part of the ship, yet, contrary to the expectations of many who did not wish well to the vessel, he awoke and said, 'Peace, be still;' and there was a great calm: and again he said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. All they that were incensed against thee, shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish.'

"If our successes had been less brilliant than the report has stated, nay, if our undertaking were productive of *no* good to *others*, it has at least been productive of *much* good to *ourselves*. It has brought together the representatives of many Christian churches, and given us a common stand on which we may all meet; and forgetting our peculiarities of sentiment in other matters, we have seen that our Lord's petition may yet be answered, 'that they *all may be one*.' We approach each other in angular lines when we can no longer proceed in parallels, and meet at length in one common centre—the good of the cause in which we have engaged; a cause whose single object is, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will towards men;' a cause in which

"'Names and sects and parties fall,
And Jesus Christ is all in all.'

"But the enemies of the cause object to us, that ostentation, a parade of piety, originated and continues Bible societies. Alas, sir, Bible Christianity in every form must obtain the reproach of this world in our *enlightened* age. If the inward feelings and comforts of the gospel are professed, the profession is resolved into enthusiasm; on the other hand, if a cordial zeal to advance the interests of Christianity express itself in the most unexceptionable way, even the putting of God's word into the hands of sinful man, this humble and ardent zeal is reproached as fanatical pride. Thus *inward* religion is *enthusiasm*, and *outward* religion is *fanaticism;* and by a modern species of fashionable scandal, men having denied 'the *power* of godliness,' decry the very *form* thereof. 'To what shall we liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.' There is no pleasing such characters in any way; 'but wisdom is justified of her children.'

"But objections to Bible societies are now too late; we have swallowed the camel, and shall we strain at the gnat? Our opponents will never be able either to suppress the efforts or impede the progress of Bible societies. Sooner may they arrest the sun at the antipodes, and prevent his rising to illuminate our horizon; sooner may they confine the winds in the cave of Æolus, never again to cool and refresh our atmosphere; sooner may they stem the mighty stream that laves the mountain's sides, and interdict its progress to the ocean. Yes, the word of God shall accomplish that which he pleases; it shall prosper in the thing 'wherennto he has sent it; the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea: the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

"In seconding the motion of thanks to the venerable president, I am assured of the consentaneous feeling of every heart around me. When I beheld him enter the room, I felt a thrill strike through my soul, but which I cannot describe. I believe it was the generous throb of every individual here present, at the sight of BOUDINOT; it was sympathetic, and every heart vibrated in perfect unison with my own. My imagination involuntarily recognized in him a resemblance to pious Jacob; and 'finding the time draw near when he must die,' I fancied that he had said in his heart, 'Gather yourselves together, that I may bless you before I die.' And when one told Jacob, and said, 'Behold thy sons come unto thee, Israel strengthened himself and sat upon the bed,' and said, 'Hear, ye sons of Jacob, and hearken unto Israel your father.' Instead of urging upon you any thing as a motive to your unanimously seconding the motion, I leave it to yourselves and the best feelings of your hearts; nor am I at all apprehensive for the result. At the same time, you will present your thanks to Almighty God for having raised up such a father to your society, for having put it into his heart to 'come to the help of the Lord against the mighty;' and as the best way of expressing your gratitude to this servant of the Lord, remember him sincerely at the throne of grace, and pray that whenever it shall please the Head of the church and God of the Bible to remove him hence, his last hours may be peace. Pray that God would speak to his heart the word which once cheered the fainting mind of Israel of old: 'Fear not to go down into Egypt; I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up again;' and that borne up under this assurance, he may be able to say to his surviving friends with a heavenly smile, 'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.'"

He attended the conference held at Troy, in the state of New York, in the month of June, and was admitted into the

connection upon what he regarded as liberal terms; for having left Ireland somewhat suddenly, he had not with him a single letter of recommendation from that country. This difficulty, as it might have proved, was obviated by a letter which he received from the Rev. John, late bishop Emory, who thus, in the most friendly and affectionate manner, interfered in Mr. Summerfield's behalf, from a knowledge of his standing in Britain. Being thus received, he was stationed in the city of New York; the term of probation required being calculated from the period of his joining the connection in Ireland, which left one year only for trial, previous to his admission to the office of a deacon.

After his return from the Troy conference, he thus writes in his diary: "Having been appointed for New York city, I have sought to ratify the same at the throne of grace. I feel as if God would be with me this year; he has given me good earnest of it, and I enter upon my arduous duties, relying upon his strong arm alone." After a few days, he adds, "I find that my ensuing year's labors will be *double* my expectations." "I feel as if this year would terminate my mortal existence. My body is perfect weakness: my soul sympathizes too often with my body, and wants that lively vigor and energy I so much need; but I feel that Jesus will do all things well."

On Sunday, June 10, he preached the anniversary sermon of the Marine church in New York, and on the following Wednesday, delivered an address in Dr. Romeyn's church, on the first report of the institution. * * * A brief outline of Mr. Summerfield's speech at the first anniversary of the Bethel Union is preserved, a few passages from which will not be unacceptable to the reader in this place. Having noticed the indifference which the Christian world had so long manifested towards sailors, "he recollected that this neglect had been from time immemorial; and that the opinions of the wise and learned sages of antiquity, although in

many of them but *learned ignorance*, had tended to perpetuate this practice still more and more. Plato had declared that the sea was the school of vice; and of course seamen were regarded as *scholars* of wickedness themselves, and *teachers* of it to others. But this was not the lowest opinion formed of them by the ancients. When Anacharsis was asked whether he supposed that the number of the dead exceeded the number of the living, he replied, 'First inform me in which of these classes seamen are to be placed;' implying, that though they had 'a name to live,' they were considered virtually dead, and of course not worthy of any labor which would tend to meliorate their condition.

"The opinions of our Christian ancestors were not much more exalted on this subject. He was reminded by a speaker who had alluded to the great and good John Flavel, of the sentiment of the good puritan with reference to seamen in his day. 'The same,' said he, 'may be applied to them, which was said of an ungodly minister then living—whose pulpit discourses were so superior to his daily practice, that it were a pity he should ever leave the pulpit; for when mounted there, he was as near to heaven as ever he would be: so,' says the honest divine, 'may it be said of seamen; when tossed upon the waves, 'they mount up to heaven,' as the Psalmist expresses it—it were a pity they should ever descend again; for that was as near as ever they would be.'

"Mr. Summerfield observed, he could not recollect that any favorable notice had been taken of seamen by the Christian world, except that they were included in the prayers of the church of England by the petition for 'all who travel by land or by water.' But alas, in this case sailors might in some sort apply the reasoning which had been used with reference to the Catholic priest, who would willingly give the poor man his blessing, but not a sixpence of his money; which led the suppliant to remark to the ecclesiastic, that as it was evident he would not bestow it if it cost him

but sixpence, so he would dispense with it. Until the present day, seamen might retort upon the Christian world in similar language. We have *prayed*, but have not *labored* for their welfare; we have *talked* a good deal, but have *done* nothing, until the formation of the Bethel Union Society. But now the stigma is removed; and, said Mr. Summerfield, although I must turn my eyes from the chair to express it, lest a forbidding look should chill the declaration I am proud to make, there are not wanting Christians who give more than their prayers on every Sabbath-day; who give their wealth, their time, their every thing, in this labor of love; and who would not count their own lives too dear to sacrifice in the cause of Him, 'whose they are, and whom they serve.'

"The disregard which seamen are thought to manifest for the Sabbath and every religious observance, is generally owing to a similar cause—the disrespect which their captains manifest to these things. The couplet which seamen have learned, as expressive of the Egyptian rigor of their taskmasters, is in a great measure true:

"'Six days thou shalt work, and do all thou art able;
On the *seventh*, thou shalt scour the decks, and then wash the cable.'

"But let the captains and owners of ships show a veneration for the Lord's day, and seamen will respect it more. It was therefore with pleasure that Mr. Summerfield seconded a resolution of thanks to those captains and owners who had dared to be *singular*, and whose example he trusted would be followed by many others."

His popularity now became unprecedentedly great; people of all denominations crowded to hear him. It was no uncommon thing for multitudes to surround the church where he was expected, awaiting the opening of the doors, so that before the time of service hundreds have had to return disappointed, being unable to gain admittance. And repeat-

edly these crowds have been so dense that he had to get to the pulpit through the windows. Weak as he was, it was his practice to preach on an average three times a week, besides delivering addresses on various occasions.

It had ever been his delight—an uncommon merit with men so eminently gifted—to address juvenile auditories. He now made it a point to preach once a month to the children, taking up at the same time a collection for the Missionary Society. In these addresses, the children were delighted by his method of instruction: the simplicity and familiarity of his manner soon won the attention of his youthful hearers; and then did he impress upon their susceptible minds the truths of the gospel, illustrating his remarks by the most striking metaphors, and by interesting and appropriate anecdotes. On these occasions he never forgot the parents; for, as he used to say, he liked to preach to the children, because it afforded him an opportunity of speaking through them plainly and affectionately to their parents.

When convalescent from a severe attack which had confined him to his bed about ten days, he wrote as follows to an esteemed Christian friend.

To Mrs. Garrettson.

"Brooklyn, 20th September, 1821.

"My dear Mrs. Garrettson—Will you indulge me with the privilege of gratifying some of the best feelings of my heart while I converse with you a few minutes in the way of letter correspondence. Not that I have any thing peculiarly interesting to communicate, except a recital of the mercy of God in some particulars which have affected me since we parted at the throne of his mercy. I have been laboring under a very severe affliction for some time back, and this is the first day that I have risen from my bed since yesterday week. While the Lord was overshadowing my dear friends at R—— with the pillar of fire, and baptizing them with the Holy Ghost, he cast darkness around my

path and overshadowed me with the cloud. I must confess 'I feared while entering into the cloud,' that I should never see you more; and I was rather wishful to remain here a little longer for the 'furtherance and joy of faith' of many whom I love 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' My expectation and hope was to have been at your camp-meeting; but an unexpected application from Trenton arrived, of such a nature that my brethren here judged it better that I should accept of that invitation. I feared to suffer my own will to preponderate, and accordingly yielded to their opinion. The day after I arrived there I was attacked with a complaint novel to me, but extremely afflictive—it proved the dysentery. It was not, however, so bad as to prevent my preaching on the next Sabbath. That evening medicine was administered in the hope of checking the complaint, but in vain. I was enabled by my good Lord to preach again on Monday and again on Tuesday: this was quite enough, and I returned to Brunswick on Wednesday, thence on Thursday to New York. Considering the pain I was in, and the nature of the complaint, I wonder how I arrived home. I did not *walk*, but *crawled* to Brooklyn. I took my bed immediately, and this is the first morning I have quitted it. My complaint has yielded to the influence of bleeding, blisters, etc., and I do now expect that it will prove of the utmost benefit to my constitution. As it respects the inner man, I felt much of the supporting power of Him who yet 'bears our griefs and carries our sorrows.' I am persuaded that

> "'Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face.'

He saw the furnace preparing, he watched the moment when I entered in, he walked with me in the flame, nor suffered a hair of my head to be singed. Yes,

> "'I flourished *unconsumed* in *fire*.'

I have very often had to say with David, 'It was good for

me that I was afflicted.' I think my illnesses have in general the effect of making me sink deeper into that mould which is impressed with my favorite motto, '*humble love*.' The more frequent the blasts, the firmer does the tree bind itself to that into which it has been planted. Planted as we have been into the likeness of the death of Christ, our affections strike still deeper, while the adverse winds of his appointment strike upon the trunk and shake us to the very root. O, to feel at that time that we are *steadfast and immovable*, and that neither *death* nor *life* can separate us from His love. O, that this late dispensation may have an increasingly salutary influence upon my future life and conversation.

"'My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.'

"Enough of so unworthy a creature as myself. How is it with my kind friends at R——? nay, I call you not *friends*—my relations—my fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. I feel we are *one* in Christ Jesus—one family in him, we meet and feel the bond divine. Do let me hear from you or Mrs. S.: indeed this letter is as much hers as yours. To her and you all things are common. If her stay in the country should be protracted, I will write to her when I am a little more able, for I even now feel pain owing to my state of health being so weak. However, she is not jealous with me; she is assured of my love.

"I am anxious to hear how the work of God proceeds with your neighbors. *Here*, the Lord is doing wonders. I believe seventy souls have been added to our society here within the last month, and many of them *added to the Lord*. In New York we have the cloud rising out of the sea: it was but little, as a human hand, but it is expanding. I believe between fifty and sixty have been brought in there in the same time.

"'Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love.' Amen and Amen.

"I hasten to a close. I am quite tired: this is my apology for a scrawl in my weak state almost unintelligible to myself. Give my respects to Mr. and Mrs. T. I hope he fell in love with the 'Altogether Lovely' at your camp-meeting. O, that I could hear that he was *love-sick*. You will be sure not to forget to remember me affectionately to all my dear friends. Yours, etc.,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

The subjoined letter to a lady may with much propriety close the notices of the present year.

"New York, 28th October, 1821.

"My dear Sister—For such I trust you will allow me to call you—I can assure you it is with feelings of no ordinary kind that I now sit down to address you; but I feel as if I needed no introduction: you will meet me with the salutation, 'How beautiful are the feet of them that publish glad tidings of good things.' Believe me, the day has not often gone by in which I have not thought of you, and prayed that the God of all grace would cause you to abound in every good and perfect work; that he would perfect in you that which is lacking, and cause you to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"Startle not at difficulties. I have in general marked, that when they have crossed our religious path at our setting out, we have become more confirmed thenceforward in our professions. Winds and storms have always the effect of causing the tree to strike deeper root, and adhere more firmly to that into which it has been planted: and again, those trees whose roots strike deepest, are more upright in the tendency of their growth, and outtop the trees of the forest. O that this may indeed become the case with you;

that you may sink deeper into the love of God, and rise higher in the attainment and enjoyment of holiness of heart—the mind which was in Jesus—*straight* and *upright*, always tending heavenward, and attracted thither continually by the influence of the Sun of righteousness. I trust my dear sister has learned the happy art of fleeing to the Strong for strength—that she has often opened the treasury of heaven by the key of prayer, and by the hand of faith received out of *His* fulness grace upon grace. *Never forget* that 'man shall be blessed as much as man permits'—that the invitation is, 'Come, for all things are now ready; ask what you will, and it shall be given you; and whatsoever you ask the Father in my name, it shall be done for you.' But mark, ask in *faith*, nothing doubting; remember, the condition remains ever this, 'If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the salvation of God.' Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believing that ye receive*, ye shall have them; for 'all things are possible to him that believeth.' Seek, however, the present belief for a present blessing: though it is promised that you 'shall see the salvation of God,' yet it is if thou canst *now* believe. O, then, cry out, 'Lord, I do believe'—I do *now* believe; help thou mine unbelief. Believe that God has given you eternal life, and that life is in his Son.

> "'See all your sins on Jesus laid—
> The Lamb of God was slain;'

And then,

> "'Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
> Only believe, and yours is heaven.'

"May God open to you the *mystery of faith;* give you eyes to see that he has given you *every thing* in the gift of *Jesus*—pardon and holiness and heaven; believe that they *are yours*, and yours through the right of Jesus, and *yours now*, and you will soon receive the seal of his Spirit, as the witness of your adoption into the family of his dear Son.

Write me fully and freely, and I will from time to time communicate such advice as the Lord shall enable me. Meantime, with many assurances of Christian brotherly affection, believe me your sincere well-wisher,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

The year 1822 was one of great importance in Mr. Summerfield's ministerial life, and the bundle of documents relating thereto is rich in interesting and, I am sorry to add, melancholy memorials; as, however, his journal—with an exception hereafter noticed—was intermitted for at least twenty months, I shall introduce ample extracts from his correspondence.

In a letter to his father, dated New York, January 12, 1822, he says, "We are doing well here in our church concerns; the Lord has graciously poured out his Spirit on the late festival occasions, and numbers have been converted to him. I preached on the watch-night in John-street, and the word was indeed accompanied with power; it was the best season of the kind ever remembered in this city; but particularly on last Sabbath the Lord visited his people. I preached in the evening in John-street, and after preaching, I renewed the covenant, as we do in Europe. It was altogether new here. It was accompanied with a great blessing, and between twenty and thirty souls have been added to the Lord in consequence; besides, there is a great deepening of religion in the hearts of our people, and we have peace and love in all our borders."

The following extract is from a letter to Mr. Blackstock, dated Baltimore, March 5, 1822:

"On Friday morning I left Philadelphia at six o'clock, and travelled without any intermission, except about two hours, till near six o'clock on Saturday evening, when I arrived in Baltimore, jaded indeed. The road was good, except about fifty miles of it, which was indeed intolerable. However, I am in good health, thank God, and quite recruited.

"My reception here has been highly grateful to my feelings as a Methodist. The attention shown me by all ranks, is more than I can well bear; but the Lord supports me. Indeed I feel in a very unpleasant situation in a certain degree: when I came to New York I was unknown, and whatever favor therefore the Lord gave me in the eyes of the people, was more than was calculated upon; but here fame has preceded me, and blown a very loud trumpet indeed. Many expect from me, I almost think, something more than human, and as all such must inevitably be disappointed, I stand upon very unequal ground from my situation in New York: *there*, they expected *nothing; here*, they expect *every thing*.

"I preached on Sabbath morning in Light-street church, to a great multitude, although my fatigues from travelling were great.

"On Friday morning I intend to set off to Washington, in Mr. Foxall's carriage; he is here with me, and is indeed a kind father to me. I shall be absent from here the two following Sabbaths, visiting Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, and return on the Thursday following. The next day I have to attend the meeting of the Bible society here, and in a few days after, that of the Sabbath-schools: as soon as possible afterwards, I go on to Annapolis, to brother Emory.

"You need not be apprehensive concerning me, for I assure you I have found a father in brother R——: he is the presiding elder in this district, and will not permit me to preach oftener than three times a week; so that I can shelter myself under his authority, and avoid all extra solicitations.

"I am at present at brother H——'s; he is indeed a kind man, and receives me with an *Irish welcome*."

To those who heard this devout and eloquent "messenger of the churches" preach during the progress alluded to

in the foregoing paragraphs, no description can be necessary to recall him in their hearts and memories. Others, however, who had not that privilege, will be gratified to have their conceptions aided by the following passages, extracted from long newspaper notices published at the time and on the spot.

"It has often been asked by those who have not enjoyed the pleasure of hearing Mr. Summerfield, in what the peculiar character of his preaching consisted?

"The youth and apparent debility of the speaker; the deferent and solemn manner in which he performed the initiatory offices of divine worship; and, above all, the chaste and fervent simplicity of his petition to the Eternal, swept aside all prejudice and opened every heart and every eye to the truth and 'beauty of holiness.'

"His sermon was beyond comparison superior to any thing the writer ever heard, although he has enjoyed opportunities of hearing, with no careless ear, many faithful and able ministers of the word. It was not of that declamatory kind which is calculated to excite the feelings of a promiscuous assembly; nor of that subtle and metaphysical texture which involves the most vigorous intellects, and perplexes the plainest truth. It was, on the contrary, a happy union of argument and entreaty; seeking to convince and 'persuade men' of propositions distinctly stated, cogently enforced, and happily illustrated by natural and felicitous imagery. It was the outpouring of a full heart, seeking to disburden itself of the awful responsibility of its station, and to give vent to the 'glad tidings' of the gospel, as the Spirit gave it utterance."

Speaking of his services in Light-street church, the correspondent of another local paper says, "It is unnecessary here to mention the text he took to expound, or the manner in which he applied the words of it in elucidating his discourse; it is sufficient to say, that the forcible, energetic,

and masterly manner in which he addressed the congregation—the chastity and harmony of his language—the beauty and elegance of his whole discourse—the deep knowledge he displayed of theology, not only reflected honor upon his head, but evinced in an eminent degree, the purity and goodness of his heart as a Christian and minister of the gospel. Nature has indeed bestowed upon him the noblest faculty that can be given to man, combining in itself all the force of reason, the cogency of argument, and the propriety of delivery—for such is eloquence."

Under the head of "THE MODERN WHITFIELD," the "Delaware Watchman" gives a long letter from a correspondent at Philadelphia. "The discourses of this wonderful man," says the writer, "are not formed upon the model of orators, ancient or modern. They are not made up according to the prescriptions of rhetoricians of great or lesser name; they owe nothing to the magnificence of words or the studied graces of manner; but they are deeply imbued with the living spirit of thought, and are dependent for their influence alone upon the omnipotence of truth and the irresistible energy of genius. His gestures are without affectation—few, but fearless and appropriate. His words spring free and spontaneous from his thoughts, and these gush on with one continued flow from the deep and unfailing fountain of a spirit whose source is in nature and in God."

However gratifying it might be to go on with these transcriptions, which might be extended through several pages, from other papers, the foregoing may be sufficient as specimens of the whole, at least in this place: it may suffice, therefore, to add the following, from a Philadelphia print: "Mr. Summerfield, a clergyman from England of the Methodist persuasion, has lately delivered several sermons in this city, which have been attended by most unexampled congregations, of all denominations of Christians. He is truly powerful both in argument and eloquence. He is an able and

strenuous advocate of the doctrines of Christianity. His last discourse previous to leaving our city was delivered yesterday morning, in Dr. Wilson's church Washington-square, in the presence of most of the clergy and a concourse of at least four thousand persons." Like a true evangelist, he embraced this signal opportunity of expounding to his hearers one of the most vital topics of revelation: "Seeing then that we have a great High-priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." Heb. 4 : 14.

While this tumult of popular feeling was excited by and around him, how seasonable was the following monitory clause in a letter to Mr. Summerfield at Baltimore, by his friend the Rev. Joshua, now bishop, Soule. "Amidst the mighty crowd, I trust your *single eye* is fixed on *Jesus*, the author and finisher of our faith. All your honors, all your trophies, you will hang upon the cross, knowing nothing but '*Him crucified.*' Watch thou in all things; do the work of an evangelist; make *full proof* of thy ministry, holding the faith of which some have made shipwreck. Let others attempt to eclipse the glory of *Emmanuel, God with us*, and limit the *perfections* and *being* of the divine Λογος; but ours be the pleasing task to preach 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

His further progress will be best described in his own words. Writing to Mr. Blackstock from Georgetown, under date of the 13th of March, he says, "I left Baltimore on Friday in Mr. Foxall's carriage, Mrs. Foxall accompanying us: the distance between Baltimore and Washington is but thirty-six miles, yet we made it a two days' journey; so that you may infer there was not much fatigue attending it. On Sunday morning, I preached in the Foundry chapel in Washington, to an overflowing congregation, notice having been inserted in the newspapers. Although it was the Sabbath of Mr. Ryland's appointment in ordinary to preach

before the Congress, yet in consequence of his having engaged a gentleman of the Presbyterian church, early in the week, to supply his place there on that Sabbath, before he knew of my coming down, I had not that opportunity. However, there were about fifty senators and members of the House of Representatives present, filling round about the altar inside and in the pulpit; and among the rest John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, Calhoun, secretary of war, and others. As you may suppose, I directed my attention to subvert the principles of Unitarianism, which have unhappily found their way into Congress through the ministry of Mr. S——. I had unusual liberty and boldness, with great freedom of speech; the Lord stood by me, and I shunned not to declare all the counsel of God, with what effect I know not; I leave that unto the Lord. Yesterday, for the first time, I visited the Congress: I received many marks of distinguished attention from members of both houses; their kindness was very great, and of course very grateful to my feelings as a stranger. I am requested to preach in the House of Representatives on next Sunday; it is a most spacious hall, and will contain far more than the members of both chambers."

The "Metropolitan and Georgetown National Messenger" thus describes the preacher as he appeared in Dr. Balch's the Presbyterian, church. "Mr. Summerfield is a young gentleman of no ordinary capacity, and his oratorical powers render him an object of deep and lively interest. When he becomes animated, he appears as if the very *breathings of the Spirit* were on him; and his countenance is lighted up with a fire, bright and holy, like that which appeared on Moses at mount Horeb. His action and enunciation are chaste; his voice is rather weak, but is quite melodious, and its intonations inconceivably fine; his face wears the aspect of a youth not out of his teens, but is modest and unassuming. We think Mr. Summerfield is every

way calculated to do good in the vineyard of his divine Master."

To suppose that Summerfield was himself insensible amidst all this excitement, would be absurd: he must have been more or less than a man to have experienced no peculiar emotions under such circumstances; it is enough to assert, that his native modesty and Christian humility remained unchanged. How properly he estimated the flatteries of the press—honest and valuable as they undoubtedly were—may be inferred from a pleasant passage in the letter about to be quoted. Addressing Mr. Blackstock and of course all the members of the family in New York, he writes,

"Annapolis, Maryland, March 25, 1822.

"My dear James—I promised to write to you to-day, and agreeably thereto I sit down for the purpose. My last was from Georgetown, which place I left on Wednesday last. I suppose I need not inform you of any particulars concerning my stay in that place and Washington, as you have probably seen my movements in the newspapers of this part of the country. Newspaper editors have not much to do at present, and therefore any novelty affords them a subject for scribbling; however, they are all favorable, extremely so: in opposition to my Newark friend, one extols my gesture, as being truly chaste and correct; another speaks of my voice, as perfect harmony; and another says that its intonations are inconceivably fine. Dear me, what will they say next? I wish I was out of the way of all this *fussbuss*, and returned to New York. I only mention these things, because I know they will only produce in you the same effect they do in me—a pleasant smile.

"On last Sabbath I intended to have preached in the capitol at Washington; but when I went, the crowd was so immense that I took my stand on the lofty steps in front of the house, and preached in the open air. I cannot tell you

how many were assembled on foot, but the sight was very imposing, being flanked in by several lines of carriages filled with company, who retained their seats and listened with great attention, so that I infer that I was heard to the extremity. The wind was somewhat in my face and rendered the exertion greater, and I contracted some hoarseness consequently; but am now pretty well.

"On Monday I rode to Alexandria, eight miles from Washington; I had intended to proceed to Mount Vernon, the sepulchre of Washington's remains, but having to preach that evening I declined."

The text upon which he discoursed from the platform at the eastern front of the capitol was, "We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." "If we are to form an opinion of his merits," says the Washington City Gazette, "by his popularity as a preacher, the eagerness to hear him has scarcely been equalled since the days of his pious predecessor, George Whitfield." Summerfield, however, was not well calculated to address out-of-door multitudes; in voice he possessed neither the stentorian depth of the apostle of Georgia, nor the sonorous compass of the founder of Methodism.

He now turned his feet homeward; having experienced, during his visit to the places above enumerated, unparalleled tokens of affection; indeed he observes in a note to his friends, that he found the kindness of the good people of Baltimore "increase to so painful a degree, that I longed to tear myself away;" and so many presents did he receive of various kinds, that he had to get an extra trunk to contain them. In the month of April he arrived in New York, from which place, on the 25th, he wrote to Mr. Samuel Harden of Baltimore. The following is an extract from the letter, which is one of a series of *seventeen*, addressed by Mr. Summerfield to this gentleman.

"Oh, that my gracious Lord would cause all the pleni-

tude of his grace to abound within your soul; it is yours; it has been purchased, claim it through the right of Jesus; and take all the fulness of that which heaven waits to pour into the heart of him who asks, believing that he *has* the very petitions which he asks through the name of the Advocate with the Father. I will endeavor to multiply *words* at the throne of grace in your behalf, that you may enjoy all the fulness of the blood-bought salvation. Tell R—— she must take care that Martha does not turn Mary out of the house altogether; or, in other words, that while she is so busily employed in the missionary cause for the *benefit of others*, she must not neglect the *one thing* which is so essential for *herself*."

To Dr. Samuel Baker, of Baltimore.

"New York, April 25, 1822.

"My dear Doctor—'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' I trust that my dear friend has not realized this in the present case. Indeed, I would immediately begin to apologize, if I knew that a moment of leisure had been afforded previous to the one I now possess, in which to converse with those I love. My time has been consumed even to ashes since I arrived here; so many anniversaries, public meetings, etc, that I have scarcely had leisure to sleep by night or by day. However, having now a breathing time for a day or two, I have concluded to write to you by way of relaxation, although obligation and gratitude imperiously demand it, even if no pleasure—no *heart-felt* pleasure, were connected with it.

"With what member of your family shall I commence? for you are every one before my mind, and every one within my heart. My precious Mrs. D——, how is she? Still holding on the even tenor of her way? Looking out? Sometimes inclining to say with the Psalmist, 'Lord, how long?' or with an apostle, 'I have a desire to depart and to

be with Christ, which is far better?' Tell her never to forget that a *thousand years* are with the Lord as *one day*, and with him therefore there is no delay: he will come *quickly*. He has spared her till supper-time, and will bring her down in a good old-age. This is the best meal in heaven—the supper, the *marriage supper*—and soon may she hear Him say, '*Sit down*.' O that her heart may ever realize the expressions of our poet:

> "'His chariot will not long delay;
> I hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
> Triumphant Lord, appear.'

And your dear partner, *my* Mrs. Baker—O how she afflicted me when I examined the token of affection which she gave me. I was too far from her at the time to chide her, and since then my *anger* is gone by. My dear sisters uttered many pretty things about the unknown donor of their little presents, and say they wont be satisfied with knowing her name, but hope to know her person also. I have made half a promise that in the ensuing spring, if God permit, I will bring one of them down to Baltimore. I suppose you will hear from them frequently before that time. I can only say to my dear friend, I thank you sincerely; we all thank you *heartily*. But how poor a return is this. But we will remember her at a throne of grace, and when we meet at a throne of glory, we will assist her to tune her harp to the highest note of the redeemed—higher, and yet higher, that she may vie with them in giving glory to Him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

"And Miss D——, is she well? My little sons and daughters, how are they? Tell William I expect great, great things from him, and trust he will not disappoint me. Remember me affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. W—— and their family. When any of you see poor Mrs. G—— —*rich* Mrs. G——, for she is an heiress of the kingdom, give her my warmest affection. Remember me to Mrs. C—— also.

Thank her most affectionately for her little treasure, and say, I am sorry she kept it back until I had not an opportunity of expressing my gratitude in person. There are many other members of that family to whom I should wish to be remembered, but as you know them all, you can make up the deficiency."

The following letter was addressed to a highly esteemed friend in Baltimore, who, though not a professor of religion, had presented Mr. Summerfield a fine coat.

"New York, April 26, 1822.

"My dear Friend and Brother—Your very agreeable present, and the manner in which it was bestowed, will never be forgotten. It is the first '*jeu d'esprit*' of the kind I have ever met with. I regret that it was not in my power to acknowledge your kindness personally before I left your city; but what shall I *now* render to you for this benefit? I have, I confess, scarcely any thing within my gift. If I could transmit to you the *garment of salvation*, I should indeed be able to recompense you fully; though not half so fully as if you received it from the *Author* of salvation: this is a gift which is enhanced by the dignity of the Giver; and he has therefore reserved it to himself to bestow it. This gift, however, will not be yours in the same way that your gift became mine, for he requires that you shall *ask* in order to receive it, and has only promised his Holy Spirit to them that *ask* him. My coat indeed becomes me well; it fits me better than any coat I ever had, and its texture is superexcellent. But, my dear friend, the garment I would recommend to you would become you still better, and would fit and adorn you more than any garment you ever wore. As to its texture, it is emphatically said to be '*fine*'—not comparatively so, but positively '*fine*;' and that alone is 'fine, clean, and white.' I could have dispensed with your present, inasmuch as my former dress would have

fully answered all the purposes for which it was intended; but my dear friend cannot dispense with the garment I am recommending him, for the man who has it not, will be turned out from the marriage supper and cast 'into outer darkness.' My friend went to great expense to procure me this substance; and after all it is perishable, as he will perceive if I should live to see him again. But the garment of salvation is as new after fifty years' wear as on the first day: it is of imperishable materials; and it will, notwithstanding, be given 'without money and without price.' Indeed, if God were to fix a price upon it, that very price, no matter how great, would lessen its value. It is said of one of the ancient painters, that although he bestowed immense labor on every one of his productions in the fine arts, he always gave them away; and being asked the reason of it, he replied, 'They are above all price.' This is indeed the case with the gift of God. He *gives* away, lest his blessings should deteriorate in the eyes of the purchasers by the value annexed thereto; but although he *gives*, he gives *freely*, and is much more willing to give than we are to receive. He bestowed immense labor to perfect for us this finished work. 'The agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the death and burial—the glorious resurrection and ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost.' The former of these, the price; the latter, the purchase: and now he gives the Holy Spirit to them that *ask* him.

"'O, Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!'

"But, my dear friend, why do I thus carry on the figure? Suffer me to speak freely, sincerely, lovingly, on this subject. What is the cause? Why, amid all that kindness that you ever show, and *delight* to show to the meanest of the servants of my Lord—why, O why is it, that you have not so fallen in love with the 'Altogether Lovely,' as to give him full possession of your heart? You give him your money;

you give your tongue to speak upon his goodness; your feet are employed in tracking the way to his sanctuary, and you delight to be seated among the flock of Christ. But then, *your heart.* 'O, my son, my son,' says God, 'give me thine heart.' Seek the kingdom of God *first*, *rather*, and bring every other consideration into a state of inferiority. Let me ask you, my dear brother—for such I call you in anticipation and from my very soul—is he not worthy of your heart? The language of angels is, 'Thou alone art worthy.' He has purchased you at the price of blood, and he claims you as his own. Will you continue to resist the claim? Has he not long been striving with you to yield yourself a willing sacrifice? Though he could *force*, yet he prefers *submission:* he would honor you by proposing himself to your choice. He is an honorable lover. He woos, he entreats, he supplicates, he stoops, to ask your love. Can you keep him out any longer? O, no; your heart says no. Then answer him this moment:

"'Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
And never hence remove;
But sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.'

"O yes, when you have once tasted his love, you will want it to be everlasting. May the Lord God encourage and incline you in this pleasing surrender, and may he hear my prayers on your behalf.

"Do let me hear from you at a leisure moment, and believe me to be, my dear friend,

"Yours, sincerely,
"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

The exalted opinion which the public entertained of Mr. Summerfield's eloquence at this time, was not only abundantly confirmed, but exceedingly heightened by a sermon which he preached on the 7th of May, in the Reformed Dutch church, Nassau-street, in behalf of the New York

Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The text upon which the discourse was founded, was Luke 6:36: "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful;" and the following were the concluding sentences: although the very words of the preacher, those only who heard them in that great congregation can conceive of the fervor with which they were uttered: "But I transfer these children now to you. Behold them;* they now stand before you, as you must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Dare you on this occasion say,

> "'The mercy I to *others* show,
> That mercy show to me?"

Do you realize that day? You must stand stripped of every earthly treasure, naked before God. While you plead for mercy, cast all earthly treasure from you now. These now plead with *you*, as you will plead with God. Hear them. I do not mock you. Silence like theirs is eloquence. The hand of God has smitten them; but the stroke which blasted, consecrated them. Heaven has cast them on you. If you withhold, 'tis sacrilege. Will a man rob God? Are you still passing by on the other side? Still griping, with a miser's fist, the pelf of earth? Father of mercies, palsy not that hand, wither not that eye which can gaze on these objects and not feel affected. On *me* be the wrong: I have failed to affect them—these children have failed. Thou canst move them. O descend, as with cloven-tongues of fire, and find thou an entrance into every heart. But I can no more." The sermon being concluded, the collection was taken up, which amounted to something over *one thousand dollars, a gold necklace, and several rings*. This sermon, the only one ever published by Mr. Summerfield, was printed

* The preacher here dropped his handkerchief on the platform, and the objects of the charity stood up in the presence of the congregation. The effect was electrical.

at the request of the directors, and two editions sold for the benefit of the institution. It may be added that on the 18th of April, 1822, a law of the legislature of the state of New York was passed, entitled, "An act to provide for the Indigent Deaf and Dumb within this State;" thus transferring the maintenance of these institutions for the destitute from the charity of individuals to the public resources. rnment.

CHAPTER XII.

ORDAINED DEACON—VIOLENT ILLNESS—DICTATES A TESTAMENTARY PAPER—RECOVERS SLOWLY—PUBLIC ANXIETY—LETTERS—VISITS NEW JERSEY—CREATED MASTER OF ARTS—LETTERS.

In the month of June, the Conference of that section of the American Methodist Society to which Mr. Summerfield belonged, was held in the city of New York. He attended the sittings daily, though evidently laboring at the same time under indisposition. Having fulfilled his probation, he was now, according to the usage of the church, ordained deacon. * * *

A few days after this ordination, he proceeded with the venerable bishop M'Kendree to Philadelphia; the fatigue which he endured on this journey—short of one hundred miles—was more than his weak frame could bear, and on his arrival he was taken with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs; so severe was the attack, and so reducing the consequent treatment, that he was brought down to the verge of the grave. On the 11th of June, he was given up by the physicians, and it was thought that a few hours would terminate his life. At this crisis, he declared himself to be fully prepared for the change which seemed to be at hand, and said that he felt "inconceivably happy," requesting his brother, who was present, to have "*his* mind made up." He then desired that his writing-desk might be placed by his side on the bed, and although so feeble that he could hardly move his eye, he wrote the following directions with a facility truly astonishing:

"June 11, 1822. I the subscriber being about, as far as human calculation can determine, to leave this world for a better, being unable to speak sufficiently to convey my last wishes on certain matters dependent upon my death, do hereby advise.

"1. That my body be decently interred in Philadelphia, where it now is, without pomp or parade.

"2. That if it be the wish of the physicians, they are at liberty to open it after my decease, to ascertain the nature of my complaint; this may serve others; and as I have wished its strength and vigor to be devoted for the good of man, I am willing that the corpse be also so applied: not desiring either to live to myself, or die to myself.

"3. I have little effects remaining: I entered not into the ministry of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ from pecuniary considerations, and had only a provision of food and raiment. Owing to the benevolence of dearly beloved brother and sister Blackstock, and my kind friends, the sum allowed me for food has not been expended; there will be found, therefore, two hundred dollars in the writing-desk in my room at Dr. Beckman's in a red pocket-book; this sum is in two promissory notes of the Methodist Book-concern—the money being lodged there at interest. It is my desire that this be preserved for my two sisters Amelia and Anne, as a farewell token of my love for them; to be received by or for them at any after-period of their lives.

"4. I earnestly beseech my good brother Waldo in Pine-street, by all the love he ever showed me, to give my portrait to brother and sister Blackstock; and I beg they will accept of it as a farewell gift.

"5. It is my charge that my pocket volumes of manuscript sermons, etc., be retained by Mr. Blackstock. This charge is in trust for either of my brothers Joseph or William, in case the Lord should call either of them into the work of the ministry; they may then avail themselves of my labors.

"6. With regard to my theological books and pamphlets, Mr. Blackstock may retain them for the same purpose as above; all my other books I give to Mr. Blackstock, as also my theological ones, in case of failure of my hopes with regard to either of my brothers.

"7. There is in the writing-desk in Dr. Beekman's, also, eleven dollars in notes and a ten dollar gold eagle: this sum is for the Young Men's Missionary Society, of which I am president, being ten dollars from Dr. Beekman for his son, ten dollars from Mr. Bethune, and one dollar from Mrs. Wallace, as a donation.

"8. I owe to Mr. Brown the tailor eleven dollars—"

The document was here abruptly broken off at the request of his brother, on perceiving that the sufferer was completely exhausted in consequence of the effort he had made to write thus far. The writing apparatus being removed, he immediately fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until after a lapse of sixteen hours. During this repose the natural energy of his shattered constitution had made a vigorous effort, and when he awoke a change for the better had evidently taken place. He continued to improve daily; and in a week was able to write home the following letter:

"PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1822.

"MY DEAR JAMES—I suppose you will not expect more than a line or two, when you see it is from *me*, and when you know that I am writing while on my back in bed. I still continue to improve, and have had no return of the bleeding; Ellen," Mrs. Blackstock, "says she is better, and will write to-morrow. My father and she unite with me in love to you and William and my dear Amelia and Anne. The Lord bless you all.

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

Such was the intense solicitude which the report of Mr. Summerfield's illness produced in Philadelphia and elsewhere, that notices resembling bulletins, announcing his convalescence, were published in the newspapers. One of them observes, "There is no better proof of the lofty estimation in which this gentleman's character and talents are held, than the intense anxiety which has been manifested for his

recovery. We recollect no instance of the kind in which public sympathy has been so warmly engaged, or in which the danger of one individual has produced so lively a sensation upon the general mind." * * *

The following, addressed to an esteemed friend who had written him from her sick chamber, illustrates his power of administering consolation to the afflicted.

To Mrs. Suckley.

"Philadelphia, July 30, 1822.

"My dear Mrs. Suckley will have almost given up all expectation of hearing from me again; 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' but as this kind of sickness is not unto death, I now send you a recipe for its complete cure, and that is, 'Read this letter, thank the Father of mercies that all is so well, and close by a prayer for the writer.'

"Your very welcome favor pained, as well as pleased; it was written from a sick chamber: this I should have known from the perfume it brought with it, even though you had been silent on the subject. O what 'fruits of righteousness' do these afflictions yield. I have just finished a meal on peaches, but their odor is lost when put in competition with that fragrance. Some of the choicest plants of God's right hand's planting never give forth their odor with half their sweets, till he *presses* them with his afflicting hand; and hence the world has always been filled with the rich perfumes of his suffering saints. May you ever be counted 'worthy to suffer,' remembering that this also is the gift of God; for 'unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe, but also to suffer.' Keep in view the 'eternal weight of glory,' and then you will reckon 'that these *light afflictions*, which are but *for a moment*, are not worthy to be compared therewith.'

"With regard to myself, if indeed it is worth while to say any thing of one who appears to be laid out of sight, like useless scaffolding, I am in better health than I have

been since I left you; I trust I recover a little and a little from day to day, except when I suffer those drawbacks to which all persons in my poor state are subject, and which cannot be traced to any assignable cause. I do not recover fast, but I hope it may be the more sure: I neither run, nor walk, nor creep: I *crawl;* and like the poor snail, carry my tabernacle along so slowly, that I 'often groan, being burdened.' Were it not for this burden, how soon should I be with you; perhaps you doubt this, and rather suppose that then

"'My soul would soar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.'

Still, however, I trust I should often be permitted to accompany the angels who are hovering around you, and perhaps privileged to be one of the ministering spirits to an heir of salvation.

"Much, much have I desired to see you, but that seems further off than before. My physicians had a meeting yesterday morning, and strongly advised me to give up the idea of returning to New York for three or four weeks; the reasons they assigned convinced me of the propriety of this measure, although from their medical character I could not easily impress you with them.

"Ever your truly affectionate friend,
"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

Mr. Summerfield recovered so slowly, that in one of his letters he says concerning his health, "I begin to entertain serious apprehensions it will improve no more. I think I have the prospect of a lingering decline, not unlike that of my dear mother. I wish I could add, that I had also the prospect of the same triumphant end. On this subject I am very low." At the recommendation of Dr. Physic, and in the hope of salutary effects from the air and water of New Mills, he took a journey to Jersey. His health, however, improved "but slowly;" and in a letter from Burlington,

dated August, 1822, he speaks of his state in these measured terms: "My health is not worse than when I last wrote to you, but I think I may say it is somewhat improved."

His affectionate and sensitive mind was at this time exposed to an experiment of a very painful kind, by the tidings of the death of an eminent physician, whom he greatly loved, and whose house used to be Mr Summerfield's home, when in Baltimore. In a letter dated from Burlington, 19th of August, he says, "On Saturday I received the distressing news that my dear friend Dr. Baker of Baltimore is an inhabitant of another world. You know he wrote two letters to me during my illness, and was then in perfect health: at that time I was, as you saw me, hanging between time and eternity, insomuch that the letters were kept from me; yet how soon is the scene changed: he is laid low, and I am spared. Gracious God, how mysterious are thy providences. I know not why I was spared, for truly I am an unprofitable piece of lumber, a burden to my friends and to myself. O that the design for which I have been spared may have its full accomplishment in me." This report turned out to be unfounded; Dr. Baker had indeed been near death, but recovered. What had been the exercises and temper of Mr. Summerfield's spirit on this occasion, and how sincerely he rejoiced in the restoration of one of his *best* friends, will appear from the following tender letter.

"Burlington, August 21, 1822.

"My dear, doubly dear Doctor—While I write to you, I scarcely believe myself awake; it seems a pleasant dream. To me, you are as one risen from the dead. On Saturday last I heard that Dr. Baker was no more. I wept—I prayed—I painted the whole picture of his bereaved family before my mind; and often have I put the question to myself since that time, what will become of the fatherless children? 'Tis true, I had some cordial in the cup, for I anticipated that my dear friend departed in the full triumph of faith; I

fancied the feelings of the moment when the last thread was cut, and he

"'Clapt his glad wings and soared away,
To mingle with the blaze of day;'

and under these views I had said, 'Their loss is his infinite gain.' But again, I had thought of the bereaved partner, and poor Mrs. D—— and E——, and I wished I was in Baltimore, yet dared not trust myself to bear the scene. But my friend lives; glory, glory be to God. I am revived; my spirits have risen, all is well. O, my dear doctor, I am partly beside myself and know not what to write; but I shall recover myself, and my Father which is in heaven must be the only witness of the feelings which now throb in my heart.

"'I'll praise him while he lends me breath.'

"And now that I have received my dear friend again from the dead, now that Lazarus has risen, after being four days in the grave, shall the love of Martha or of Mary exceed the gratitude which I should feel? And will not my dear friend join me in this, that He whose word maketh whole, hath a right to all the revived powers we now possess? We are similarly circumstanced, and shall we not be similarly excited? 'While I live, I will praise the Lord. I will praise him as long as I have any being.' And will not dear Dr. Baker take up the same resolution? Oh, help me to praise the Lord. I am lost, lost, lost in goodness; I am out of depth. It is past finding out.

"Will not my dear friend join me in this entire consecration of my renewed existence? Come now, say the words—I feel them; and may our common Lord accept the sacrifice we now make:

"'If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;

Claim me for thy service; claim
All I have, and all I am.
Now my God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live; thrice happy I—
Happier still, if thine to die.'

"Now are we sanctified—set apart to God. Oh for a greater measure of the influence of the sanctifying blood. It is yours; it is *all* yours, and it is all *mine*. May we ever wash and be kept clean till the day of eternal redemption.

"My health is recovering, but at present it is a pain to me to write, having at this moment a tartar plaster on my breast to create an artificial sore. This must excuse the scrawl I send you, which I query if you will be able to read. Remember me very affectionately to Mrs. Baker; I have for some days offered up this petition for her: 'O my Lord, be thou the husband of this widow; marry her to thyself.' The former clause may now want a little alteration, but I trust she would make none in the latter. Oh that she may ever choose the Lord as her spiritual head, maintain her garments pure, that she may be worthy of a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb. I trust that Mrs. D—— has had frequent opportunities of proving, during your late illness, the faithfulness of that promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Tell her I often connect her with myself in these words, which raise my heart on many occasions:

"'Our sufferings here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.'

"Present my kind regard to E——, and my love to all the little ones. Oh that the Lover of little children may gather all your little ones as a hen gathers her chickens

under her wings. Remember me to Mr. W——, and to any who inquire about me. Farewell, farewell; my pain tells me I must conclude. To God I commend you all.

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

* * * His visit to New Jersey brought him into contact with several gentlemen connected with Princeton College; and the Senatus Academicus of this institution manifested their sense of the talents and worth of Mr. Summerfield by creating him a Master of Arts. * * *

The following letter to an intimate friend, who had recently found Christ to be precious, breathes the full heart of Summerfield.

To Mr. William M. Willett.

"PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1822.

"MY DEAREST WILLIAM—Think not for one moment, I beseech you, that in all my long silence since we parted, there was ever any other feeling in my heart towards you than unbounded anxiety for your welfare. I thank God that I have often good remembrance of you in my prayers by night and by day; and up to this moment, my heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may stand complete in all the will of God. Circumstances, however, over which I had no control, and a series of complex afflictions rolling over me like so many billows, have conspired to retard my writing to you; and even now I venture on it in a situation as distressing as ever, having a blister across my breast at this very moment. Still, and although forbidden to write, I have ventured to assure you in this manner, even were it but in half a dozen lines, that I love and esteem you, and hold myself sacredly bound to watch over your spiritual interest for good.

"And is it so, my dear William, that your mouth has been opened on the behalf of Him whose heart was opened by the soldier's spear for you? What shall I say? I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. May the Lord give you

the tongue of the learned, that you may speak a word in season in his great name. And all this change within a year—a little year. My own heart cries out, What shall *I* render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards *you?*

> "'I 'll praise him while he lends me breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life and thought and being last,
> Or immortality endures.'

"When I last wrote to Bishop M'Kendree, I communicated to him the pleasing intelligence of what the Lord had done for you, and he rejoices with me for the consolation.

"But Oh, my dear William, if my anxieties were ever directed to you, they are increased now a hundred-fold. 'I long to be with you now, and change my voice.' 'I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy.' You have begun well; but Oh, my William, there is an *end*, as well as a *beginning*. Oh that I could but see the *end* of your course. I am ambitious for you beyond measure, that you may walk worthy of Him who has called you unto his kingdom and glory. Is your eye upon the goal? Do you frequently anticipate that welcome sound, 'Well done, well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?' Do you frequently realize the end of your race in the words of him who was faithful unto death: 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith?' If this would not be the issue, I declare to you, my dear William, with all my affection for you, I would prefer to follow you to your grave now, in the bloom of life, while you bear the mark of Him, 'whose you *now* are, and whom you *now* serve.' Pardon me for thus expressing my anxiety; I am not afraid of you, if you keep your eye upon the Captain of our salvation. Never take it off for a moment to look upon the multitude who may hail you with their plaudits,

but with steady step urge on your course, 'looking unto Jesus' If the bubble of human applause follow you, thank God for it. It may make your word the more successful; but never do you follow the bubble; you will lose your time, and perhaps your soul too. Live for eternity; and in reference to this only, follow after glory, and honor, and immortality and eternal life.

"But, my dear William, don't suppose that your only danger lies here; you will not always find the path strewed with flowers. Branches of palm-trees will not always be cast in your way, nor the cries of the multitude, 'Hosanna in the highest,' accompany you to the temple of the Lord. Think it not strange if these same voices should sometimes exclaim, 'Crucify him, crucify him.' Remember, the servant is not greater than his Lord; and if these things have been done to him, be not surprised if you are called to walk in his footsteps; yea, count it all joy, and rejoice in that you are counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of him who loveth you. You may be evil spoken of; many mouths will now be opened, and your motives and actions may be misconstrued; some, perhaps, whom you now call 'brethren,' may deal deceitfully with you; clouds and darkness may thicken about your path; and Satan, who delights to fish in troubled waters, may tempt you to draw back, and suggest that you have deceived yourself; but Oh, William, let none of these things move you. Endure hardness as a good soldier. Suffer no man to despise your youth; allow no opportunity for scandalizing you by word or deed; be kind, humble, loving to *all;* be gentle even to the froward, and put on the spirit of meekness. In every satanic temptation *fly* to the throne of grace; never reason one moment with the enemy; appeal to God in your closet for the sincerity of your intentions; keep clean hands and a pure heart, and God will put Satan under your feet, and give you the final victory. Oh, William, 'keep that which is committed to

thy trust.' Fare thee well. Write to me speedily, and be assured of the prayers and affection of your fellow-servant in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

In the month of October, Mr. Summerfield once more embraced his family and friends in New York. From that city he wrote the following letter to his youngest sister, then on a visit at R——. The spirit of fraternal affection which breathes through every line, must render any apology for its introduction unnecessary.

"NEW YORK, October 24, 1822.

"My DEAR ANNE—If you are as anxious to receive a letter from us as we are to see you again, you must be very impatient indeed. I have undertaken to write to you myself, and I really am vain enough to think you would rather receive a letter from me than any of the family besides.

"I had anticipated for a long time the pleasure of paying a visit to R——, but one thing after another occurred to prevent me, so that I now despair of accomplishing my wishes in this respect. However, as I do not expect to sail for the West Indies before the middle of next month, I hope to see you here, as I suppose you will be frozen out of R—— before that time.

"I trust that my dear Anne conducts herself in all respects worthy of her brother, and increases daily in favor with God and man. You know I often talk of you as a child of my own rearing; therefore, never bring my glory to shame. Fear God and keep his commandments; do not neglect any seasons of private prayer which present themselves, but call upon the Lord every day while you have any being.

"'A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.'

"I have full confidence in my dear Anne, that she will do even more than I say. Never let a day pass without

reading a portion of God's word; so you shall be made wise unto salvation, and dwell with me and your elder brother the Lord Jesus, for ever and ever.

"All that I have said to you applies to my dear Catharine also. Give her my best love, and tell her she must be in this respect of one heart and one mind with you, that so your intimacy may be continued in heaven, after each of you have bid adieu to every earthly scene. Oh, my dear Anne, think often on these things; converse frequently with death and the grave; and pray to Him who tasted death for you, to

"'Teach you to live, that you may dread
The grave as little as your bed.'

"I have had a peep into the grave lately, and assure you it is not so dark as fallen nature views it with the eye of sense.

"Remember me affectionately to Mrs. S——, M——, and S——; also to Mr., Mrs., and Miss G——, and thank them very cordially for their kind wishes that I should come to R——. I fear they would have spoiled me with extravagant kindness, if indeed that is not already done.

"Farewell, my dear Anne; be good, and you will be happy.

"Your loving and affectionate

"JOHN."

The two following characteristic letters were addressed to a respected friend and physician in Baltimore, whose kindness to Mr. Summerfield in his recent illness in that city, deeply affected his heart.

To Doctor Thomas Sargent.

"New York, Oct. 25, 1822.

"My dear Doctor—It seems an age since I left you, and indeed I can hardly convince myself that it is no more than two little weeks. I have been favored for so long a time with a daily visit from you, after I had been previously

conversant with you face to face almost all the day long while in the bosom of your family, that I sensibly feel my loss. Indeed, it is no great wonder if my spirits flag in the course of the forenoon, when I have no prospect, as heretofore, of a visit from one whose presence generally revived me like a cordial, when in the most melancholy mood. However, I do feel a momentary relief when conversing with you by a letter; the distance between us appears to be overcome, and I can almost fancy myself in my lovely chamber at the house of my estimable friends in Eighth-street. My dream, however, will be as short as it is illusory; and when I wake up from my reverie and seal my sheet, I shall again find myself alone.

"You will readily conclude, my dear doctor, that the *megrims* have taken hold of me; but not so. The time of separation from my friends is drawing near, and the nearer it approaches the greater coward do I discover myself to be. At a distance of time from the afflicting moment, I was all buckram and swagger about my West Indies adventures. I dipped the liveliest pencil of my imagination in the colors of the rainbow, and painted many an animating picture; but now the rainbow is vanished, and blackness and gloom have spread over every line I drew. My feelings when I first approached the shores of these favored states were not to be described. I rejoiced in hope. But then I had no friendships formed, no other loves had mingled with my own, all was untried; but now, how changed the scene. So soon to be driven from the fond embrace of those who 'received me as an angel of God, yea, as Christ Jesus,' from those who would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to me. Oh, doctor, it is too much. Forgive me if I pause a while.

"But come, we shall meet again. We will not sorrow as those who have no hope. All will be well. To live is Christ, to die is gain; living or dying we are the Lord's.

Look up, there remaineth a *rest*—Oh, *the rest, the rest!* There the inhabitants no more say, 'I am sick.' God bless you, my dear, dear doctor; your love to me was wonderful. May my Lord do that for you which I am too poor to do, reward you a hundred, a *thousand* fold. God bless *you* and all your house.

"I know not where this strain would lead me. It makes me play the woman; but Jesus wept at parting with his friend, even in the full prospect of an immediate reünion. With me that is uncertain; but we will hope: 'we are saved by hope.' And now, my dear doctor, pray for me, that I may be restored to you by the will of God, and that we may yet have joy together, according to the days wherein we have had sorrow. Farewell.

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

To the same.

"New York, 6th Dec., 1822.

"My dear Doctor—It is probable I may take my passage in a vessel to sail in about ten days for Leghorn in Italy; this would bring me immediately into a warm latitude. Instead of going to Havre in the north of France, and thence proceeding southward, with the prospect of measuring the same ground back again in the approaching spring, I should now go directly south, and advance northward through France as the cuckoo shall invite, and the bud of vegetation expand from one degree of latitude to another. We should remain four or five days at Gibraltar, and expect to arrive in Italy about 1st February.

"Although I cannot say concerning myself what the Almighty said to Job concerning the war-horse, 'he swalloweth the ground' in his intenseness for the goal of destination, and makes no account of all the space between, yet I have often rambled on the classic soil, and tramped the pathway to the Three Taverns, where Paul discovered that

Jesus Christ had been in Rome before him, thanked God, and took courage.

"But you will think me too sentimental if I say more; suffice it that my mind, amidst all the pleasurable scenes which fancy paints before it, fixes upon none with half the intensity that it rests upon the picture of its return; it is only this that reconciles it to a temporary remove: the scenes of France and Italy exist but in my *imagination*, but *other scenes* have left an indent upon my *heart*.

"Please make my respects to Mr. and Mrs. C——. I received the letter Mr. C—— was kind enough to forward me by J——, but without seeing him; I understand he passed on the same day. If matters of business were the cause of his speedy departure I could scarcely excuse him, as none but a royal courier need be so expeditious: 'the King's business is urgent;' but being able to account for it on the 'principles of attraction,' and those being a part of the law of nature, I felt quite reconciled.

"What has become of Thomas? Does he keep his residence continually on mount Parnassus among the demi-gods of Greek and Roman origin? If you ever see him, if he occasionally visits the 'vale below,' tell him that I should be glad if he could obtain a dispensation from Messrs. Homer and Virgil for a little time to write a line or two at least. My best respects to Mrs. Sargent, etc., etc.

"Believe me ever

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Doctor, late Bishop, Emory.

"New York, Dec. 19, 1822.

"My dear Brother Emory—Your truly affectionate letter came to hand and was indeed a treasury of comfort and consolation, under the severe stroke which had been applied in the tenderest part in which the providence of God could have afflicted me. But my dear, my only parent still

lives. He lives to ask for blessings on his child. I have been Benoni in time past, but now he calls me Benjamin. Oh, that I may not only be the son of *his* right hand, but held as a star in the right hand of *Him who illuminates the churches*. My dear father is fast recovering; his limbs have resumed their vigor, and his speech is gradually, though slowly improving. My mind is now at rest: if he live, I know he will live unto the Lord; and if he die, I have full assurance he will die unto him; *life* or death is gain. I sincerely sympathize with you in your loss,* her gain: and yet why mourn we? 'How happy are the faithful dead.' If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Comfort we one another with these words, not only in the loss of relatives and friends, but in prospect of our approaching change; for though

> 'An angel's hand can't snatch us from the grave,
> Legions of angels can't confine us there.'

Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To Mr. Thomas B. Sargent.

"New York, Dec. 22, 1822.

"My dear Thomas—This letter will announce to you my departure to a foreign and far-distant shore. To-morrow, and I am gone. This cannot, I am sure, be matter of grief to my friend. Your eye will pierce the cloud which envelopes this dispensation of Providence, and you will see all things working together for good. Now that I am at last gone, you will begin to anticipate my return. I regret that it is not in my power to antedate the months, and thus accelerate even the rapid flight of time: but if we continue to pray for one another, and that without ceasing, many a long and otherwise tedious term will be overcome; for the

* Alluding to the death of Mr. Emory's mother.

words of the poet will apply to the *fleetness* as well as *sweetness* of the moments thus employed. Taking the liberty, therefore, to alter the first word of the stanza, let us sing,

> '*Swift* the moments, rich in blessing,
> Which before the cross we spend.'

Meet me there, my dear friend, day by day; let us blend our prayers together, and may our common Lord fill us with like precious faith, like glorious hope, like perfect love.

"When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in thy father and mother, and I am persuaded in thee also, I cease not to give thanks for thee in my prayers night and day; wherefore also I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God that is in thee. Preach the word. Be instant in season, out of season. Do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry. Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an ensample to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Oh, my dear Thomas, keep that which is committed to thee, giving thanks unto God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in that he counted thee faithful, putting thee into the ministry, according to the glorious gospel of the blessed God which is committed to thy trust. Grace be with thee. Amen and amen.

"Having so little time, and so much yet to do, I bid you a sweet farewell.

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

CHAPTER XIII.

SAILS FOR FRANCE—INTERESTING LETTERS FROM MARSEILLES.

The state of Mr. Summerfield's health requiring that he should try the effects of a change of climate, it was settled that he should for a while leave the United States, and visit the West India islands. This projected trip, however, for which arrangements had been made, was ultimately abandoned in favor of a voyage to Europe, one great object of which is clearly exhibited in the following extract from a letter written three days before he sailed, to his "ever valued friend" Doctor Baker.

"While you are reading this, I am sailing on the deep; lift up your heart and say, 'the Lord be with thy spirit.' The vessel is the fine new ship Six Brothers; her destination is Marseilles, where we hope to arrive in forty-five days. Our captain is every thing I could wish, and we have one passenger, who will be one heart and soul with me. I have been appointed a delegate from the American Bible Society to the Protestant Bible Society of France, whose anniversary I shall have to attend in April next. With my credentials I carry letters of the most flattering kind to the Marquis de Jarcourt, peer of France, Mr. Gallatin, Marquis de la Fayette, American consuls, etc., and a fry of letters of introduction to ministers, merchants, and private gentlemen; my *ennui*, therefore, in a strange country, will be greatly relieved; but the best of all is, 'God is with me.' *His* favor is better than *life itself*. Earthly pageantry fades away when brought into competition with *him*. Remember me at a throne of grace, and expect to meet me there. It may seem a little strange, that having sent two prints of my portrait to your city, one to Mr. Soule and one to Mr. Harden, I have not sent a third to my good friend in Light-

street: the reason is, I have reserved the 'better thing' for you; should I be spared, and ever remove to Baltimore, I shall personally present you with the original painting, from which the print has been taken. And now, my dear doctor, I commend you and yours to Him who is able to keep you. My time is short; you shall hear from me when abroad.

"Farewell; ever yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

On the 25th of December, 1822, he took his departure from New York in the ship Six Brothers, captain Mason, bound to Marseilles. It is due to captain Williams, one of the owners of the vessel, to state that he generously gave Mr. Summerfield a free passage to the port of their destination; this kindness, added to the liberality of his friends, enabled the beloved invalid to remain abroad a longer time and with greater comfort than otherwise he might have done.

A selection from a highly interesting series of letters may appropriately be introduced in this place, exhibiting as they do in the most striking manner the movements, engagements, and feelings of the writer.

To Mr. Blackstock.

"Marseilles, January 28, 1823.

"My dear James—I know not whether you have heard of our safe arrival before this letter reaches you, but at all events *I do know* that you will be very anxious to hear; and I anticipate the pleasure which these lines will produce while you read them, one after the other, father, brothers, and sisters—and I know not who besides. Yesterday we dropped our anchor in the port of Marseilles, safe and sound. Bless the Lord of winds and seas. O praise the Lord with me, and let us exalt his holy name together.

"Our passage has excited much wonder here, for truly it was an uncommon one. On the third Sunday after our departure we sailed past the Azores, the first European land; and so regular were we in all our movements, that

we reckoned to a day our time, and it was done unto us 'even as we would.'

"We appointed in our arrangements that on the following Sabbath we should pass the straits of Gibraltar, and it was even so; on the evening of that day we were clear entered the Mediterranean. We again continued our confidence in the goodness of Him who 'holds the winds in his fist,' and reckoned our arrival at Marseilles on the following Sabbath; it was even so, that on the night of that day we were riding in the bay, and the next day received a pilot on board, and so made the harbor on the thirty-second day—at least a fortnight before our most sanguine expectations.

"As this is merely a letter of advice of our arrival, I forbear to enlarge on any other subject. By the first vessel that leaves this place for the United States, I intend sending a letter to each of you, making half a dozen, and also to some other of my New York friends. This letter I send by the way of Liverpool, and this must be a sufficient apology for not writing to any other by this conveyance."

To Mr. Francis Hall.

"Marseilles, 6th February, 1823.

"My very dear Friend—Before this shall reach you, you will have been apprized through Mr. Blackstock of the good speed we made upon our voyage. I think I never experienced more settled peace of mind than during that time, and it was as *permanent* as it was *perfect*; like that steady sunshine of which our Wesley sings, when

> "'Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
> Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.'

I was a wonder unto myself; the word of the Lord seemed sealed upon my heart, 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thy word.' I had not a *moment's* uneasiness concerning the happy termination of our voyage; I felt that Jesus was with me in my little state-room, 'in the hinder part of the ship,'

and partially confined to it as I was by reason of the wet weather, I found by experience that

> "'Prisons can palaces prove,
> If Jesus but deigns to be there.'

"Whenever I threw the reins upon the neck of my imagination, which I frequently did by way of relaxation from severer studies, I found my thoughts involuntarily to lead me back to New York, instead of presenting me with any airy speculations of the pleasure I should meet with in my native land, while tramping up and down again the scenes of my boyish, but my happy days; truly, if the wind had veered round whenever my fancy took this turn, and our vessel had sped its course in the same direction, you would never have heard from me at 'Marseilles.' I found, that though America was but lately to me a land of strangers, my heart, my affections—all said it was now my '*home*;' and thus, in a subordinate sense, where my *treasure* was, there was my *heart* also. And indeed, when I considered the friends that the strangers' God had raised me up, and then dwelt upon the ten thousand acts of kindness which those friends have showed me for his sake, I could only wonder, love, and praise.

"Among this crowd, my dear brother Hall holds no *second* place, and it is only in acknowledgment of a vast debt of gratitude, which I can but *confess*, but never *pay*, that I write to him by the first conveyance this country has presented me with, in a vessel bound to Boston. I had hoped for an interview on Christmas morning, but our ship hauled away too early to permit it. I had not taken my leave in Walker-street the evening previous—your kindness was at that time too oppressive to admit of it; but perhaps it was well, for I know not how long the 'farewell' might have hung upon my tongue and lingered on my lips; but I thought of you that morning though I saw you not, and sent more than one petition to the throne of grace that a 'prophet's

reward' might be yours, multiplied as much beyond the recompense promised to a cup of cold water as your substantial gift exceeded *that* in value. May the hearer of prayer realize to you my heart's desire, and fill you with all the fulness of his holy love."

To his Father.

"Marseilles, 7th February, 1823.

"My dear Father—My health is somewhat better than when I left you; indeed, considering the dampness of a sea atmosphere, rendered still more so by the rain which fell *every day* more or less until we entered the straits of Gibraltar, it is remarkably so. I am now reaping the advantage of the voyage, more than I was able to do at sea: my appetite is uncommonly good, but I only gratify it in the plainest food. The soups of France are just what answer me: in most of them no animal food whatever enters into their composition; vermicelli and other Italian pastes, twisted in the shape of little worms, or rounded like a pea or bean, form the substantial part; the liquid appears to be chiefly sweet oil, which is here very fine, and for which I have acquired a high relish. My cough is much softer than it was, and I expectorate with great freedom; this I attribute in some measure to the drying up of the issue on my breast. The other, on my arm, is also healing: so that I will try the effects of this measure. I found they had always the effect of making the cough hard and spasmodical, carrying off the mucus which was secreted within, without removing the radical disease.

"I take little or no medicine, endeavoring to produce a change by diet and exercise. With regard to the latter, I live methodically, and arrange to walk at least eight miles every day, dividing it into four different times to render it more agreeable. In short, I have solemnly joined hands with God to preserve my life and restore my poor and feeble constitution; I have devoted myself to him afresh, 'and promised in a sacred hour for God to live and die.' I can

indeed say, for I really *feel* it to be true, this world has no attractions for me;

> 'There's nothing here deserves my joys,
> There's nothing like my God.'

I have therefore no desire to live but for *him;* and I cannot, my dear father, disguise the feelings of my heart, for I confess to you I am rather unwilling to go away so soon after entering the lists against 'the god of this world,' although I have a sweet foretaste that when I shall be absent from the body, I shall be present with the Lord; yet I feel as if I could endure this privation from his presence for some time longer, that I may come down like a shock of corn full ripe in its season, 'filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto the glory and praise of God the Father.' When I reflect on the word in which I trust, that 'they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars,' I feel fired with a holy ambition, which consumes me with its fervor. I hunger and thirst after this, and I feel a cleaving to earth that I may finish the work which I believe is given me to do. If I could only live to see many sons brought home to glory, whom I might present to the Captain of our salvation, I could then say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' You know, my dear father, and I know, and God knows also—and I blush even now while I write it—that much of my life has run to waste. In the former part of it *I lived to myself,* and not to Him who loved me and gave himself for me. I will not, I *cannot* forgive myself; *no, never.* But I want to make some better return to my dying, risen Saviour. I wish to bear the burden and heat and toil of a long, laborious, well-spent day. I wish to serve my generation by the will of God, and then to fall asleep. O, that God would grant me my heart's desire and prayer. But if not, if my spared life would not conduce to his glory, I could gladly

lay me down and die. Lord God, thou seest the end from the beginning; do with me as seemeth good in thy sight."

To his second Sister.

"MARSEILLES, February 10, 1823.

"MY DEAR AMELIA—In writing a letter to you, in common with the other members of the family, I not only do myself a real pleasure, but I discharge in some measure, at least by *acknowledgment*, a debt of gratitude I owe you, and which has been long accumulating by your thousand nameless attentions to my thousand nameless wants and anxieties. The remembrance of them is much more lively at this distance of time and place, than when I received them nearer—resembling some of those finer scenes of nature which we only accurately estimate when viewed in perspective and at a distance. Nor are there wanting dark spots in abundance on the scene, to serve as shadows in setting off the lustre of the foreground; I mean, in the indifference with which I too frequently received many of those attentions, not considering that they derived their value from the motive which actuated them, rather than from their intrinsic worth. However, 'forgetting that which is behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before,' I trust yet to have years of opportunity to assure you of my sincere esteem and affection; during which time, and till death shall make the separation final as to this world, I desire and *command* you always to regard me not merely as a *brother*, but as a *friend*. 'A friend' sometimes 'sticketh closer than a brother;' at least there is such a Friend, and I have made him *mine*. I would fain recommend him to you. 'If you seek him, he will be found of you;' and with special reference to your time of life he says, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me *early* shall find me."

"After writing the preceding page, and reading it over, I find I have been almost involuntarily led to a subject which lies near my heart with respect to you and Anne. I

have long felt it a duty I owed to you to discourse seriously upon it; but somehow or other, there is such a backwardness to say that to one's relations which can be easily discoursed upon with mere acquaintances, that I have put it off again and again, frequently to my great condemnation. At your age, my dear Amelia, you must be fully sensible that *this* is the time to form your character in the world. I say in the world, for it is not enough that your family are acquainted with your regard for religious men and things; there must be a profession made of this your attachment, and a union formed with some people who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

"Perhaps you would wish my advice on this subject, as to what church you ought to make choice of. If left to me, I would unhesitatingly say, 'follow my example herein,' for although I see many things among the Methodists which I could wish to be otherwise, yet I sincerely believe, take them as *a body*, they are the excellent of the earth, and have the life of God among them.

"Do, my dear Amelia, consider this matter with seriousness and prayer to God for wisdom to direct you, and let me hear from you in answer to this, with your mind in full. Whatever objections you might find to *talk* to me about these things, you can have none to write to me about them. I wish you also to lay the matter before Anne; she is old enough to serve the Lord, and I do trust that so far from her being a *hinderance*, she will be a *help* to you.

"May the Lord enable you to lay it to heart. May he bless you, and keep you in his favor, fear, and love, all the days of your life, and may I meet you and embrace you among those who will stand with the Lamb upon mount Zion, after the heavens and the earth are fled away.

"Farewell, my dear love, from the warm heart of your affectionate friend and brother,

"JOHN."

To his youngest Sister.

"Marseilles, February 12, 1823.

"My dear Anne—As I promised in my letter to Mr. B—— to write to each of you, your turn now comes on; and yet what have I to say more concerning my voyage than I have already said to the rest of the family? You will only expect the gleanings; and as you are the *least*, you will be satisfied with *little things*. On the ninth day after we sailed, we picked up at sea a little passenger that had lost its way, and would certainly have been drowned in a few minutes if no help had arrived. It was a snipe, a land bird that inhabits the swampy ground. We were then about five hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land, the coast of Newfoundland, and so exhausted was the little creature, that it perched upon our rigging and suffered itself to be caught without resistance. The flight of birds is very rapid, and they can bear up on the wing much longer than you may imagine. The surprise, therefore, which this little straggler may occasion you, will be much reduced when I inform you that birds called carrier-pigeons are employed by the emperor of Turkey to convey intelligence to him from the most distant parts of his empire; and they ordinarily perform a journey in thirty-six hours which it would require eight days of courier-despatches to accomplish. The plan is this: A quantity of these birds is kept in the seraglio of Constantinople, and from this aviary, a basket-full is occasionally sent to distant governors according as they are wanted. These governors, on any urgent occasion, affix a letter of despatches to the legs or neck, or under the wings of one of them, and let it fly. Thus released, it ascends the air to a great height, and by its powers of vision, which are inconceivably acute, it then directs its way to the aviary at Constantinople, nor ever misses its destination. All this is performed without once alighting to rest itself. To return to our little companion: it appeared to have been blown off shore the pre-

ceding evening in a squall of wind, and missed its way in the darkness of the night. We all agreed to give the little fellow his passage free, and find him in sea-stores likewise, intending to release him at the first land we should reach. For this purpose we put him in a large wooden cage and gave him his supper; but alas, alas, in the course of the night Miss Pussy found her way to his apartment, and jealous of a rival, she broke all the laws of hospitality and tore him in pieces. Thus he only escaped a watery grave to find one in the stomach of the cat.

"Besides the above incident, we had two other visitors during our passage, but neither of them remained long with us. Two flying-fishes alighted on our deck, and lo, our black cook, imitating the bad example of the cat, seized them and put them in the frying-pan. I was too sorry for their fate to partake of them when served up at table, and could not help reflecting that just such is man. He lives upon his fellow-man, and lives upon the lives even of his species; and *he* is in general accounted the cleverest fellow who rises to most eminence upon the most numerous overthrows.

"I know not that any thing of importance occurred except the above. I was a little surprised that we saw no other fish on the whole voyage except these unfortunate ones—not even a whale, a porpoise, or a dolphin; and except that now and then the cat would march proudly into our cabin with a poor mouse in her mouth, we had the dull uniformity of getting up in the morning, eating three times in the day, walking the deck a little—interspersed with intervals of reading, and let me not be ashamed to add, intervals of private prayer also—and then going to bed at night.

"At the time of our departure we had on board a couple of pigs, which shared a better fate than those on board the General Lingan; they lived and grew large, and are still

alive and well; besides them, a sheep, but the cook's knife entered his throat in the course of the voyage, and he is no more. In addition to these, a very handsome goat completed our stock of four-footed animals; she supplied us with milk all the passage, and was very playful, and indeed very mischievous also; she would pay me a visit in my state-room at midnight, and eat the herbs and garlic which were in the box under my birth: but poor Nan took sick about three days before we arrived, from some Spanish whiting which she ate, and we feared she would have gone the way of the sheep, only by a *natural* process; however, I administered to her a bolus of sulphur and butter, which had the desired effect, and by the time that we arrived at Marseilles she was well again. I received the honorary title of doctor, in recompense for this piece of service, but now that I have left the ship I have lost the title: it seems this is my *sea* title only; however, I am not so ambitious to preserve it as to take up the seafaring life as my profession. I would gladly let go every title, and remain on terra firma.

"I have thus filled you a sheet of paper, or rather *spoiled* a sheet with useless stuff; but it afforded me a little amusement in writing it, and indeed much pleasure, when I fancied myself conversing with my dear Anne. I expect she will write to me in return; you must not say you have nothing to say, for you see I have filled up a letter from—*nothing*, and this will show you that the most trifling subject may be made to spread and expand itself much beyond its first appearances.

"I have written to Amelia on subjects more important than these, and I expect she will show you the letter; I conclude, therefore, this medley of incongruous matter with the assurance of the sincerest affection of,

"My dear Anne,

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN."

To Mr. Blackstock.

"Marseilles, February 13, 1823.

"My dear Mr. Blackstock—The subject of this letter will agitate you in various ways, for it is of an uncommon kind: that I may give you the more particulars, I have taken a large sheet of foolscap. I must premise, that before your eyes are saluted with the intelligence, or your feelings affected by it, all the scene which follows will have passed away. Read it therefore, and converse about it only 'as of a tale that is told, or a shadow that disappeareth, or a dream that passeth away when one awaketh.' I do not think I should have touched upon it at all, considering what a sensitive plant you are, and how soon any impression which is made on *me* reaches to *yourself*, but that I have mentioned it in some other of my letters to friends; and if I left *you* in the dark about it, you would conceive the most alarming apprehensions and raise a thousand ghosts to haunt your mind by day and night. To keep you no longer in suspense, therefore,

"As I have already informed you, we arrived here on Monday, 27th of January. Having sailed from a port in which the yellow-fever prevailed during the previous summer, we were not permitted to touch the *holy ground of France* that day; on Tuesday, the board of health sat upon our case, and *mercifully* determined—you know 'the *tender mercies* of the *wicked* are *cruel*'—to quarantine us for five and forty days. No French consular certificates with which the captain had provided himself, attesting the health of his crew and passengers and the city of New York in general, were of any avail; it was enough that the fever *had been* there, and that we sailed from the *infected city*: the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more irrevocable.

"Mr. Cunningham and myself, the only passengers, obtained *furor* in their sight, and concerning us it was *decreed*, that if we chose to confine ourselves, or rather *be*

confined, for it was *involuntary* on our part, in the prison of the lazaretto for *thirty days*, we might be then at liberty and permitted to walk upon this *land of freedom*. We deliberated upon the matter for a short time, and made choice of it, on account of the shortness of time it presented when compared with the former; and the next day, Wednesday, the 29th of January, we were removed under a guard in an open boat, and conducted hither, where we still remain in 'durance vile.' The same day captain Mason had to sail out of the port to a small barren island at some miles distance, cut off from all human intercourse, there to ride out his quarantine exposed to every wind that blows; he is now moored with three cables ahead and two astern.

"As our little boat approached this dreary spot, I felt myself inclined to 'play the woman;' I could have shed tears, while my mind ruminated in silence over the prospect which lay before us. I said to myself, 'Is *this* the reason why I came to France; was it for this I left a comfortable home and crossed the mighty deep, to be incarcerated in a French bastile?' But I broke the spell, and kept the fountain of my eyes sealed up; I remembered I was in *His hands* who had said, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God;' and 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'

"We were placed in a small apartment five yards square, with two dark chambers leading from it for our bedrooms, about three yards square each; the whole is exactly on the plan of your garret and the two rooms leading out of it, only that our chambers had no light but what they received from leaving open the door. The entire was unfurnished; nothing but bare walls, cobweb-hung, and stained with the smoke from an old fireplace, which our *sitting-room* alone contained. We immediately encouraged each other as well as we could, though my companion was considerably *chap-fallen*, and set about to furnish it in the best way in our power.

Having a guard placed over us, who watches us with an eagle's eye both day and night, and sleeps in the sitting-room—for so I must call it for distinction's sake—we dispatched him to a *hotel*, so called—where all our victuals is prepared; it is within the prison walls—and ordered furniture: we received a deal table and two old chairs, all of which appeared to have been used from the foundation of the building, 1667, and three or four deal planks to sleep on, with two iron bearers to carry them; however, as this promised very hard fare for sleeping accommodations, we afterwards procured *for money*—for any thing can be had even here for money—two sacking bottoms and frames, much like your cots; we had the precaution to bring beds and bedding from the ship, captain Mason having kindly offered the privilege, and thus we escaped the company of those midnight vermin with which similar articles in this place abound. Having thus *furnished* our apartments—which by the by have cold brick floors, both sitting-room and bed-chambers—we turned our attention to the sideboard, or rather to our little three-shelved cupboard, which stands on the right of the fireplace, and is the only fixture in the room, except two pieces of iron let into the hearth-stone by way of andirons. This we furnished with two teacups and saucers, two or three white plates, a couple of knives and forks and spoons, a salt and a pepper cellar, and a candlestick, all of earthenware except the knives, etc. We also obtained an earthen jug, in which we boil our water for tea, and a smaller one to serve for a cream-ewer—rather a milk-pot—but which necessity obliges us to convert to sundry other purposes, such as boiling our washing-dishes water, serving as a shaving-mug, etc.

"I believe I have given you a list of our furniture in all its departments; necessity, however, the mother of invention, compelled us to increase this inventory by several little articles which we manufactured at our leisure: such as a pair

of snuffers, by a piece of wood prepared in the form of a clothes-peg; this we use by pressing the open ends together: a set of fire-*irons*, by two *sticks*, which serve either as pokers when used separately, or tongs when held in each hand and applied together: in short, we have found out many *improvements in housekeeping*, which may benefit us in after-life. Our mode of living would amuse you, were you behind a curtain and observing us; our dinner we receive from the *hotel*, whatever we order, but our breakfast and tea we make ourselves. Our tea-table is spread much as follows: a white teacup and saucer and spoon on each side; a plate with butter and a plate to hold the loaf stand at the extreme end; a saltcellar occupies the middle spot, to season the butter which would be otherwise unpalatable; a blue paper is then opened and laid on the table, containing our sugar, and a similar one opposite to it with our tea; a couple of knives complete the whole. Having taken our seats, and thus put into requisition every article in the room, we take each a spoonful of tea, and putting it into our cups—having no teapot to draw it in—pour the water on it, etc., etc., using our fingers for sugar-tongs and other things, as like need requires: and I do assure you, I have made many a pleasant meal within these walls, and felt a grateful heart.

"You will excuse the pleasantness of the manner in which I have described these things: it is not my usual style, but I feared you would droop under the view of our privations, had I chosen any other. We know not yet what the expense may be for each of us, but we suppose it may be about ten dollars a week. Enough, and to spare.

"I shall now give you an account of the caution with which our intercourse with our guard and others is carried on. Every one, you must know, views us as infected with the *yellow-fever*, and acts accordingly. If any have to pass by us, they take the windward side, for 'our very breath breathes pestilence!' If we have occasion to send a letter

to town, to any of those friends to whom we were introduced from New York, it is received from us by a long pair of tongs held by a man at full stretch. This letter he plunges in a vessel of vinegar till it is thoroughly soaked, and for fear of contagion enclosed, he pierces it through with four holes by a mallet and a sharp iron applied to it on a block: it is then *fit for use*, and is despatched accordingly. Indeed, if you would form a correct idea of the abhorrence connected with our persons, and the distance observed by every one who spies us in his path, you will best conceive it by remembering the treatment of lepers under the Jewish law. A rattlesnake is not more shunned than we.

"When we first came here, our restrictions were much greater than at present. We were confined to a walk in front of our cell, which is eighty-seven yards long by four wide; up and down this I generally exercised myself in promenading eighty times a day—equal to eight miles: this I perform at four times. To this little space we were confined for the first fifteen days, which expired the day before yesterday. We are now allowed a much larger field of action, though still not without the accompaniment of our guard. After we had been six days in confinement, we were closeted in our little cell, and stoved with burning brimstone—similar to the mode of destroying bugs. I thought I should have been suffocated. I flew to the door for air, but it was held by an officer outside; it threw me into a paroxysm of coughing which shook me to my heart's core, but thank God it had no worse consequences. In nine days more, namely, on the fifteenth of our confinement, we underwent a second stoving in the same way, together with all our clothes, trunks, etc., every article being spread upon lines drawn across our sitting-room; after this, finding no spots, black, blue, green, or *yellow*, to break out upon us, we were considered as half cleansed, and had our promenade privileges extended accordingly. I believe we are only to

have one other application of the fumes of brimstone, namely, on the day of our departure; this I shall look upon as a genteel turn-out: but whether, after so much smoking, we shall leave the place *sweeter* than we entered it, is a matter very doubtful with me.

"Amid it all I enjoy my health excellently well, and fill up my time by writing and reading several hours a day: added to this, the exercise of making up my bedchamber, sweeping the rooms with a birch broom, making the fire, boiling our earthen kettles, preparing breakfast, etc., etc., and writing to my friends, altogether makes my time go pleasantly along, nor was my flow of spirits ever better in my life.

"We have a little Catholic chapel at the end of our promenade, and here I find seasons of retirement for conversing with Him who seeth in secret, and knows my situation in all its secret parts—with Him who directs all things, and does all things well; and here, though prostrated before a crucifix and a host of images, calculated to sink the soul to earth's inmost centre,* I enjoy that fellowship with the

* In a long letter to his valued friend Dr. Baker, dated five days earlier than the one cited above, occurs the following passage in reference to his devotional exercises in the little chapel alluded to: "I often feel at a loss to say whether I am in the body or out of the body. I had a sweet season there this morning, and I find my hour is again drawing nigh: there I will remember you and yours, and not only *praise* on your account, but strive to *pray* that you may be '*overwhelmed* with all His *weight of love*.' Oh, this *weight of love*. It was this which constrained our Fletcher to cry out, 'Lord, hold back; forbear thy hand.' He feared the vessel would break; but will you not permit me rather to say, 'Lord, *expand the capacity, enlarge the measure, make thyself room*, and FILL, FILL, FILL the *holy* and the *holiest place, till all their souls be love*.' Amen and Amen." How ardent were his spiritual aspirations in this little oratory. And with what interesting associations do we recognize this devoted preacher, while here excluded from the city on suspicion of being infected, manifesting that entire consecration of himself to God which is said to have characterized "Marseilles' good bishop," who remained so heroically with

Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, which the world knows nothing of. There also I remember each of you by name, from my dear parent down to Anne; and Oh, how sweet those moments are. I trust you all remember me. Pray for me, that I may soon be restored to you all in health of body and vigor of mind; to part no more till death shall do his office.

"Farewell, my dear James.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

The following extract is from a letter addressed by Mr. Summerfield to a young man, a near and dear relative, who had imbibed sentiments, or perhaps rather adopted a course of conduct, unhappily but too prevalent with many whose immature talents are so sharpened by unholy disputation, that they find it indifferently easy to defend or oppose religious doctrines.

"Marseilles, 16th February, 1823.

"Permit me to warn you of one rock on which many have split, and round which you often delight to play: I mean, the arguing against that which you notwithstanding believe to be true in its nature, and that entirely for the love of opposition. You may think yourself safe, and smile at the concern which you have thereby caused to your opponent; you may think, 'I have done no harm; I firmly believe that you are right, though I have taken the opposite side for the sake of argument;' but I do assure you, and experience will prove it to be too true, that this disposition indulged in, will so put you upon seeking out objections to those doctrines which you inwardly acknowledge, that in a short time you will have persuaded yourself into the belief

his people during the great plague, that he is poetically said to have drawn

"—— purer breath,
When Nature sickened and the gale was death."

that they are mightier than the *evidence* of truths which you have not yet been equally careful to collect, and which you begin to think you received from the prejudice of your nurse, or of education. This will lead to the preferring error to truth, although in time you may appear to be *sincere* in this preference, and please yourself with thinking you have *equally* weighed both sides, and given an impartial decision; the old adage will nevertheless be found correct, that 'truth lies at the bottom of the well;' it may be covered with error and ignorance, which are always found near the surface.

"To bring these *general* remarks to a *particular* bearing, let me intreat you, first of all, to satisfy yourself of the divine origin of the sacred Scriptures, if indeed you have any serious doubts thereon. Its evidences flow in upon you with a flood of light, if you seriously connect prayer to the Father of lights for his superintendence and direction. As to human productions, I recommend to you the first volume of Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, etc. Having *ascertained* the Bible to be the word of God, you should implicitly obey all its contents. Your belief should not be rendered easy or difficult by the probability or improbability of the subject, by its plainness or its abstruseness, but be always simply determined by the *authority of the Revealer:* 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,' *therefore* I receive this doctrine, and credit that fact. This obtains even with regard to *human* testimony; and if we believe the testimony of *men* of undoubted integrity and truth, the testimony of *God* is greater. To believe no more of God, or of his word, or of his works, than we can comprehend or reduce to some of our modes of knowledge, is not to honor the authority of God at all; yea, 'tis actually a reflection on his *wisdom* and *veracity:* on his wisdom, as if he could tell us no more than we know; on his veracity, as if he were not to be trusted if he could. In short, my

dear ——, the word of God is not matter of opinion or speculation, when its divine authenticity is ascertained. It is *judgment, settled law, decided truth;* it reveals in the way of judgment or decision, that man is fallen, is in danger of hell-fire, and can only be saved through the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ, coëqual and eternal with the Father. It is useless to oppose these truths, they *must* be submitted to. The gospel *commands*, not *proposes;* it *must be* obeyed. 'Repent, and believe the gospel.' May God speak this word to you with power."

On the 27th of February, Mr. Summerfield was allowed to leave the lazaretto "in good health and with a grateful heart." In a letter to his father, he says, "My mind was not free from uneasiness on this subject during the whole time of my confinement; for if I had been taken unwell in any way, I could have had no relief but by being sent to the hospital; and any complaint with which I might have been afflicted would have been regarded so suspiciously as *a sprout of yellow-fever*, that the time of quarantine would have been prolonged, and my fellow-passenger would have suffered in the same proportion."

To his Father.

"Marseilles, Feb. 28, 1823.

"My dear Father—Although this letter can be esteemed little more than a wrapper to the enclosed packet, yet you will, I am persuaded, set more value upon it than it deserves, on account of the relation which the writer of it bears to you.

"A chief reason why I preferred to write by the Argus was, that I might be able to inform you of my having left the *lazaretto*, which I did *yesterday*, in good health and with a grateful heart.

"The circumstance of my deliverance therefrom under such favorable auspices, will, I am persuaded, be matter of

thanksgiving to the God of all comfort and consolation, in your approaches to his mercy-seat. He has numbered the hairs of my head, and spieth out all my ways. I shall not leave this city for at least a fortnight, until captain Mason leaves his quarantine, as I wish to see him; meantime, I purpose visiting Montpelier for a few days, and returning here again, and afterwards going to Nismes and again returning here; this will occupy me till that time expires. My chief object in going to these two places is to make a visit to two clergymen who have been spoken of to me as the flower of France, and from whom I have received warm solicitations to spend some time before I proceed northward. I have also been favored with some truly Christian letters from Paris, while confined here. I anticipate a warm and cordial reception when I arrive in that city, although it may be said to be in many respects 'the place where Satan's seat is;' yet there are 'a few names even there, who have not defiled their garments.' I do not expect to arrive there much before the anniversary of the Paris Bible Society, which falls on the 16th of April; meantime I have forwarded the documents with which I was honored by the American Bible Society. Early in the month of May I hope to arrive in England.

"The few lines which I received from my friends in Walker-street by the Virginia, contained intelligence of so afflicting a nature as to need no enlargement; indeed I almost wished that the vessel had not arrived. The continuance of your illness has been matter of grief indeed to me, separated from you as I now am, and likely to remain for a short time longer; but I know there is *One* who will be better to you than all my fears. I hesitate at the very outset of my endeavor to administer any consolation. Nothing that *I* could say would be new to *you*, and I shall therefore only make known my requests on your behalf to *Him* who is the daily witness of my prayers and thanksgivings.

"Yes, my dear father, all will be well. *Life* or *death* is gain. You have a strong arm to lean upon; 'tis not an arm of flesh.

"*Now*, 'tis for you to comfort yourself with the same comfort which you have often administered to others. Nay, I cannot doubt but you are comforted of God. My constant petition is, that we may both be spared to meet again in the flesh before we go hence to be no more seen of men; every thing else I submit to Him who knows what is best, and who is too wise to err: but *this* petition I present without ceasing, and to *this* I cannot yet say, 'but if *not*, thy will be done.' Oh, no, *let us meet again*, and then, whether it is *I* or *you* who may be hence removed, we will endeavor submissively to say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Oh, my dear father, death is treading upon our heels; yet 'death is ours, for we are Christ's.'

"I will write to you again by my next conveyance; meantime remain,

"Ever your affectionate child,

"JOHN."

To his brother William.

"MARSEILLES, March 1, 1823.

"I have been too short a time *at liberty* to say any thing of the country; what little I have seen is not prepossessing: you will not expect that *I* should view it very minutely in any of its bearings but those which are connected with a religious point of view: on this subject, the scene is awful. If the jest were not too serious a one, some Christian Diogenes might parade the streets of Marseilles at noonday, with a lighted taper in his hand, in quest of *one religious man!* I dare not enter into particulars; *that* must be matter of conversation when we meet.

"I am as anxious to arrive at Paris as I am to quit Marseilles. I received a letter from there yesterday, which may be compared to one of those delightful resting-places,

whose freshness meets the longing eye and satisfies the wearied limbs of wayworn travellers amid the burning sands of the desert of Sahara. I expect to write to some of you from that city. Meantime, with kind remembrances to each and all of you, I am, my dear William,

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"JOHN."

To his family Friends.

"MARSEILLES, March 4, 1823.

"I have now spent one Sunday in Marseilles. I say Sunday, for it ought not to be called a *Sabbath:* the heathen name is much more fit to be applied to it in this city. In the forenoon I went to the Reformed Protestant church. It is the *only one* of any other kind here except Roman-catholic. It is not Episcopal, but Presbyterian in its government. But how shall I picture to you the scene? I will not attempt it; but I sincerely fear that our Lord's words to the woman of Samaria may be applied even to them: 'Ye worship ye know not what.' They had no afternoon service. I therefore walked after dinner to the Catholic church of Notre Dame, situated on an immense eminence outside the city. I cannot tell you its height now, but I shall learn it before I leave the place. Its difficult access has rendered all prayers and penances said and done there doubly efficacious, as we were informed by a great placard affixed at its entrance by the vicar-general. Among other things he tells us that the Virgin Mary has peculiarly owned the place, and granted innumerable favors to those who have worshipped her there. A list of indulgences was affixed to the document, of which I think the *least* was, a remission of *two hundred days* in purgatory to any one who says Ave Marias on five successive Saturdays, and that this remission can be transferred for the relief of any soul in purgatory whom they wish to serve by this *post-mortem* deed. And can any be so imposed upon at

this enlightened day? Yes, it is too true. Many were there prostrated before the image of the beast. My very heart ached; I heaved a sigh and turned back to this unhappy city—*unhappy* indeed, amid all the natural advantages with which it is so richly furnished. In the evening the theatres were open, and the people flocked there to crown the devotions of this sacred day.

"O, how I long to meet a people who love and fear God. If I had the wings of a dove, I would fly away and be at rest; England should soon find me on her happy shores. I shall want more powerful help than this to bring me back again to you; but when the ship shall spread her stouter wings, and I turn my face to that city where my affections still are, I shall pray that the winds of heaven may fill every sail, and bring me to the renewed embrace of those who still retain in their affections the remembrance of their

"Friend and brother,

"JOHN."

To his Father.

"MARSEILLES, 23d March, 1823.

"MY DEAR FATHER—The painful intelligence of your continued illness so absorbs every other consideration, that I have almost lost sight of my own, and had nearly concluded to return to New York without proceeding any further. I however experienced some relief from Ellen's letter, which speaks more favorably.

"In the midst of all my grief, however, I have endeavored to cherish a hope that you are now improving; and the more I bring the matter before the throne of grace, the stronger is my confidence that we shall be spared to see each other in the flesh once more before our final meeting among the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven. This reconciles me to continue my journey to England, and as far as I have light upon my path, I believe I have the accompanying blessing and presence of

Him whose I am and whom I serve. I trust, my dear father, you have not found the fiery trial too strong a test of that sure hope and confidence in 'Him who doeth all things well,' which I know you have long experienced. The furnace has been heated seven times hotter than usual, if, as Mr. B. says, 'all your former afflictions were not to be compared to this.' But still you have not walked through it alone; the Son of man has entered with you:

> "'He knows what sore afflictions mean,
> For he hath *felt* the same.'

O, what seasons are these to admire the relation in which the Saviour of men stands to us. He is a High-priest, who is touched with our sufferings, because he was made in all points like unto us; bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. He does not speculate upon our afflictions, but from his own experience knows how much we can bear, and is careful that no greater trials shall befall us than such as we are able to bear, ever promising us, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' May you, my dear father, experience the strength of the Mighty One resting upon you. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation,' for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life—a crown of glory which fadeth not away. A few more sufferings, and the cup will be emptied. O, my father, though you have drunk of it deeply, yet do not stop at the *dregs*—do not turn your head aside from the nauseous sediment which remains; it will soon be over. Rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer, and as we have seen in your example what it is to *live*, let us also learn what it is to *die*. But Oh that this lesson may be kept back for many seasons yet to come. May we still be spared together to reap joy for every scene in which we have felt sorrow, and at last all brought home in the same chariot to Elijah's God, to be ever with the Lord.

"Very affectionately, my dear father, your

"JOHN."

To his brother William.

"Marseilles, March 30, 1823.

"This city is the *most ancient* in France, having been built six hundred years before Christ, which brings it to one hundred and fifty years after the building of Rome. It was founded by a colony from the ancient city of Phocia in Ionia, and its inhabitants are still proud to preserve their original name of Phocians. Its importance increased so rapidly, that it soon became an ally of the Romans—an honor not allowed to every applicant for that distinguished privilege.

"The arts and sciences appear to have flourished here as much as military accomplishments, if the ancient motto of the city is to be depended upon. It reads thus in English, in which language I prefer to give it to you, as I do not know that you pretend to much knowledge in French: '*Massilia, the daughter of the Phocians, the sister of Rome, the terror of Carthage, the rival of Athens.*' So much concerning its *ancient* splendor. Its *modern* appearance makes a very sorry figure in the contrast; for although Strabo the ancient geographer speaks of it as one of the most superb cities in his time, no traces whatever are to be found of its former grandeur: all that remains even of its *antiquity* that I have seen, are a few columns of an ancient temple of Diana, which now form some of the buttresses of a *modern temple of Mary*, the wife of Joseph the carpenter. There are also some old columns standing outside the city upon a site once occupied by a temple of Apollo, but which have not been consecrated to any modern deity. I suppose the partiality of the Catholics runs in favor of *women*, and the transition was not great between Diana and Mary, whom they have put in her stead. Indeed, nothing is to be seen in their temples throughout the city, but shrines for the devotees of the modern goddess.

"I have remarked that these are the only remains I have met with of the *antiquity* of this city: and of its *splendor*

and *former magnificence*, I have discovered none. So long as it remained a *free city*, such as Hamburg and Bremen, I believe it flourished beyond any other contemporary; but subjugated as it now is to royal authority, it presents the same contrast with its former greatness which those cities present with their neighbors in the petty states and sovereignties by which they are surrounded. Marseilles first lost its liberties in the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. In 1226 the citizens repurchased it, and maintained it with all that spirit which liberty inspires, against the counts of Provence, etc, until the time of Louis XIV., when that mighty monarch brought them under the yoke, deprived them of all their ancient rights and liberties, and fenced them in with fortresses and citadels, which yet remain the wonder of the present day. This was 1660; ever since which time it has languished under the weight of royal imposts, etc., so that you can hardly decide whether it is a living or a dying city. Its harbor is the only source of its present importance in the scale of French cities, in which it ranks the fourth—Paris, Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles, being the order in which they are classed. Its population is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants.

"In the year 1720 the plague was imported from the Levant, and most terribly it ravaged the whole province of Provence; in this city alone, it slew from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants. This is the reason of the severe quarantine to which I have been subjected, and may in a great measure plead the excuse for that barbarity. The narrow lanes of this city—for streets they are not—and the high houses, five or six stories, every apartment of which contains perhaps an entire family, would afford fine riot for that dreadful disease, should it again obtain admission. I speak now especially of the *old city;* the new part is not so constructed.

"There is not perhaps within the Mediterranean so fine and secure a port as this. It lies in the heart of the city, surrounded by high hills, so that no wind, not even the Euroclydon, which is spoken of in the Acts, and which was the cause of St. Paul's shipwreck, could have any effect upon the vessels that enter here. The port is very spacious, but the entrance so narrow that two ships could not pass. On each side of this entrance is a strong fortification, which would render the place impregnable: they are the work of Louis the Fourteenth. There is, however, one disadvantage connected with it; there is no river or stream flowing into it, and the water is therefore never changed. The tide does not raise it more than six inches, and carries away no part of the ancient filthiness. It is much like the Old Dock in Liverpool; and you may conceive what *that* would be, if it were not cleansed at certain seasons: this is worse, inasmuch as there is no possibility of emitting the old water. In the heat of summer, I am told it is scarcely possible to walk near it. Indeed, when we were approaching it from sea, a slight breeze meeting us from the mouth of the port conveyed with it so filthy an odor, that I could scarcely endure to keep on deck; and yet, sweetened as we were by the Atlantic breezes, we were not thought pure enough to enter the cleanly harbor of this noble city! You see I cannot forget my quarantine.

"This is a busy season here. Last week presented strange sights to *me:* what processions; what a profusion of lighted candles carried about at noonday, as though to put out the sun's glare with their superior splendor! What saints on canvas and wooden angels did I not behold; what ridiculous dresses did the priests assume; what singing, sighing, shouting, in every part of this Christian city, during the solemnities of the Passion week. And then on Good-Friday—Oh, my soul sickens; I am truly sick at *heart.* O Lord, arise, help and deliver, for thine honor. Yes, my dear

William, I have seen popery in its dress, its finest dress. May I live to see it in nakedness, or at least till its skirts are cut off. It must come down; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

'And terribly shall Babel fall,
And never more be found at all.'

But I forbear: you will say I am running into my old strains; well, if they are old, they have improved by age; the more I try the power of *heart religion*, the better I like it. That my dear brother may experience it in all its vigor, is the constant prayer of his affectionate and sincere friend and brother,

"JOHN."

To his youngest Sister.

"Marseilles, March 30, 1823.

"My dear Anne—I have every disposition to gratify you, although the matters upon which I may make observations to you are only fit for such little tarry-at-home travellers as yourself. If I were to detail every thing which I meet with in the manners of this nation, you would think them a vastly strange people. It is necessary, therefore, that I must forewarn my dear Anne against rash judgment herein, and caution her against supposing that English or American manners are any standard for any other people than Englishmen or Americans. Frenchmen would smile as much at some of our customs as we do at theirs, and indeed go farther, even looking upon us as semibarbarians, in raising food to our mouths by means of a *knife;* they substitute a large silver fork in its stead, which they dexterously manage in their right hand: but what of all this? If *they* think that an egg ought to be broken at the small end first, and *we* think it should be at the broad end, let both parties laugh if they like, at each other's supposed ignorance, without knocking their heads together. In one word, my dear Anne must ever consider that custom is *arbitrary*, that is,

as any people may choose for themselves; and except it opposes the laws of nature or the settled and prescribed rule of the oracles of God, we have no right to condemn it.

"What, for instance, would you think, if you saw the lower class of Frenchmen wearing wooden shoes, and horse-cloth stockings drawn over their pantaloons half way above the knee? and yet I see this every day. Or again, what would you think if you saw the *women* acting as porters to carry loads, while the men are lounging about or sitting under a sunny wall side? And yet you would see groups of thirty or forty at many parts of the city, with great baskets, waiting to be hired. Although both these examples which I have given do not recommend themselves as any improvement upon our own habits, yet there are some others in which the French appear to have the advantage. For instance, great complaint is made in New York respecting the adulteration of milk, and lactometers have been invented to ascertain the extent of the fraud; but here it is effectually prevented: the milkman or woman brings the cow to your door, and there milks her for the quantity you take, going round with her in the same way to all the customers. The greater part of the milk, however, is obtained from goats, and truly they are the finest breed I ever saw: we have nothing like them in America. They are very large, and their fine shaggy hair reaches almost to the ground. These are brought into this city in companies of ten or twelve under one person, and this every morning. They know their rounds so well that the herdsman has no trouble, and they go tinkling along with their little bells about their necks, and stand at the doors where they are accustomed to be milked. They are so docile that the keeper has only to call the one by name that he wishes to milk, and the little creature skips upon the steps and wags her tail, as if proud to be thus picked out from her companions, who stand by all the while, till the operation is performed. They are not

timid like sheep; for if a dog, no matter how large, comes near them, they run at him with their horns, and if he does not make the best of his way from them, he will come off with the worst of it. Again, the industry of the lower and middling classes of women is much more than the same in America. How it is with the higher classes I do not know; but I suppose they are much the same as their kind all the world over. You will see these same female porters I spoke of before employing their time in *knitting* till they have a job; and it would do you good to see them squatting down on their baskets as busy as bees. Those in the middling class, who come to market to sell their little farm productions—for observe, this is all done by *women*—are busy knitting all the way, riding upon their ass or mule upon the market panniers. Indeed this is their only mode of conveyance, as very few horses are to be seen in this part of the country. I have often been delighted with these signs of industry. If a woman is carrying a load upon her head, her hands are not dangling by her side, but she knits as she trudges on. If she is driving home the market-cart, sitting on the front ridge, you see her employed in making bass mats all the way; and even if you stop to talk with one, she will be working all the time she is talking with you. Surely in these respects, although as to other matters we may smile, we might learn a useful lesson for our fair ones in America. Believe me, my dear child, ever your affectionate friend and brother,

"JOHN."

Such was the style of elegant playfulness, in which his affectionate mind condescended to indulge for the purpose of beguiling that anxiety which his absence, under such peculiar circumstances, created in the family circle. His soul, however, was entirely absorbed in the grand purpose of his life: "If there is a scene within the universe of God," says he in a letter from Marseilles, "calculated to lift our minds

to heaven, if there is a scene calculated to bring down the heavenly host to earth, it is that which portrays in anticipation the final triumph of the 'gospel of the grace of God.' Yes, the gospel must ultimately and universally triumph. Well may we exclaim, 'What an object is this!' It is the fairest scene which the pencil of heaven, dipped in the colors of its own rainbow, can delineate; and even the great voice, issuing from the eternal throne, can utter nothing more exhilarating and sublime than the consummation of this event: 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

WRITES TO THE YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY—PARIS—SPEECH AT THE MEETING OF THE PROTESTANT BIBLE SOCIETY OF FRANCE—LETTERS FROM PARIS.

The reader is already aware, that besides the quest of health in a more mild and salubrious climate, Mr. Summerfield's visit to France was as the bearer of the official congratulations of the American Bible Society, of which he was a director. He had likewise been solicited, previously to his embarkation, to draw up the annual report of the New York Young Men's Missionary Society, of which he was president. This he consented to do, in the prospect of having much time on his hands during the voyage. Contrary, however, to the expectations of all parties, they made the passage so quickly, and the motion of the ship was so great, that he was prevented from accomplishing his design. Instead of the report, he transmitted from Marseilles, under date of February 20, 1823, a very pleasing letter, which was read at the current anniversary in John-street church, on the evening of the 21st of April. Those who were present on that occasion will not soon forget the impression which the encouraging words of one so dear to them, spoken as they were from "a far country," and under such peculiar circumstances, made on the minds and the hearts of the meeting.

On the 5th of April, 1823, Mr. Summerfield arrived in Paris, *viâ* Lyons, after a fatiguing journey of six days and nights—his health on the whole but very little, if at all improved. On the 16th, the anniversary of the Protestant Bible Society of France was held in Paris. On this occasion the address which he had prepared, and which had been translated into French by the Duchess de Broglie, was delivered by Mr. S. V. S. Wilder; the author's diffidence of

his ability to speak elegantly a language, in which nevertheless he was a proficient, deterred him from pronouncing it himself. The following is the address.

"My Lord—It is with unaffected humility that I rise to address you upon a subject which has now become too vast for human description, and far removed above the eulogy of human praise. The Bible cause has attained such a glorious lustre, that it is like a mirror polished by the hand of heaven; and the breath of the earth-born worm who attempts to point out its beauties, rather sullies than correctly delineates them. Still, humiliating as this consideration is, and strange as the paradox may appear, we approach it with a degree of confidence, for the very reason that it is the Bible cause, firmly persuaded that although no tongue is adequate to the description, yet it cannot suffer in the *weakest* hands; for the testimony concerning it is so supremely excellent, as to dignify any kind of language in which it may be conveyed.

"I have the honor, my lord, to represent upon this occasion the American Bible Society, by whom I have been delegated to congratulate the sister society of France on her past success, and to assure her that the place which she holds in the sympathies and affections of her elder sister in the West is second to none. I would that another and a worthier representative had been chosen, or that my head were frosted with the winters of threescore and ten, that weight of years might have combined with the warmth and zeal of youth, to express the ardency of her affection and esteem; but since, by the grace of God, I am what I am, I dared not suffer any consideration of the weakness of the creature to interfere with the promise of Him who out of weakness can make strong, and call forth things that are not, as though they were.

"The statement which has been read has briefly sketched the leading outlines of the last report of the American Bible

Society; and yet, exalted as must be the views of all who heard it, concerning her great success, I am proud to say, that were your lordship to visit our happy shore, you would find cause to exclaim with the queen of the south, when beholding the glory of Solomon, 'the half was not told me.' Truly, my lord, 'the word of God has free course among us;' 'it runs;' it outstrips the wind, 'and it is glorified.' Opposition, which for a time showed its hideous shape, and Proteus-like assumed another and another form, has now quitted the field; or, if objectors still remain, they are like the scattered fragments of a broken enemy, hanging on the careless outskirts of the victorious army by whom they have been conquered, for the mere purpose of teasing, by cowardly and fruitless annoyance, those whom they cannot overcome. Every anniversary is with us a jubilee; we then indent another and another to the thousand triumphs with which the monument of its far-spread fame is covered.

"There was a phrase, my lord, in the statement I allude to with respect to America, to which I would offer a brief remark. You have been pleased to style it a *free country*. It is so; but, my lord, the liberty which reigns there is not peculiar to America. It is the privilege of *kingdoms* as well as *republics;* and the British and Foreign Bible Society, 'which is the mother of us all,' has demonstrated, that the more the people are acquainted with the sacredness of the relation in which they stand 'to the powers which be, and which are ordained of God,' the firmer are the pillars of that authority under which they are governed: this relation can only be truly made known by that very gospel which it is the sole object of the Bible Society to disseminate. The Bible, my lord, the Bible, I repeat it, is suited to every political meridian: to the towering spirit of the high-minded republican, it holds up no sceptre but the sceptre of that Monarch whose 'kingdom is not of this world;' while to the subjects of royalty it proclaims the first law of the throne,

'Render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's.' In the camp, it softens the rage of war by the sweet command of peace, 'Love your enemies;' while, in the cabinet, it mollifies the asperity of national pride by that injunction of eternal justice, 'Do unto all men as ye would that they should do unto you.'

"The report of the Protestant Bible Society affords a pleasing testimony, if testimony were yet needed, that the Bible Society is the cause of God. I shall return to the land from whence I came with a heart warmed with what I have seen and heard to-day, and there, in a language with which I am more familiar, communicate the glad news, that in *France*, notwithstanding the torrent of infidelity which has been poured forth within the last thirty years, and which threatened to deluge the land, a spark still survived which 'many waters could not quench;' and that now there are more than 'seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal.' I shall tell them, my lord, that in France there are men who, not affected by the giddy pinnacle upon which high descent and noble birth have placed them, have laid their honor, their reputation, their wealth, at the foot of the cross, counting it their greatest honor to bear 'the burden and heat' of this glorious day, in which the Sun of righteousness is shining in his strength. In a word, my lord, I shall tell them that in France there are kindred souls to those which dwell in transatlantic bosoms, and that many a heart is tuned in full accordance with the angel's message, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.'

"Mention has been made in your report of the decease of our lamented Boudinot, the late president of the American Bible Society. You have sympathized with us in our loss. Although time has lent its mellowing hand to alleviate our grief, yet still we mourn. He was, in a sense, one of you; he became one of us; but God has put in his claim against

us both, and has taken him to himself. He has been removed to a brighter scene, to a higher mount than Pisgah's top, from whence he may behold the progress of that cause which was the pabulum of the last years of his life, and kept him above the power of death. But I dare not trust myself to enlarge on this tender theme: *you* will meet him, my lord, after you have ceased from your work and labor of love, as he has done from his. I too look forward to that scene: till then I have no expectation of seeing your lordship more, nor this august assembly over whom you so worthily preside; but there we shall meet again. O that we may all be found faithful at that day, and counted worthy to be crowned with glory and honor and immortality and eternal life. Then shall we join the song of the redeemed: 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen'"

At the conclusion of this address, which was received with enthusiastic applause, Mons. Billing, one of the secretaries of the Society, rose and delivered a very neat and appropriate reply. * * *

The following extract from a letter addressed to doctor Marinus Willett, in New York, just before Mr. Summerfield quitted Paris, will be interesting in this place.

"On Wednesday last was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the Protestant Bible Society of France, and a more pleasurable sensation I never experienced—no, not even in America. The commission with which my brethren in that country had honored me, placed me in a much higher situation than either they or I could ever have calculated upon; and truly I was loaded with 'many honors,' as St. Paul's phrase is. For a moment I fancied myself in New York, and could not but dwell upon the similarity of my situation

when I first addressed the Bible Society there, and my present. I remembered that I had just arrived, a stranger in a strange land, unknowing and unknown; and yet from that very hour what friendships did not the providence of God lead me to form—friendships which will run parallel with the days of eternity. Here I was in a land still more strange, with whose very language I was not familiar; and yet, to tell you of those Christian hearts who immediately mingled their flames of love with mine, and formed one common glow, would be a pleasing task indeed, but one with the particulars of which I should not like to gratify my friend, lest it might feed one latent spark of that dreadful vice which was the condemnation of the devil, and which may yet remain alive in my poor heart, although I assure you I am unconscious of its existence. The manner in which these anniversaries are conducted in France is far different from ours; but the advantage is greatly on our side. Such is the jealousy of the Catholic interest, that a mandate has been issued requiring each speaker to *write* his address, in order to its being submitted *in propriâ formâ* to an inquisitorial committee duly appointed. You may conceive my situation and my feelings: however, though thus cramped up into the space of a nutshell, I complied, and endeavored to prepare something that might not be obnoxious; it was poor work indeed, and afforded no opportunity for that lively discourse which an unshackled privilege would have produced. The Duchess de Broglie, daughter of the late Madame de Stael, kindly undertook the translation of it into French; and at the time appointed, not caring to read it myself, on account of my ignorance of the *Parisian accent*, as it is called, Mr. Wilder favored me with his services, while I stood beside him like a statue. It was received in a way highly flattering to my American feelings, and a very neat address was delivered in reply by Mons. Billing, one of the secretaries."

Notwithstanding, however, that Mr. Summerfield was on this occasion "flattered even beyond sufferance"—to use his own phrase—and met with the most affectionate treatment from many Christian friends, he was not at all in love with the French capital. Besides, in his opinion Paris was not the place for an *invalid;* indeed, he doubted "whether a *sound* man could find any thing like *home* in it." In a letter to his father, he says, "My health is much as when I last wrote you; my cough, though somewhat better, yet remains; indeed, soon after I arrived at Marseilles, the weather took an unfavorable turn, and it has been excessively cold. I have often said, 'O that I had the wings of a dove,' then would I fly away to New York, and never think of seeking a fine climate in France again. I do not think that the weather is worse with you than it is at this very time, and Paris is the dampest place I have been in for a long time: this, with the keenness of the air, is killing; however, I will not terrify you by saying any more about it." Political affairs, too, wore a gloomy aspect in France; "and every body," says he, "appears to be seeking refuge in their native land, especially if they have been so favored as to call that land England or America." Happily for Summerfield, he had ties of kindred in both countries; having therefore received official documents for the president of the American Bible Society, he hastened to revisit once more the land of his nativity.

Before he left that gay capital, however, he gave expression to the spiritual emotions of his heart in the following letter to one whom he delighted to regard as his "son in the gospel."

To Rev. Thomas B. Sargent.

"Paris, April 17, 1823.

"My dear Thomas—Your letter arrived before I left Marseilles, and was as refreshing as a water spring in a dry and thirsty land. I intended to have opened the way by

first writing to you, and had already appointed to do so from this city; but you have the preëminence. I do sincerely thank you for this renewed token of your love, and in return salute you with all the warmth of Christian affection of which my poor heart is susceptible.

"I was glad to find that you had anticipated my wishes in furnishing me with so many and so interesting particulars respecting yourself; never forget, my dear Thomas, that I expect you always to be the *hero* in all your correspondence, as much as Æneas is in Virgil; every other person, matter, or thing, may come in by way of episode, but I cannot permit that I should lose sight of *you* by any long digressions. I have rejoiced, yea, and *will* rejoice, that your providential path shines brighter, the more you follow and observe His hand,

> "'Who points the stars their course,
> Whom sun and moon obey.'

"I follow you through every scene, and sympathize with your every feeling. The kindness of brother B—— is not more than I expected from what had passed between him and me respecting you; but, my dear Thomas, you know the friendship of Him who sticketh even closer than a brother. He invites you to all the sweets of this holy relation, 'The friend of God.' 'Tis the tenderest, 'tis the most exalted, to which mortal can be raised. It surpasses the privilege of a son, though that entails the inheritance, for 'if sons, then heirs;' it is the manhood of a child of God. It is the privilege of admission into the secret chambers of the King Invisible. O, my Thomas, it is—and yet I cannot utter it; but I *feel* it. Examine the principles of the friendship which subsists in kindred souls—say David and Jonathan—refine it of its earthliness, and cast away the dregs of selfishness; don't be afraid that it will volatilize into an ether too pure to realize, a *precious essence* will remain; now make 'the high and holy One' one party, and see an

earth-born worm the other. What ardor of mutual love: what openness, what ingenuousness, what frankness, what confidence, on the part of the creature; what complacency, what stability, on the part of the Creator! While the one exclaims in the midst of human weakness, 'Lord, all I am is known to thee;' the other calms the rising fear with the sweet response, Yet all I am is thine.

"But I arrest myself; I am getting into depths which I cannot fathom, and yet into which I delight to plunge. O, the fulness—the bottomless abyss—the depth. Does my Thomas often here

"'Bathe his weary soul?'

Does he

"'Thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love?'

'He shall be filled;' 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

"I regret to read in your letter the ill state of health of my dear friends in Eighth-street; still in the furnace, and still unconsumed? surely the Son of man is with them; their heavenly Father would now teach them deep things. Though the chapter of afflictions contains many things hard to be understood, yet this should not discourage or make us faint therein; it is one of the finishing lessons, for even 'Christ was made perfect through sufferings.' I confess we are naturally fond of *turning over*, like a schoolboy, and beginning a *new page;* but 'the old is better:' with regard to myself, I often fear that I have *thumbed* it so much, as to render illegible some of the lines, and that I am kept at the old place till I *spell them out*. May the Lord help me by his Spirit to commit to heart these deep things of God. And may my dear Mr. and Mrs. C—— out of weakness be made strong, and know with me that

"'Afflictions from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.'

"My health will be inquired after among your friends:

well, I find myself gaining strength every day; I find the rouge of nature returning to my livid cheeks, and think if I were weighed I should be many pounds heavier; but—and these '*buts*' mar every thing—my cough continues. Yet *that* is somewhat improved; at times I think that it is the *door* through which my spirit will ere long take its flight: it is an *open* door, and unless Providence should close it, I cannot hope for long life. I am in his hands; he will do all things well.

"Remember me to your father most affectionately, as also to your good mother—yours and mine. O that my dear Thomas may never need the attentions of a stranger as I did in Race-street, when his own mother is no more. And yet, should such need require it, may he find some stranger's hand to bear him up and cheat him of a mother's loss, as I did at that awful hour. Remember me to your brothers and sisters, also to any other friends that may inquire.

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVES IN ENGLAND—FAIRFIELD—PREACHES AT LIVERPOOL—LETTERS—ATTENDS THE CONFERENCE AT SHEFFIELD—VISITS MANY OTHER PLACES—HIS HEALTH BUT LITTLE IMPROVED—PORTRAIT—LETTERS.

Mr. Summerfield on his arrival in England sought the Moravian settlement at Fairfield, near Manchester, at which place as already stated he had spent five happy years at school, and where one of his uncles continued to reside. Here he found one of his cousins, a young man twenty-one years of age, lying in the last stage of a consumption. Delicate as was his own health, he devoted himself assiduously to administer such friendly assistance and spiritual consolation to his dying relative, as the nature of the case required. For a full fortnight he tenderly watched the death-bed of his beloved cousin; nor did he leave him till death had closed his eyes. It was the only instance during his ministry, in which he had been called upon to see a person die; and his feelings, as may be supposed, were exercised a good deal on the occasion.

In the month of November, 1828, the writer of these pages paid a visit to Fairfield, in company with his esteemed friend Mr. J. E—— of Manchester. Interesting as this tranquil retreat of such an exemplary church community as the United Brethren must have been to the visitors under any circumstances, yet on the present occasion the *genius loci* derived its principal charm from its association with the history of Summerfield, in whose memory they felt mutually interested. There was the school-room in which he had been taught, with the book containing the records of his entry and departure as a scholar; and a number of happy tyros "disporting on the margent green" of the enclosure, as he had done in his day. There was the chapel with its fine organ, the tones of which he had so much delighted to ac-

company with his juvenile voice, for he was ever fond of singing. There, in one of the dwellings, were more touching memorials of his later visit: an engraved likeness; the couch beside which he knelt, while reading to and praying for his cousin Joseph; his little American pocket Testament left behind, with a leaf still turned down at 1 Corinthians, 15; and the presence of his uncle himself, who, with his eyes overflowing with tears, referred to the incidents of this last earthly interview. And lastly, the neat sequestered cemetery, so remarkable for its simplicity, where—to adopt a single line from the poet, whose description of the burying-place of the patriarchs in "The World before the Flood," is supposed to be delineated from a Moravian grave-ground—

"The little heaps are ranged in comely rows,"

and over one of which the surname of "Summerfield" was inscribed.* This visit, so interesting from these associations, was rendered yet still more so by the courteous affability of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pohlman, the resident minister and his lady.

Mr. Summerfield was invited, and actually announced to preach in the chapel at Fairfield—a distinction never conferred upon a Methodist preacher before—and a large congregation assembled accordingly; but the arrival of an official visitor at the time, and the death of the resident bishop, Moore, prevented this.

To Mrs. Blackstock.

"Fairfield, near Manchester, June 11, 1823.

"My dearest Ellen—Your *long* and *grateful* letter came to me this morning; it had been left at Fairfield by Mr. C—— yesterday, although I lost the pleasure of seeing him, having gone to Manchester. Last night I spent an

* "Joseph Summerfield, departed June 8, 1823, aged 21 years."

hour or two with Mr. S——; he proceeds to-day to Sheffield and Leeds, where I expect also to be in ten days or a fortnight, but must first proceed to Liverpool to-morrow. In Amelia's letter, I have mentioned the afflictions of my uncle's family: it calls to my mind my own, and especially on this very day last year. Mr. B. will never forget that day, when standing by my bed in Doctor Sargent's chamber: every moment I expected my change, and having no power to speak on account of the incessant bleeding from my lungs, I made signs for a writing-table, and being bolstered up in bed in a sitting posture, I wrote the enclosed paper:* it was never seen by any other eye; and in giving it to you, it is not for any other reason than to put you in mind of that day, and to excite your gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who held my head above the water-floods, and again said, 'Live!' Oh that it may be to his honor and glory!

"With regard to my spared life, I can say little as to its *long* continuance; *certainly* I shall never see threescore years and ten: I am only anxious to live to the Lord while I live, and die to him when I die, that living or dying I may be the Lord's."

On Sunday the 22d of June, he preached in Leeds-street chapel, Liverpool. "It is," says he, when writing home, "the *first time* since my arrival in England; and yet, although I name this to show you that I am not *quite dead*, you must not infer that because I have *begun* I shall continue: no, it will be *very, very, very* seldom repeated, and I shall always inform you when it is." His journal was altogether neglected during the year of his sojourn in England; but it is gratifying to learn from the following extract—indeed from his correspondence generally, that while his body was confined by the weakness of the flesh, his soul was at the same time progressing in holiness.

* This letter enclosed the testamentary paper given page 151.

To Dr. Samuel Baker.

"Liverpool, June 23, 1823.

"My dear Friend and Brother—I know you will expect to hear something concerning myself—and this is the cross which my friends compel me to bear daily; I would rather write on any other subject. Well, then, I find that Jesus Christ is the *same* yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He is my unchangeable friend. He is my *all*, and *in all*. Of late he has been tempering down the natural hardness of my heart, that it may receive some deeper impressions of the mind which was also in him. I mourn over the baseness of the material upon which this is to be wrought, but still I do feel that the more I contemplate and behold the glory of my Lord, the more I am changed into the resemblance of the original by the Spirit of the Lord. But what have I said? And yet is not this the very perfection of our dispensation? O that we may *press after* the fulness of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. I have lately dwelt much on those inexhaustible words of the apostle John: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and *it doth not yet appear what we shall be*.' I cannot grasp them: there is a world of meaning in them. 'It doth not yet appear.' It is not yet made manifest; but it *shall* appear, and the world which now knoweth us not, shall witness the manifestation of the sons of God; for, conformed to our Head, 'we shall be like him.' What can this mean? Utterance fails—the heart cannot conceive.

——"'We fall before his feet,
And *silence* heightens *heaven*.'

"As regards my poor body, it is yet compassed about with infirmities; my general health is tolerably good, and except this *cough* of which I complain, I am as I have been since I knew you. My cough is of a singular character, for although I expectorate considerably with it, no weakness is produced, and my natural strength is good. I can

walk for hours without fatigue, and eat my food abundantly and with good relish. I am living with a physician in this town, with whom I have been associated from my childhood, and brought up at the same school, and almost fed at the same table. Yesterday morning I *preached* for the *first time* in England in one of the largest chapels in this town, and felt no inconvenience consequent.

"Remember me affectionately to all my friends in Baltimore, and first of all to my friend and brother Soule. *Upbraid* him for not having written to me; and yet this would come with no weight from *you*, seeing you are in the same condemnation. Mrs. D——, Mrs. B——, E——, and all the children, share my love.

"Believe me to remain,

"My dear doctor, ever yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

At the "physician's house" alluded to in the preceding letter, "I had," says the Rev. W. Stewart, "the pleasure of meeting my beloved Summerfield. I was greatly affected at witnessing his pale and emaciated appearance. I inquired of the doctor in his absence, 'Do you think it possible Mr. Summerfield can recover?' The doctor replied, 'With great care he may live two years, but he cannot possibly live longer.' In this the doctor manifested his consummate skill, both with reference to the case and constitution of his friend. My *very heart* sighed, and said, 'Alas, my brother.'"

On the next day he wrote again to his young friend, now in the ministry.

To the Rev. Thomas B. Sargent.

"Liverpool, 24th June, 1823.

"My dear Thomas— . . . . . I must now stop. I see I have filled one-third of my letter with the *cases of a personal pronoun*—I was going to say with the *declensions of one*—but perhaps it is rather an improper term.

"And now, my dear Thomas, I come to you—though last, not least—and yet I am pausing what to say; indeed, I want words for matter. And so you are now fully employed, that is, as much as your other duties will permit, in making known to men the word of reconciliation. O, had I the wings of a dove, with what delight I could now sit under your shadow at the foot of the pulpit. Your image is ever before me, nor do I need any limner to remind me of every feature; but then I never properly saw them lighted up by the shining forth of the candle of the Lord within you when standing in the character of *ambassador of God.*

"Oh, my dear, dear Thomas, I have sweet remembrance of you in my prayers, being mindful also of your tears. I am *filled* with joy; yea, I am very full of comfort. My Father who is in heaven has mingled no such sweet in my cup as that which you afford me. 'I live, if you stand fast in the Lord.'

"'Happy, if with thy latest breath
Thou may'st but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.'

"Yes, my dear Thomas, exalt the Lamb. 'He is worthy.' Hang every spoil you have gained from the enemy upon his cross, and lay every honor you may receive from men at his feet. I do long to see you; nor will any one thing in America tend to hasten my return more than to be 'somewhat filled with your company.' I shall see you now with other eyes; no longer the keeper of the sheep-fold, but the anointed of the Holy One, to bear his name among the Gentiles. Walk worthy of thy high calling, and great shall be thy reward in heaven.

"Write to me again and again and again. Remember me to my foster-mother. Put her in mind of the eleventh day of this month last year. I thought of *her* on that day, for I read in her anxious face at that time, 'there is but

a *step* between thee and death.' God bless her a thousandfold.

"Present my respects to *all*, and believe me, my dear Thomas,

"Thine till death,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Samuel Harden, Esq.

"Liverpool, July 10, 1823.

"My health is much as when I last wrote; the Good Physician still holds me in life, though with a slender thread. I do not yet know the end of his dealings with me in this respect; but he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. He will do all things well. I cannot promise myself *long* life, as far as human reasoning directs, though with God all things are possible. All my desire is, that I may yet stand before him in his sanctuary a little longer, to point poor sinners to the scene on Calvary—the bleeding Jesus.

"My heart was much rejoiced yesterday by a circumstance little looked for. A man called upon me to acknowledge me his spiritual father, of whom I had not the most distant recollection. He lives in Arklow in Ireland, and having heard that I was in England, he set off for no other purpose than to lay his eyes on me, as he said, once more. He informed me that four years ago, as I was preaching in that town in the open air—'for no other place was large enough to contain the multitude'—God converted his soul, and gave him a clear evidence of his acceptance, which he has since retained. He reminded me of the text on the occasion—'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy'—and I found that he had the sermon almost written upon his heart. These are comfortable results of our weak labors; we see not now the fruits; it is often not until after the laborer has fallen asleep, that the seed springs up; and the death of the minister has often given birth to many precious souls who had been heretofore only hearers of the word.

May this thought comfort us continually, and may we know, in more than their primary sense, the application of the apostle's words, 'For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.'"

In a letter to Mrs. Blackstock, dated Liverpool, July 10, 1823, occurs the following passage: "Your second letter of the 13th is almost exclusively devoted to the subject of my health and my return home. I know they are both interesting subjects, and often mix themselves with the fireside conversation, and often afford a theme to break the silence which sometimes exists in the chief seat of the table. My health, and my return home! I feel myself growing dull, or rather sorrowful. *Home* is a word which has a spell in it, and I am now operated upon by it almost to a momentary melancholy. Sometimes I view the distance as *so* great, and so measure the ocean that rolls between us, that I start and say, 'Shall I ever see that place again?' At other times I am so buoyant that I consider it but as *two steps*, by one of which I take my foot off Europe, and by the other set it on America. I believe, however, both these ways of viewing it are erroneous: they are the *extremes*. May God help me to overcome all difficulties, and bring me to the desired haven." His letters to his younger sisters, to his father, and to Mr. Blackstock, breathe similar sentiments.

At this date he also wrote the two following delightful letters to young men whom he watched over with the tenderness of a father in the gospel.

To Rev. William M. Willett.

"Liverpool, 10th July, 1823.

"My dear William, whom I love in the truth—It is but a few days since I learned, by letters from America, that you have now put on the harness of the Christian minister. To describe to you my feelings on this account would be *impossible*. When I read the intelligence, my heart fluttered in such a manner that I knew not which was the greater exciting cause—joy, or hope, or fear. Even when

the passions subsided, I thought I could find more of *anxiety* in the preponderating scale than of any other feeling. Oh, my dear William, what shall I say? I am not *painfully* fearful concerning you, but I am *inexpressibly* anxious for the result. I have *confidence* in you in all things; but then you have entered upon an *unbeaten* path, a path which *you* never trod before. You have commenced a warfare, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. You have now left the *ranks*, and become a *leader* under the *Captain* of our salvation; and honorable as is the step you have taken, yet it cannot be disguised from you, that by this step you have set yourself as a *mark* to the powers of hell, who will direct against you instruments of warfare and modes of temptation, which, as a *private* member of the church, you might have for ever remained a stranger to. The god of this world is well aware that if he can produce the *fall* or defection of the *standard-bearer*, the people will flee every man to his own house, and panic-struck, never again rally under the banner of the cross. He knows that when great limbs are severed from the tree, many twigs will fall with them; or, in plain language, the falling away of him who has preached to others, is more calculated to destroy the flock of Christ than all the open warfare which the devil or his agents could maintain against them.

"But I check myself. Write I these things to hinder you! Nay, but as my beloved son I warn you; and if I have succeeded in casting you down for a moment, it is that you may know where your place of safety lies. *The cross*, my dear William, the *foot* of the cross, *must* be your resting-place; the *Crucified* must be the object ever before your mind; '*Without* thee I can do *nothing*,' must ever be on your tongue, and that from unfeigned lips; and every honor which the Head of the church may put upon you, must be

hung as a trophy on his cross, while 'not unto *me*, not unto *me*, but unto *thy* name be all the glory,' must be the language of your heart. If you walk by this rule, and mind this same thing, the gates of hell will not be able to prevail against you; you will stand forth in all the might of an ambassador of God. Your word will be with power: shaking and trembling will seize the sinner, while the believer will recognize in you an apostle, not of men, neither by the will of man, but of God the Father, and Jesus Christ whom he raised from the dead. May the Lord give you understanding in all things.

"I trust that the hardships of the circuit to which you have been appointed will be no stumbling-block to you. It is *nothing* compared with what I endured the first two years of my ministry in the various parts of Ireland, by night and by day; and if ever I grew weary and faint in my mind, I applied to the Strong for strength, and thus always found that his grace was sufficient for me, and that he caused strength to be imparted to me proportioned to my need. My dear William, keep *eternity* full in view, and the *recompense of reward*, and you will find it the best antidote either against all the treasures of Egypt, or all the afflictions you may be called upon to suffer. Remember you are in a *warfare*, and seek not for *ease;* and may God give you grace to acquit yourself as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

"My paper fills up, and my heart is not at all discharged of its burden. I have *much, very much* to say; but I *will* not, I *cannot* do it with paper and ink. Soon I hope to see you face to face. Meantime, get 'Clark's Letter to a Young Preacher;' make it your own by digesting its invaluable contents: it is in our book-room, and is worth its weight in gold.

"Farewell. May God bless you, and ever have you in his holy keeping.

"Affectionately your fellow-servant,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Rev. Thomas B. Sargent.

"Liverpool, 10th July, 1823.

"My precious Thomas— . . . . . I should have been glad to hear from you after the Philadelphia conference, anxious to know what preachers you have among you. From New York I have received intelligence respecting that city; among the rest, that William Willett has been appointed to the east end of Long Island. I cannot but regret this, as I fear the *breaking in* will be too severe. I have written to him by this packet to cheer him up; I trust that God will support him, strengthen his hands, and confirm his knees, and hold him on the even tenor of his way. I am fond of pleasing myself with the conjecture that perhaps *Thomas* is also thus employed, and that the reason of his silence is the bustle of preparing for his outgo; such as getting saddle-bags, horse, whip, etc., and packing up his linen, with Wesley's hymns and pocket Bible. Well, should it *not* be, the time *may* come, and if *you* prevent not, *will* come. I believe that God has certainly called you to be a minister in the gospel of his dear Son. Be not thou disobedient to the heavenly call, and be thou faithful therein, neither receive this grace of God in vain. The fathers are passing away, and breaches are daily making in the ranks of the standard-bearers: Oh that God would raise up a host of pious youths ardently waiting to catch the standards ere they fall from the veterans of the cross; that instead of the fathers may be the children, and yet the children's children.

"Remember me affectionately to my friends. My health is much as when I last wrote, and my soul is athirst for all the salvation of God. Last Sabbath I assisted in administering the Lord's supper to about six hundred people; the Lord supped with us, and made our feast a little heaven. Farewell, my dear Thomas. Still remember me, as I also do you. Ever affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

On the 30th of June, the British conference opened at Sheffield, at which place it is held once in six years. At this celebrated mart of cutlery Mr. Summerfield spent about a week, during which he was domiciled with my worthy friend T—— B——, Esq., partaking the elegant hospitalities of this gentleman's house with his old and valued friend Dr. Townley and the Rev. Mr. France, who having travelled at Preston, was not unknown to his family. His appearance was very unhealthy; his countenance, formerly so fair and delicate, appeared to be puffed up and slightly cadaverous in its hue. He complained chiefly of a pain in his side, which was so violent one night, that in the morning he told Mrs. B——, who nursed him with a mother's care, that he had with difficulty refrained from calling them up, in order to obtain the assistance of a surgeon to open a vein.

At this conference, to the sittings of which Mr. Summerfield was freely admitted and treated with great respect, the Rev. Messrs. Richard Reece and John Hannah were appointed to proceed to the United States, to reciprocate the friendship of the American conference, which had been expressed four years before by their representative the Rev. John Emory. It was agreed that Mr. Summerfield, on his return home, should accompany these gentlemen to America. * * *

After his return from Sheffield, and having visited among other places Frodsham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Runcorn, he took up his residence with Anthony Badley, Esq., a gentleman of piety and fortune, then residing at Weston Hill, near the latter place. While under the roof of his kind entertainer, a portrait was painted of this "in every respect, *extraordinary young man*," as Summerfield is justly designated by Mr. B——. This picture, which the worthy owner regards as a "beautiful likeness," has been by him courteously transmitted for the author's inspection: may

Mr. B—— be long spared to contemplate this precious memorial of such a friend in his present residence—Llanrhydd House, in the far-famed and beautiful vale of Clwyd, North Wales.

To Dr Thomas Sargent.

"Liverpool, August 15, 1823.

"My dear Friend—Having promised you the earliest intelligence from the English conference, which was concluded but two days ago, and from which I have just returned, I lose no time in forwarding it to you by the packet which sails to-morrow. The appointment has devolved upon Mr. Reece, and a second has also been appointed to accompany him, Mr. John Hannah, a junior preacher of six or seven years' standing, but a young man of respectable talents; they take their departure in *March next*.

"I look forward with great solicitude to our approaching General Conference; I *hope much*, but I *fear more:* I am anxious that the report borne back by our English brethren may establish that high character of us with which Mr. Emory's talent and worth and piety possessed them, and that their affection to America with which he reinspired them, may become confirmed and durable: but then *this long-agitated question*—O that it were buried in the bottom of the sea! and it may, if there should be a sea, an *ocean of love*, among us at the time. Let us begin to pray for an outpouring of the spirit of meekness, of brotherly-kindness, and at the same time of heavenly wisdom; that while we possess the wisdom of the serpent, we may connect with it the harmlessness of the dove. Remembering that Jesus is yet the Head of the church, let us spread the case before him: he has long held us in his right hand, yea, in the *hollow* of his hand; soon shall we see that

"'His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'

"A very serious and awful occurrence took place at the opening of conference, and had a solemnizing effect during the whole of its session: a coach in which were seven preachers on their journey to this annual assembly, was overturned; only one escaped unhurt; one died in a few hours, his name was Sargent; a second died on the second day, and others are lying dangerously ill, mangled and bruised to a frightful degree. Oh, how mysterious! Surely 'He plants his footsteps in the sea:' we cannot track his design herein; may it preach to each of us, 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' Farewell.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

Towards the latter end of the year, he opened a handsome new chapel at Bilston in Suffolk; it is to a print of this house that he refers in the last clause of the following extract from a letter to his youngest sister: "I have of late more resembled the wandering Arab than the domestic European, and have literally had no certain dwelling-place. However, lest you should imagine that like the Arabian, I have been dwelling in tents, and not in ceiled houses, I send you an engraving of one of my visiting places—and a most lovely one it is as ever you saw."

To Dr. Samuel Baker.

"Liverpool, October 24, 1823.

"The climate of England has been more congenial to me in every respect, [than that of France,] and I rejoice to say that my inner man is renewed day by day; I love my Master, and I love his work; I love his wages, and I love his servants; and if I hate any thing, it is my own life—for I count not my life dear to me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the grace of God As respects my bodily health, it is greatly improved, and I now look forward with some well-grounded

hope that I shall be restored again to your prayers, if it be but for a little season.

"I am now directing my face towards America; God is my record how greatly I long after you all. Early in the year I hope to take my departure; but you shall hear from me before that time, so as to know my final arrangements. I have just returned from Birmingham, where I have spent a month most delightfully; I was a good deal with Mr. and Mrs. Foxall, who are both well, and now travelling among Mr. F.'s relations in Wales."

To Rev. Thomas B. Sargent.

"Liverpool, October 24, 1823.

"My dear Thomas—It is now a month since I wrote to you, but 'tis *an age* since I heard from you. I suppose you are reserving all your good sayings until I can receive them fresh from your own lips; and yet I still think that you have such an abundance of them that the stock would bear a considerable reduction without any sensible diminution: surely you might inclose me—if it were but half a dozen—feelings of your heart, made tangible in the form of words; and I promise you, if you knew how I prize them you would do so.

"My own letters to America are now drawing to a close; early in the year I hope, by the good hand of my God upon me, to embark for my much-loved home. My health is so much improved that I preach about once a week, and find moderate exercise in this way beneficial. I am aware that in the bare mention of this I am rousing all your anxieties, but then, though I can keep nothing from *you*, I assure you, at the same time, that I am much more prudent than I have ever been, and your fears are groundless. I confine myself to preaching on Sunday morning, never choosing an *evening* appointment; indeed, I generally *house* myself after five o'clock, and enjoy my friend and his fireside: *tea-parties* I

have altogether laid aside, and my friends know they need use no importunity to prevail on me. By this means, and extreme care in my clothing, regularity in my exercises, and great attention to my diet, but above all, through His blessing concerning whom we sing,

> 'Except the Lord conduct the plan,
> The best concerted schemes are vain,
> And never can succeed'—

through His blessing I am what I am, and to him shall be devoted all that life he bestows, even to its latest moment of existence. O that he would make me fully conformed to the image of his Son.

"I trust my dear Thomas is growing in grace—striking his roots deeper into that rich soil of *humble love* in which all the graces of the Spirit thrive; and while he is feeling after these *depths*, I trust he is also overtopping the tallest cedars of Lebanon, and clustering on every bough with all the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto the glory and praise of God the Father.

"Remember me affectionately to your dear parents; I write to them *through you:* may my dear Thomas ever be worthy of them.

"Ever yours, etc.,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

The following letter was addressed to captain Williams, a member of the Baptist church, owner of the fine ship Six Brothers, before referred to.

"Runcorn, December 22, 1823.

"My dear Captain Williams, my Christian friend and brother, whom I love in the truth—At this season of the year it is natural that I should have you much upon my mind. Not that I have ever forgotten you, for God is my record that I have good remembrance of you in my prayers; but at this time especially, when I am reminded of my de-

parture from my family and friends, as on this week a year ago, I cannot but connect with this recollection the grateful feelings which pervade my whole soul towards you. I have never thought of you but with affection; and I have wondered what could have moved your unmerited kindness to me, who was altogether a stranger to you. It was not the 'friendship of the world:' this induces every man to look on *his own things* only, and weigh accurately the profit that would accrue from every transaction; but your *disinterested* kindness bears a higher stamp than nature ever impressed. I see in it the counterpart of an apostle's doctrine: 'Loving *Him* that begat, we love *them* also that are begotten of him;' and unworthy as I am to be accounted a disciple of our common Lord, yet you have done what you *have* done in regard to this relationship. I can only endeavor to heap blessings on your head: *thanks* is a poor return; and in reference to my friends, I should mourn over my poverty much more if I did not remember who hath said, '*A cup of cold water* given to a disciple in *the name* of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.' I can boldly, therefore, transfer my debt to Him who has promised to repay. I feel confident that my God will supply to you all my lack out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Thanks to you, my dear friend, again and again; and may the incarnate Immanuel, whose advent into this lower world we at this season commemorate, take up his residence within your heart, and sanctify you throughout, body, soul, and spirit. This is the will of God concerning you, and faithful is he that hath called you, who also will do it. Be strong in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, hold fast that which you have attained, and *press on;* that when you fail on earth, you may be received into everlasting habitations. *Amen and amen.*

"If you see captain Mason, remember me affectionately to him. He was every thing to me that I could wish, a father, a nurse, a servant; and with all the trouble I gave

him through my weakness of body, he never seemed weary of serving me to the utmost of his power. May God reward him a hundred-fold. Farewell.

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

In a letter to his father under the same date as the preceding, Mr. Summerfield wrote as follows—and the intelligence was melancholy indeed with reference to a gentleman who had shown him no small kindness in the United States: "When I reflect upon the loss of many of my friends and acquaintance in the past year, who promised a long, long term of years, I am lost to know why I linger here below. This morning I have received the intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. Foxall. He was fully calculating on returning to America with me and brother Reece. A few weeks ago I parted with him full of health, and now he is no more. 'Be ye also ready,' is sounding in my ears ever since."

On the 10th of February, 1824, he wrote to his old class-leader the Rev. Patrick French, then a Wesleyan missionary on the island of Antigua in the West Indies.

"RUNCORN, near Liverpool, February 10, 1824.

"MY EVER BELOVED FATHER AND FRIEND, whom I unceasingly love in the truth—What shall I say unto you? Not that the difficulty arises in the want of matter, but in the selection from that abundance of it which now presses upon my mind the moment I undertake to write to you.

"Although I have been in England ever since the month of May last, I have not been able to visit Ireland. I thought I perceived an unwillingness on the part of the Irish preachers; indeed I scarcely think they have *from their hearts* forgiven me for leaving them: but the authority of a parent, and that a *pious* one, compelled the change, and I am now *satisfied* that the good hand of my God was with me. He has prospered me in America, above all that I could have asked or thought; but I dare not trust my own heart

to enter into particulars—'the day shall declare it.' In reference, however, to my much-loved Ireland, I am now quite relieved by two letters I have received within the last week from my *best friend* in all that country—my dear *William Stewart*. I only regret that I cannot now accept his invitation to come and receive at the mouths of many the welcome of their 'inside hearts,' as he calls it. But alas, with all this there is mingled the intelligence that brother Steele is gone to his reward. O that we may ever stand with our loins girded up, ready to follow the Bridegroom whenever he appeareth.

"I am, as ever,

"Yours, in the best of bonds,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

His friend Mr. Badley having removed from Weston Hill to Linacre, to avoid the winter's blast, to which the former situation was exposed, Mr. Summerfield accompanied him to this new residence, and, says he, January 29, 1824, "A more delightful spot I could not have chosen." "Since my last," he observes, "I remain much as usual; indeed I am like a '*creaking gate*' whose hinges are half consumed, but yet it hangs on." From this retreat he wrote again to Mr. Blackstock, "14th of February, 1824." This letter was the last he wrote from England.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURNS TO AMERICA—LETTERS—ATTENDS THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE—ORDAINED AN ELDER—APPOINTED A MISSIONARY WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF BALTIMORE CONFERENCE—LETTER TO ENGLAND—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—COLLECTIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY—AT BALTIMORE IN EXTREME DEBILITY.

Mr. Summerfield had now been fifteen months absent from America; and although the latter moiety of that period had been spent in England, the land of his nativity, and amid generous friends and Christian brethren who evinced towards him the greatest respect, he felt nevertheless that he was from home. His bowels yearned towards his father, his brothers, and sisters, whom in recollection, as well as in imagination, he saw assembled about the domestic hearth, the happiness of which he knew suffered some diminution on account of his absence; and where he could not but fancy he might find that repose which appeared still to be so necessary for the reëstablishment of his shattered health. But above all, he sighed to be again engaged in that blessed work of calling sinners to repentance, to which his whole soul was so entirely given up.

On the 16th of March, 1824, he bade farewell, alas, a final farewell, to England, and embarked on board the Orbit, captain Tinkham, and on the 19th of April arrived in New York, "contrary to all my expectations, with a slight degree of improved health."

His return to America had, as before intimated, been expected by a packet vessel which sailed in February; and how cordial a welcome awaited him from one who is now a bishop of that church of which he was a minister, will be seen from the following extract of a letter written by the Rev. Joshua Soule from Baltimore, March 25, and addressed to Mr. Summerfield at New York: "I received informa-

tion through the Commercial Advertiser, of the arrival of the packet and the names of the passengers, the morning previous to the receipt of your letter, and I shall not attempt to describe my feelings when I read the names of Messrs. Reece and Hannah, and found not yours—but my painful apprehensions were but for *a day;* and I assure you, when I ascertained that the cause of your delay was not sickness, or any peculiarly adverse providence, I rejoiced with thanksgiving. Welcome, thrice welcome, my dear John, to the shore of my *native*, and your *adopted* home."

Three days after his arrival he attended the anniversary of the missionary society, and on the Sunday following he preached at Brooklyn, New York, to an overflowing congregation.

The highly spiritual state of his mind may be inferred from the following letters.

To Rev. Thomas B. Sargent.

"New York, April 26, 1824.

"My dear Thomas—I suppose you have long thought it was high time for me to write to you, and indeed so it is; but if you knew how much I have been occupied since my return, you would at least palliate the offence, if not altogether exculpate me. You have been much on my mind, in my heart, and on my tongue; my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that he would open your way, exalt the valleys, bring down the mountains, make the crooked places straight and the rough places plain, and thus *clearly* mark out for you the path in which he would have you to go. Remember, that *difficulty* is a word which has no meaning when applied to Him: it is not in heaven's vocabulary; power belongs to God. Look out of yourself, and altogether upon him: let your heart ever say, 'Lord, here I am; what wouldst thou have me to do?' Ever feel, that though in yourself all weakness, you 'can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth you.'

"I do believe, my dear Thomas, that the Lord will yet hold you like a star in his right hand, by which he will illuminate the churches. O that I may live to see it; then, indeed, will my very heart rejoice. My dear Thomas, seek to lose yourself altogether in the will of God. Have no choice of your own; neither hope nor desire, but according to the will of God. If he will, do you will, if he nill, do you nill; mark his finger in every thing relating to you: remember, your hairs are all numbered; and if he regard *these*, no circumstance which can happen to you is too trivial for him to overrule to your eternal welfare. Take up every cross; never turn aside to avoid *one*, you will always find *two* in the place of it; go into every open door, and cry unto Him continually to be endued with power from on high. Let your religion, like the apostle's, be summed up in this comprehensive expression, 'God, whose I am, and whom I serve:' make an entire surrender of a whole heart to a perfect Saviour; thus will you realize the first part of this sentence, 'whose I am:' the second part will follow as a consequence. Feel yourself the *servant* of Jesus Christ; this was the highest character ever aspired after by the great apostle of the Gentiles; at the feet of his Lord he had laid his character, reputation, talent, nay, his life itself: in this respect our Wesley also imitated him:

> "'Take my soul and body's powers;
> Take my memory, mind, and will;
> All my goods and all my hours,
> All I know and all I feel;
> All I think and speak and do;
> Take my heart, and make it new.'

Thus indeed will you become a new creature: old things will be passed away; behold, all things will become new.

"Ever your very affectionate

"Friend and brother,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Mr. Samuel Harden.

"New York, April 30, 1824.

"My dear Friend and Brother—I fear that your high expectations respecting my health will be humbled by our interview; but I am *alive*, and why should a *living man* complain? My only anxiety on the subject is connected with the church of God. I wish to be fully efficient, that

> "'All my powers, with all their might,
> In her sole glory may unite.'

However, I am in His hands who can hold me up, and make my bow abide in strength: my heart ever cries out,

> "'O for a trumpet voice
> On all the world to call.'"

On the 1st of May he proceeded to the general conference held in Baltimore, halting by the way to preach at Philadelphia. His emotions may be better conceived than described, on being thus permitted once more to hold forth the word of God in the city where, two years before, his life had been despaired of. Great as had been his former popularity, he still found the Philadelphians his "unchangeable friends;" his reception was equal to his expectations.

He attended the sittings of this conference, and on the 19th of May he was ordained *elder*. The Rev. Richard Reece, from England, preached the preparatory sermon, and bishop M'Kendree presided; bishops George and Roberts were also present. "I was presented," says he, "by my valued friend and brother, now my bishop, *Soule;* and he, with Rev. E. C——, F. G——, J. W——, assisted in the laying on of hands. To describe my feelings is impossible; it was a day never to be forgotten. I renewed my vows unto the Lord, in the presence of the most august assembly I ever expect to meet on this side of heaven." * * *

In consequence of the precarious state of his health, and by the advice of physicians, he was appointed by this con-

ference a missionary within its limits for the ensuing year, with liberty to visit any region north or south, as his physicians should recommend. * * *

May 29th, Mr. Summerfield returned to New York, "exhausted in body, depressed in mind, but confiding in the God of providence and grace." In a letter to Dr. Baker he remarks, "We had a tedious journey of it; and although I rested at home the whole of yesterday, I still feel the effects. My sister was still more jaded, and prefers staying at home to accompanying me into the city; however, after the fatigue is over, I hope we shall both show that the kindness of our friends in Baltimore has produced 'marrow in our bones.' For my own part, my friends here speak very flatteringly of the change in my appearance. I hope it may be permanent, and that my future stay among you may tend to the prosperity of my body and my soul."

He preached in Brooklyn at the dedication of a new Methodist church, on the 6th of June; the Rev. J. Hannah from England preached on the same occasion. And on the following Sunday, he occupied the pulpit in John-street church, New York. In connection with this service he remarks, "I never remember so gracious a time under my feeble ministry."

After the close of the sittings of the general conference, he wrote by the English delegates to his esteemed friend Anthony Badley, Esq.:

"The work of God in this country is extending and widening on every side. We have had to increase the number of our annual conferences from twelve to seventeen, and to ordain two new bishops at the general conference, so that we have now five superintendents. I know not where it will stop; but God forbid that it should ever cease until the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the whole earth.

"I trust that the report which Mr. Reece will be prepared to make to the British conference will fully realize my

warmest anticipations. I believe that both he and Mr. Hannah have been more than satisfied—'The half had not been told them.' As it regards themselves, they have given *universal satisfaction.*

"At their parting with us at the general conference at Baltimore, I never saw a more affecting scene: the conference stood up, while the bishops, on behalf of the whole church, gave them the right hand of fellowship, and bade them a long farewell. Mr. Hannah joined in solemn prayer before they withdrew, and was responded to with groanings which cannot be uttered. Our senior bishop, now grey with age and broken down with care, followed him, and reciprocated in fervent petitions all the superabundance of spiritual blessings on the English connection, which the former had supplicated for the American church. It was a struggle for the mastery; but LOVE was the contest, and each was in turn the conqueror and the conquered.

"We again stood upon our feet, while our venerable apostle pronounced the benediction. But I cannot describe the scene: every eye was suffused with tears; business was suspended; silence reigned, except when it was disturbed by the breaking forth of feelings which could not be suppressed. They left us, never to return; and the senior bishop accompanied them to the ship, sorrowing most of all that we should see their face no more. Oh, I felt at that moment, and we all felt, that the Spirit of Christ lives among us. I felt, and we all felt, that Methodism is one wherever it is found—that like seed produces like fruit. Oh, I felt, and we all felt, that

> "'Mountains may rise and oceans roll
> To sever us, in vain.'

I saw that the prayer of our great High-priest had prevailed, 'that they may all be one.' I was abundantly satisfied.

"But it is now high time to express my anxieties concerning my friend in Limerick. May I hope to hear from

you? Oh, favor me with this additional token of your love. How are you prospering? I mean, in spiritual riches, for in this world's goods the great Proprietor of all has given you richly all things to enjoy. But the *true* riches, the *unsearchable* riches, the gold tried in the fire: are you abounding in these? Abounding! yes; for He has said, 'Ask what ye will, and I will do it for you.' With Him it is only ask and have; but then 'ask in faith, nothing doubting.' They are all yours, purchased by the precious blood of Christ, promised to all who come unto God by him, offered by the Holy Spirit without money and without price. Oh, my dear friend, put in your claim for the fulness, the whole fulness; honor God by believing, for the accomplishment of his uttermost salvation, and you shall be saved with all the power of an endless life.

"Yours, with all sincerity,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

After corresponding with Dr. Baker on the propriety or impropriety of his visiting the city of Baltimore in the middle of summer, he resolved, in accordance with professional advice, to make a missionary excursion northward, in the company of a gentleman from New York. He was at this time so feeble that he dreaded to undertake the journey; and yet, says he, "I was fit for nothing else." He took the steamboat to Albany, at which place he joined his companion, in whose carriage they proceeded through New York state into Vermont, and to Middlebury, where they arrived on the 31st of July.

To those who knew and loved as he deserved the subject of these memoirs, it cannot be uninteresting to trace his progress through the brief remnant of his ministerial career. The very names of the places which he visited will form memorials, interesting to the recollections of many who will delight to recall, with the pious memory of the preacher, the scenes and circumstances which distinguished his minis-

trations. To avoid tautology, and at the same time to identify Mr. Summerfield himself as much as possible with the progress of his mission, it will be best generally to quote from a very laconic diary, which he kept after his return to America, such entries as may appear interesting.

"August 1, 1824. Preached in Middlebury on Sabbath morning, and was so exhausted in consequence that the remainder of the day was indeed a burden to me; but the Lord blessed my soul.

"4th. Preached in the Presbyterian church, taking up a missionary collection for our Indian missions amounting to twenty dollars.

"8th. Sunday. Preached again in our church; and never did I experience so great an increase of health and vigor as in the past week. My health seems renewed like the eagle's.

"10th. Preached in Burlington, in the court-house, to a *polite* audience, and spent an agreeable afternoon at the house of the governor." He was a brother of Judge Van Ness of New York.

"11th. Proceeded as far as Montreal in Canada; even here I found many friends.

"12th. Addressed the anniversary assembly of the Montreal Bible Society.

"15th. Preached this morning in the Methodist chapel; our society here is supplied by missionaries from the British conference.

"16th. Visited the Indian settlement of Caughnawaga; a Catholic priest resides among them.

"18th. Preached again in Montreal in behalf of the Lancasterian free-school, and collected one hundred and ten dollars.

"20th. Preached in the Socinian church, Burlington, at their earnest request. I bless God that I had courage sufficient to prevent me from keeping back any part of the

counsel of God. They were offended, and refused to come to hear me again.

"22d. Sunday. Preached in the Presbyterian church, and raised a collection of thirty-four dollars in aid of our missions.

"23d. Departed from Middlebury, and arrived safely at Pleasant Valley, in New York state, on Friday following; where I preached the same evening to such a congregation as we could raise.

"29th. I preached at Poughkeepsie *twice*. This is the first venture of the kind I have made since my hemorrhage in 1822. I found myself so far improved by this my journey, that I was less fatigued than I had been by preaching *once* on the first Sabbath at Middlebury. In the afternoon I accepted the offer of the Reformed Dutch church, being the most spacious in the town. Next day I took my departure for New York, where I arrived safely on Tuesday, the 31st inst., after an absence of five weeks. My health is now better than it has been for some years; so that I am persuaded this journey was of God."

To Doctor Samuel Baker.

"New York, September 6, 1824.

"My dear Doctor—In laboring more abundantly than I have done at any period since my affliction in Philadelphia, I have been supported by the great Physician of body and soul; and while strengthened in the inner man, I have found also that the tabernacle has undergone considerable repair, and that my health is much improved. How long this mercy may be continued to me I know not. I wish to improve it to its full extent, and work while it is called to-day. I feel that I hold life by a very feeble tenure, and I wish therefore ever to be found in the spirit of sacrifice.

"I rejoice to learn that your tour has been no less beneficial than my own, particularly in reference to her on

whose behalf it was mainly undertaken; may she be long continued to you, to be blest and to be a blessing. I now look forward to my return among you with less painful forebodings. The gloom which hung around the horizon of Baltimore whenever I turned my eye in that direction, is now considerably dissipated, and I anticipate a brighter scene, if God permit.

"On Thursday next, the 15th inst., I leave this city for Philadelphia; so you see I am now inclining my steps towards your little Bethany, where I hope ere long to mingle with 'Martha and her sister and Lazarus.' And Oh, that your household may have as distinguished a character as that of Martha 'and the family whom Jesus loved.'

"Believe me, my dear doctor,

"Ever yours, in truest affection,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

On Saturday, the 18th, he arrived in Philadelphia, and on the following day preached to an immense multitude. Ten days afterwards the missionary board of the Philadelphia conference appointed him to travel within the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey for one month, to form auxiliary societies, and to take up collections in aid of this institution. In a letter to Dr. Baker he says, "My health remains *good*—good for *me;* I still labor a little for Him whom my soul loveth, and for whom I would gladly spend and be spent. I have indeed been considerably disappointed by my long separation from you, to which nothing would have reconciled me, but a belief that I was not out of the line of duty. I think I can positively state the time, please God, when I shall be with you; but then it is a period so distant that I am afraid 'hope so long deferred will make the heart sick.' And yet, what is a month—a little month? Agreeably with bishop M'Kendree's request, I have made my arrangements to devote a month to travel within the bounds of this conference, for missionary purposes. To-morrow I depart,

in company with my dear Thomas," Rev. T. B. Sargent. "I have made my calculations, and determined to leave here on Monday the first of November, arriving in Baltimore the following morning."

To Dr. Thomas Sargent.

"LANCASTER, Oct. 7, 1824.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—We promised to write to you once a week during our absence, and as it is a week this day since we left Philadelphia, we come within the engagement. We have arrived here within a few hours, safe and sound—and as to health, '*moving*.' Thomas would have written, but as he preaches this evening, and is as usual a good deal in the '*dithers*' till it is over, I have undertaken the matter. We are travelling in a gig. The weather has been very unfavorable, and although there has been considerable rain, yet *we* have been favored as the Jews were in the rebuilding of their temple—*the rain fell all in the night*, so that our work, like theirs, has not been impeded thereby.

"I can give you no particulars as yet of what we have done: in Strasburg we suffered much in our collection for the want of due notice having been given, which the cross-post prevented us from doing. We have been among *Germans*, and you know what a difficult task it is to coax money from them; it comes like drops of blood from their fingers' ends.

"I hope, however, that we shall not disappoint the expectations of the committee, although I do think neither of us would *covet* such a begging mission again. With love to all your family, in which Thomas unites, I remain,

"My dear doctor, yours, as ever,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

He accordingly preached, with reference to making collections and forming auxiliary missionary societies, at Westchester, Springfield, Churchtown, New Holland, Strasburg, Lancaster, Columbia, Harrisburg, Marietta, Reading, Joanna;

and on the 15th of October he returned to Philadelphia. After visiting New York, where he remained till the 27th, he again set out on his mission.

"Nov. 1, 1824. Met the committee of the Missionary Board of the Philadelphia conference, and delivered my report. The whole amount collected was three hundred and fifty-eight dollars, and six auxiliary societies established. They apportioned me one hundred and eighty-five dollars, of which I gave T—— fifty; travelling expenses were thirty, so that it left me one hundred and five dollars clear. This is the first church property I had received for *two years*, and I disbursed it all upon my dear father in his affliction.

"Nov. 2. Proceeded to Baltimore. 4th. Preached in Light-street, for the first time since my return. I am now comfortably settled here; nothing can exceed the kindness of Dr. Baker and his family. My God, do thou remember them.

"Dec. 1. Preached to the children in Light-street. 9th. Preached again to the children, and collected from them eighty dollars, to remit to my dear brother Finlay, who writes to me most plaintively to raise him fifty dollars. The gold and the silver is God's." * * *

The following entry in Mr. Summerfield's diary will show that the imposition of his name was not confined to missionary children, on whom donors from time to time availed themselves of the privilege of conferring it.

"Dec. 16. Went to open the 'Summerfield chapel' at Elkridge-landing, accompanied by the Rev. William Nevins and other friends. The Lord was graciously with me, and suffered not his word to fall to the ground."

While at Baltimore, in the month of December, he submitted to a course of salivation: that this would be beneficial, was alike the opinion of Dr. Baker, with whom he now dwelt, and of the physician with whom he resided some time while in Liverpool. Of the favorable result of this

severe experiment, his friends as well as himself were very sanguine. Writing to Mr. Blackstock, he says, "It is expected that in the spring I shall fatten up after it, and visit you with a renewed constitution. My mouth is very sore with the mercury, which I rub on my right side every night; and yet I am well able to preach, although I moderate myself to once a week, namely, on Sunday morning, and occasionally exercise at public anniversaries on the week-days, Bible societies, bethel unions, Sunday and free schools, missionary societies, etc, all appearing to fall due just at this time. You need not, however, be uneasy; I am in kind hands under Dr. Baker, and he will not suffer me, even *were I inclined*—which I assure you I am not—to do any more than is quite consistent with my circumstances. I stay *in* always in the evenings, and have determined not to go to any tea-parties, except to *weddings*, for I have begun to marry *others*, though I have no prospect of such a change for *myself;* so that I am sure you will commend my prudence."

Weak as he was, he still continued to preach: after service in Light-street on Sunday morning, although he found his Master's promise, "Lo, I am with you always," graciously fulfilled, yet he remarks, "My physical powers are very weak, and I have seldom been more exhausted than at the close of this exercise; I had to retire to bed. O how should I value a sound constitution, were it the will of God. But it appears to me I am appointed to halt upon my thigh all the days of my life. Well, these light afflictions 'are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed.'" How meekly resigned to the will of God. Content to "halt upon his thigh," after long wrestling with the angel, and having obtained from Him the blessing which in Ireland he so often and bitterly agonized to find. The day following, he writes, "My affliction is so increased, that a consultation of physicians was held to-day. I am interdicted all

public labors. I am the subject of constant fever. 'Lord, thy will be done.'"

On Christmas-day, notwithstanding his general debility, and that his mouth, from the recent effects of the mercury, was almost too sore to allow him to speak, the absence of Mr. Nevins left it almost imperative upon him to take an appointment. "I have resolved, therefore," says he, "to hold out to the end of the year, and then *rest:* if not, I shall soon be carried to my rest in the grave. I preached this morning, December 25, to the *colored people* in Sharpe-street, and the word came with great power—we indeed realized the hymn we had been singing:

> "'O wouldst thou again be made known,
> Again in thy *Spirit* descend;
> And set up in each of thine own,
> A kingdom that never shall end;
> Thou only art able to bless,
> And make the glad nations obey;
> And bid the dire enmity cease,
> And bow the whole world to thy sway.'

The poor Africans appeared to be let into heavenly places; every heart was full.

"SUNDAY, 26th. Heard Mr. Bascum in the morning, and preached myself in the afternoon at Mr. Nevins', from 1 Cor. 16:22. My strength now seemed entirely gone.

"MONDAY, 27th. With a view of fulfilling my final engagement for this year, unwell as I was, I submitted to be carried to Dr. Henshaw's church, to address the anniversary meeting of the Young Men's Bible Society. During the meeting I sat in great pain, and as soon as I had done, was obliged to be carried home. For the remainder of the week I was confined to the house, and lost the enjoyment of all the sanctuary services with which the old year usually closes among us."

CHAPTER XVII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—LETTERS—EXTEMPORE PREACHING—LETTERS—RETURN TO NEW YORK—ADDRESS AT THE FORMATION OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY—LAST ILLNESS—DEATH-BED EXPRESSIONS—DIES IN THE LORD—PUBLIC SYMPATHY—FUNERAL—MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

"Towards the close of any book of biography in which we have been peculiarly interested, there is something of apprehension experienced as we approach the last pages: we know the catastrophe which consummates every work of the kind, because the same is the consummation of every human life. Whose heart has not palpitated, whose hand has not trembled as if it felt a feebler pulse at turning over leaf after leaf, and whose eye has not keenly, eagerly, yet afraid and revoltingly, glanced on to the very line in which the last agony is described, as though it saw the dying look of one who had been 'very pleasant in life,' and from whom, even 'in the volume of the book,' it was hard to be divided? Yea, and we read with prophetic anticipation the record of the last moments of our endeared companion, as one warning more of our own being so much the nearer than when we first became acquainted, though it were but a few days ago."* The foregoing passage, so characteristic of the source whence it emanated, is not more striking than true; and no reader having the common sensibilities of our nature—especially if those sensibilities are refined and exalted by religion, pure and undefiled—can have proceeded to this point in the affecting narrative of Mr. Summerfield's earthly course, without feeling something of the touching presentiment above referred to.

We perceive with certainty how soon some fondly indulged hopes will be disappointed, and how shortly and

* Montgomery's Introduction to Memoirs of Mrs. Susan Huntington, of Boston.

surely some forebodings will be realized. This species of knowledge seems almost to annihilate the scope and indulgence of anticipations that owe their existence to that uncertainty with which the good providence of God has so mercifully overhung the contingencies and duration of every human life. As the final period advances, the incidents of many past years appear to crowd their recollections into the brief remnant of weeks or days that are behind; and in the records of the life of a good man, the memorials become increasingly precious to the heart, as they diminish in bulk to the eye—not so much from any difference in their nature, as from their peculiarity of situation. They are the keystones of that arch of existence whose span extends from time into eternity, either segment of which—the dimly receding past, or the invisible future—appear alike to owe their connection, if not their stability, to that which forms the point of contact.

Under the date of February 11, 1825, Mr. Summerfield, weak as he was, and yet residing at Baltimore, recommenced his diary. "I am," says he in the introductory paragraph, "truly a mystery to myself. The old year has rolled away, and the new year is fast following it, and no record of the dealings of God with my soul. O tell me why—

> "'Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
> In wonder, love, and praise?'

The temptation of postponing all attention to my diary to a more convenient season, still haunts me, and by yielding thereto I am continually brought into darkness. My affliction of body is urged as a reason; and indeed, since the year commenced I have been *greatly* afflicted: but then I may never be otherwise, and thus while vowing for *to-morrow*, *to-night* I die. Painful, then, as it is to flesh and blood, I am resolved *again*—yes, *again*, often as I have done it before—that, God being my helper,

> "'I'll praise him while he lends me breath,'

and henceforward record from time to time more faithfully what he hath done for my soul.

"My mind has been for some time in *great darkness*. I seem to have gone clean out of the way. I have no light. The new year opened propitiously to many, but, Ah me, that day was as the former." Here is distress and fear again. The dark lantern of the body often obscures the light of the soul clear shining within, so that it is hidden even from him who possesses it; yet it will, it will break out at lucid intervals, and cast its bright beams, not on himself alone and his path, but upon all things and persons around him.

And accordingly, in the very next entry, when speaking of preaching in Light-street church, from 1 John, 1 : 9, he says, "Never do I remember to have been more greatly blessed myself, or made a more general blessing to others: for a short season, even all that day, I was in the suburbs of the heavenly city. O that I could have remained there without ever descending."

"January 31. This is my birthday. Time strikes a solemn knell this day to me; it may mean, '*This year thou shalt die*.' I am truly surprised that I am so little alive to this interesting season. My birthday was always an uncommon event in my estimation, and my feelings were peculiar; but O how my spirit groans beneath a cumbering load of weakness and affliction, and how little are my spiritual enjoyments. O Lord, revive thy work.

"Sunday, February 6. I preached in Eutaw-street church, on 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?" Afterwards the communion was administered to a multitude beyond any number I ever saw in that solemn ordinance. The serving of the tables occupied an hour and a half; but O, the Master was there, and the spirit was willing and enabled to endure the fatigue.

"February 11. This day I have been greatly blessed in reading Wesley's sermons on the *Wilderness State*, and

Heaviness through Manifold Temptations. My clouds are beginning to break away: I have determined to live nearer to God than ever, that like him I may know *no darkness at all.* Lord, lift thou upon me the light of thy countenance.

"SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13. Preached this morning in Caroline-street church, on Isaiah 1 : 10. I believe it was made a general blessing. This evening I had a most profitable fireside conversation with the kind family with whom I reside. Their love to me is wonderful. Lord, remember them for good.

"Yesterday afternoon I heard a profitable discourse from brother Wells, on 'Consider one another to provoke to love.' His remarks on the words 'consider one another,' I hope never to forget. Consider the age, the constitutional temper, the educational impressions, etc. O, if we considered one another more, how it would lead us tenderly to caution, advise, reprove one another in love; and how little of evil-speaking would there be, were these solemn words always impressed on us, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again.' God will fulfil this to us. 'Tis awful."

This was the final entry; the last string of the breaking heart seems here to have sounded; and it is remarkable that this is a caution against "evil-speaking," of which he had tasted often the wormwood and the gall even among religious people.

The two following letters to a student who had the ministry in view, are of deep interest.

To Mr., now Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, of Princeton, N. J.

"BALTIMORE, December 8, 1824.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER must not suppose for one moment that because he has not received a line from me since our interview in the summer, he had no longer any place in my remembrance. O, no; 'God is my

witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers.'

"Your first letter was received, though out of date. Perhaps you have heard that about that time I made a tour through several of the New England states and the lower province of Canada, everywhere preaching the word. Immediately on my return to New York, I was appointed to travel through the state of Pennsylvania, and partially through Jersey, which filled up every niche of my time till early in November, when I arrived here, where I am now fulfilling the duties of my regular station; and scarcely had I become settled, before your second favor was forwarded to me from Philadelphia, where it had been directed. I greatly rejoiced in the consolation which its contents afforded me, and I do most earnestly covet another and another, 'that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me.'

"While I sincerely mourn with you, that out of so large a number of the rising generation which your college brings together, *so few*, comparatively, are wise to understand the things which belong to their everlasting peace, yet I thank God and take courage that there is still 'a *remnant* according to the election of grace;' and while I consider your own circumstances in your present situation, like those of the 'greatly beloved' Daniel in the land of his captivity, and in the house of bondage, yet, like him also, I anticipate concerning my greatly beloved friend, that he shall 'stand in his lot at the end of the days.'

"I am not able to ascertain from the tenor of your letter, whether or not Satan is tempting you 'in the wilderness' with respect to your call to the ministry, or whether he has 'departed for a season.' You express, however, in both your letters, the comfort you have received from the individual application which you have been enabled to make of

Isaiah 6 : 6, 8. It is indeed a passage very full of comfort; and although you confess that the latter part of the chapter is dark and appalling, yet it need present no such horror to *you*. While the qualifications for the ministry—circumstances apart—must be *essentially* the same with those of the prophet, yet the tenor of the commission which is intrusted unto *us* runs in a sweeter strain: 'God hath committed unto *us* the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them: now then we are ambassadors of Christ, as though God did beseech by us; we pray men in Christ's stead, that they be reconciled unto God.' O what strains are these:

"'Tis mercy all, let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.'

Our great theme is 'Jesus Christ crucified;' our great *business* is to set him forth to men, 'evidently crucified before their eyes;' our great *glorying* is, 'the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world.' Oh, it is *his* name which gilds the page of our commission; it is *his* name which throws such a halo of glory around every part, as to absorb *all* within its beams; it is *his* name which contains the charm to drive away the evil spirit out of man:

"'For devils fear and fly.'

"'Happy if with your latest breath,
You may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!'

"I doubt not, my dear friend, that rather than refuse the offered privilege, you would sacrifice your all. I doubt not but you have laid at *his* feet your health, your property, your reputation, your life itself; and that you have determined to be the servant, or rather, as you know the term is, the *slave* of Jesus Christ; and that nothing now is wanting

to your being unreservedly given up to the service of your condescending Master, but the solemn imposition of hands, to which you look forward with so much solicitude. Continue to live in the spirit of sacrifice; those things which are gain to you, count loss for Christ.

"May the Spirit of the Father and the Son lead you into all truth; may he be your sanctifier, as well as comforter; may his unction ever abide upon you; and when that solemn hour shall arrive, when the hands of the presbytery shall mark you out as the devoted victim of the daily cross, may his baptismal fire descend and take up his abode within you, purifying your heart to be the sanctuary of God, and a holy of holies for his abiding habitation.

"My dear yoke-fellow, yours in Christ Jesus,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

The remarks in the following letter upon extempore preaching "are very highly deserving of notice, as coming from such a source. All who ever heard this eminent pulpit orator will readily acknowledge that he approached to perfection, in fluency, aptness, arrangement, and choice of diction: that is, in what constitutes the highest praise of an extemporary speaker."

To the same.

"Baltimore, January 4, 1825.

"My very dear Friend—I very sensibly feel alive to the confidence your letter reposes in me, and I feel thankful also that you let me so fully into your *inside heart*. I see its workings, and how tremblingly sensitive it is on the great subject to which all the energies of your mind are bending. Will it be any relief to my dear friend to assure him that these anxieties are the counterpart of my own, even unto this present hour? Yes, for I will not scruple to disclose it, that although I am now in my seventh year of ministerial labor, the *agony* with which I entered upon it

is unabated. I still feel it a crucifixion, a martyrdom, a dying daily.

"Human sciences may become familiar by incessant application, and practice may make perfect; but the science of salvation *passeth knowledge:*

> "'I cannot reach the mystery,
> The length, the breadth, the height.'

Angels themselves are represented as desiring to look into these things; and yet, with all the might of all their bending minds united, they fail to comprehend them, and join us in the apostle's cry, 'O the depth, the depth.' And it ever *must* be so; so long as we retain the spirit of our commission, our dependence upon the Holy Spirit will continue to be as sensibly felt in our last sermon as in our first, unless we have learned to preach without him; and then we shall be sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—noisy instruments of no value. But let not my dear friend be therefore weary and faint in his mind; be not unwilling to harbor the incessant cry within your breast, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and let the faith which moves the mountain triumphantly rejoin, 'My sufficiency is of God; I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' Ever lean upon the promise of the great Head of the church, 'Lo, I am with you always.' And you also shall find, even if your record be that of the brightest luminary of the Christian church, 'No man stood by me, but all men forsook me;' 'nevertheless, the *Lord* stood with me.' 'Be not thou therefore moved at the afflictions of Christ, but endure hardness as a good soldier.' Remember the recompense of the reward.

"In reply to your remarks on extemporary discourses, I am glad to find your own soul in such perfect harmony with mine. You very much magnify the difficulty of it, but you have not yet been called to grapple with it; and I am fully persuaded, that even in your infancy as a minister of Christ Jesus, you will strangle the serpent. Such is my decided

impression, from the views you have already taken of the subject. And yet you cry, '*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*' I do not know that any thing I could suggest would be applicable to your circumstances, because the mode of training for the ministry in our church differs so totally from yours.

"On admission into our church, each member is put into a class, so called, composed of a dozen persons, more or less. This class is under the care of a judicious man, well experienced in the things of God; we call him the *class-leader*. It is his business to meet his class collectively once every week, and speak to each member in relation to his Christian experience. This method gives a young man at the outset a facility in describing his own views and feelings without embarrassment, and he is improved by hearing his classmates speak their experience in like manner. Thence he is appointed to be a *leader* himself, and this affords a facility of addressing a word of advice to others. Thence he is advanced to be a leader in a prayer-meeting, then an exhorter; and finally, upon full trial, he enters the ministry with much less embarrassment than the man who is launched out from scenes in which every thing is prepared with labor, and made the subject of severe criticism.

"In your case I should recommend the choice of a companion or two, with whom you could accustom yourself to open and amplify your thoughts on a portion of the word of God, in the way of *lecture;* choose a copious subject, and be not anxious to say *all* that might be said; let your efforts be aimed at giving a *strong outline*, the filling up will be much more easily attained. Prepare a *skeleton* of your *leading ideas*, branching them off into their *secondary* relations; this you may have before you. Digest well the subject, but be not careful to choose your *words* previous to your delivery. Follow out the idea in such language as may offer at the moment. Don't be discouraged if you fall down a hundred times, for though you fall, you shall rise again;

and cheer yourself with the prophet's challenge, 'Who hath despised the day of small things?'

"To be a correct extemporaneous preacher, you will need to write a good deal, in order to correct style and prune off the exuberance of language; but I would not advise you to write on the subject upon which you intend to preach. If you fill up on paper the matter of your text, you will contract a slavish habit of cumbering your mind with the words of your previous composition. Write on other subjects, and leave your words free and spontaneous for pulpit exercises.

"If I were near you, I would show you my plan of skeletonizing. As I hope to have that pleasure in the spring, I will then let you into my plans, if you think them of any value. I never preach without having prepared an outline, but I never write a sermon out at length.

"May the Lord direct you in all things. Write me again and again.

"Yours, in love,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Mrs. Bethune, of New York.

Written a few months after the death of her husband.

"BALTIMORE, January 14, 1825.

"MY DEAR MRS BETHUNE must not suppose for one moment that my silence for so long a time has arisen from any abatement in my affections, or forgetfulness of her claims upon me. I thank God that I have often had good remembrance of you in my prayers night and day, and often have commended you to Him who is the judge of the widow. But truly I have been a child of much affliction, and though my spirit has been willing, the feeble state of my health has retarded me. Not that the bare writing of a letter is in *itself* a task of so great magnitude under any circumstances, but the mind sympathizes so acutely with the 'weaker vessel,' as to render it at times almost impossible to surmount its sensibilities. Some time ago I wrote to Mr. H——, and

therein I made mention of you, with a desire to know *how* you are, and *where* you are. Mr. H—— did kindly favor me with a few lines in reply, merely to acknowledge the receipt of my letter, with a promise to write at full length in a few days. Those *few* days are multiplied into many, and I have become the more anxious on *his* account also to know what is transpiring among you; for 'God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' A few days since, I dined in company with the Rev. Mr. M——, a son of the doctor, and from him I was pleased to hear a favorable account of your beloved son George, and that he manifests much seriousness and devotedness to the sacred character to which he is preparing himself for future life. O, is this the case? I wish he would write to me. I keep up a sweet correspondence with Princeton college; but strange to say, I have no correspondent in the Theological seminary, although I sometimes think that there are several youths there upon whom I have *some* claim to be remembered.

"I trust that the mellowing hand of time has in some degree dried up the tears of your lonely widowhood. Whither he is gone 'you know, and the way you know.' He shall not return to you, but you shall go to him. Remember, the gulf is not between heaven and earth, but heaven and hell; and now that he is absent from the body, he is present with the Lord—that Lord whom he loved when he saw him not, and whom he now sees face to face:

> 'Where all the ship's company meet,
> Who sailed with their Captain beneath.'

And Oh, my God, shall *I* be there? And shall you be there? Yea, saith the Spirit. Yea, saith the Saviour; for 'where I am, there shall my servants be.' Yea, saith the Father, 'It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Let us comfort one another with these words, and then 'to die is gain.'

"Farewell, my dear madam. Give my love to our mutual friends; and believe me, sincerely and affectionately, yours in Christian love,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

To Rev. Mr. T——.

"Baltimore, January 14, 1825.

"My dear Friend—What an age is it since we last saw each other; and which of us had the most distant idea, when we separated in Ireland, of our being so near together as the space between Pittsburg and Baltimore.

"And now I think it is time I should say something about yourself. I have learned with regret, that success has not attended your removal to this country according to your expectation. You know how opposed I was to it. However, this is poor comfort; nevertheless, I rejoice to know that you have not fallen into the snare of too many of our poor Irish brethren, whom I have met with in Canada and elsewhere, who have in the same proportion as they lost ground on earth given up their hope of heaven, and departed from the living God. I trust that your mountain still stands strong, and that you yet *know* that you have in heaven a better and an *enduring* substance. As for myself, with much weakness of the body with which I have had to contend, I am yet honored with a name among the living in Jerusalem. In this country my labors have been indeed *more abundant*, and I have not been permitted to labor *alone;* having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day. My soul is in my work, and the zeal of the Lord's house is as a fire within my bones. The Lord has honored me with many honors, and at the same time has taught me the art of hanging them all as trophies on the cross of Christ. My health is improving, and I pray that my days may yet be lengthened out, that I may bear witness of the great salvation to children yet unborn. Farewell, my dear friend.

"Yours in Christian affection,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

To Mr. Francis Hall.

"Baltimore, Jan. 21, 1825.

"My dear Friend—I received your welcome favor, and also the former one, to which I should have replied, but was waiting the second as promised. Shall I say you have done *well* in that you have ministered to my necessities? Nay, you have done *more;* the great apostle of the Gentiles could only acknowledge the ministration of his friends at Philippi '*once and again,*' but you have supplied my need more than this; acknowledgment is all the return I can yet make: but Oh, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' I assure you I feel the humiliation connected with it, to which circumstances only could constrain my submission; but my God shall supply all your need out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

The following letter was written to the widow of the late lamented George Warner, Esq., who died on the 1st of January, 1825, known and beloved by thousands in the city and state of New York, of whose legislature he was for many years a member; and who, for more than half a century, was eminently distinguished for his zealous and unceasing exertions in the cause of Christ.

"Baltimore, February 15, 1825.

"My dear Mrs. Warner must not suppose because I have not broken silence until now, that I had no sympathy with her under her late bereavement. Job's friends sat by his side upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great. But then surely there is a fit time when the 'minister of peace' should break the seal of his commission, and fulfil its mandate, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.' It would indeed be impertinent in any other than the 'Prince of life,' who was about to give back

to the disconsolate widow her greatest earthly treasure, to say, 'Weep not.' Oh no, it is permitted to us to weep, and even to sorrow many days: but then 'let us not sorrow as do others; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him.' 'He is not *dead* then, but *sleepeth;*' and Jesus will yet awake him out of sleep. He has long known that his Redeemer liveth, and that in the latter day he should stand again upon the earth and see him eye to eye—Him whom he loved, though he saw him not, and in whom he long rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"Oh, how I should have desired to be with him when the shadows of time were flitting away and the glories of eternity bursting upon his open vision. O how I should have longed to witness in him with what peace a Christian can die. I might have learned a lesson which is now lost to me for ever. But *you* witnessed it; nay, you were the witness of his *life*, which was a *daily* lesson; the last chapter of which might be summed up in one line, 'I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' He felt that for him to live was *Christ*, but now he finds that 'to die is *gain*.' Happy soul, thy days are ended. He has gained the prize before us; but then, although we have it not as yet, 'there is *laid up* for us a crown of righteousness, which the Lord will give at that day.' And though we should long be kept out of the possession of it, rust will not corrupt it; it is a crown of glory that fadeth not away Oh, that you and yours may gain the blissful shore as safely as he has done, without any shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience. And Oh, my God, *remember me.* When your feelings will permit, I should be glad to hear some particulars of the last moments of my much-beloved and never-to-be-forgotten friend. He was among *the first* of my friendships in New York, both as to my early acquaintance with him, and the value I placed upon his disinterested kindness to me. I am bereav-

ed indeed. One after another is summoned away, and I am left to hear tales of woe. It sounds like a knell unto myself, 'Be ye also ready; for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' Farewell, my dear friend, and may He who knows how to comfort them that are in trouble, pour in the oil and the wine into your broken, bleeding heart. "Yours in the Lord,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

In the month of March, 1825, Mr. Summerfield returned from Baltimore to New-York, in consequence of the alarming indisposition of his father; on his arrival at the latter city, he fully expected soon to be called upon to close the eyes of his beloved parent, at whose bedside he remained day after day, little calculating upon the mournful alternative which in the order of Providence was soon to take place.

To Dr. Samuel Baker.

"Bloomingdale, N. Y, March 3, 1825.

"My dear Doctor—I arrived here last evening after dark, and found my dear father much better than I had expected: I see no particular change, except that he has taken to his bed permanently, which seems the precursor of his approaching change. He told me that his feelings indicated that he should be carried off suddenly; he speaks of his approaching change as though he had long accustomed his mind to be familiar with the scene, and taught himself to die daily; we wept and rejoiced together.

"I need not tell you how anxious I shall be till I hear from you, especially in reference to Mrs. D——; she is ever before my mind and upon my heart: as for *myself*, I am unusually well, with an appetite greatly improved by travelling.

"Commending you all to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God, and praying that you may all be preserved until my coming again, I conclude in haste but with much affection.

"Kind remembrance to all friends, love to Mrs. D——,

Mrs. B——, E——, and all the children, from William the first-fruits to little *Blossom*—not forgetting Alfred.

"Yours most truly and sincerely,

"JOHN SUMMERFIELD."

At this time, while he was residing with his family in the country about four miles from New-York, a physician who called to pay him a friendly visit observing his delicate state of health, and believing the situation was too cold for him, ordered him to the city. He accordingly removed to the house of his kind friend Dr. Beekman, where he was confined to his room and bed about a month, after which he so far recovered as to be able occasionally to ride or walk out.

During this short interval of temporary convalescence, he was employed, with several of his brethren in the ministry of different denominations, in the formation of THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, of whose Publishing Committee he was a member. On Tuesday, May 10, he sat for several hours in the convention assembled for adopting its constitution, and his last public act was an eloquent address at the organization of this flourishing society on the succeeding day;* of which a brief sketch was reported in the Commercial Advertiser as follows:

* The day after, Thursday, was the anniversary of the American Bible Society. Mr. Summerfield, with several distinguished strangers and members of the Society, was invited to dine with his esteemed and highly respected friend the Rev. Dr. Milnor. This invitation occasioned the following note, in which there is a peculiar interest, when we reflect that it was the *last* he ever wrote! On the Monday succeeding, he took to his bed.—J. B.

To the Rev. Dr. Milnor.

"MAY 12, 1825.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR—In the anticipated pleasure which your invitation to dinner to-day inspired, 'memory lost her seat;' I forgot that my diet is simply bread and milk, and that I had not tasted animal food of any kind for some months.

"At your table I know I should see 'as it were a great sheet let down at the four corners, containing'—'all that was pleasant for food;' but then no accompanying voice would address *me*, 'Arise, Peter, kill and eat.' Unwilling therefore to appear singular, and fearing

"Hume predicted the downfall of Christianity in the nineteenth century; nay, he declared that he already saw evidences that its ruin was approaching. It was not the evening twilight, however, but as it were the dawning light of Christianity which he saw; for with the commencement of the nineteenth century the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society of London were brought forth.

"Voltaire too, with impotent rage, assailed Christianity, and boasted that although it took twelve men to plant it, his single arm should root it out. In that day and country it was customary to sneer at Christians. And among the French nobility it was an old saying, "We'll leave the poor to the clergy." Bless God for the legacy. The poor we have always with us.

"Tom Paine boasted that he had cut down every tree in paradise. There was one tree he did not cut down, and that was the *tree of life*. Would that he had reached forth his hand and taken its fruit.

"It is a wonderful dispensation of Providence, that Voltaire's press—that very press that scattered his baneful tracts, so that, like the frogs in Egypt, they were found in their houses, their kneading-troughs, and their ovens—is now actively employed at Geneva in printing the holy Scriptures. In the very chamber too where Hume uttered his evil prophecy, the first Committee assembled for forming the Edinburgh Bible Society. One of the converts of Carlisle, who sent that wretch a donation in prison, as he said, to compliment him for having delivered him from his

it might put you to inconvenience, I beg of you to excuse me till we can enjoy 'all things in common.'

"I could not make my way into the City Hotel this morning, or I would have spoken to you.

"With kind regard to Mrs. M——, believe me very affectionately yours,

"J. SUMMERFIELD."

"THURSDAY, 3 o'clock."

ridiculous fears of hell and his fantastical hopes of heaven, lately died in the most horrible agony, exclaiming, '*I am lost!*'

"In all the anniversaries of benevolent institutions which I have attended on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, the Canadas, and the United States, I have never been conscious of such a spirit of Christian love inspiring the hearts of all, as on the present occasion. To this token of the divine approbation many have manifested their respect by their tears. For myself, again and again, I could not refrain from weeping. The room affords a delightful spectacle. In the union of different sects of Christians, there is a semblance of that love which is so beautiful in the Christian character. It is a love which we can even see as it were beaming from the face, looking out at the eyes, breathing from the lips, and distilling from the hands, thus creating an atmosphere which angels come down to inhale, and in which God himself delights to dwell; for he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him."

A few days after this he went to pay his father, who had in some degree recovered from his attack, a visit prior to his return to Baltimore; and little did he or his father think that this would be the last time they should see each other in the flesh! On this very day his physician was consulted with respect to his intended journey: he apprehended from appearances that amidst a complication of complaints, his most formidable disease was a *dropsy;* this unexpected diagnosis was fully confirmed when next day he took to his bed—never again to rise from it.

He soon after received the following letter of Christian counsel and consolation from his father, both lying on the bed of death.

"Bloomingdale, Friday evening, May 20, 1825.

"My dear John—The mysterious providence of our being separated by severe affliction, I sincerely feel; and

were I not supported by the assurance that all things shall work for our good, my spirit would fail; but here I rest.

"My dear John, you are surrounded by friendly physicians, who are deeply concerned for your bodily health, and probably so much so as to prohibit the access of God's people. But remember, my dear, they cannot stand for you before God; therefore, any of his people you may wish for, send for them. My prayers and tears are continually sent to the mercy-seat on your behalf.

"I know not how this our affliction will end; but it will be our highest wisdom to lay hold of God, as he is revealed in his word according to our wants, through our right in the atonement by Jesus Christ.

"Your afflicted and affectionate father,

"WILLIAM SUMMERFIELD."

During this last sickness, such was the violence of the disease, and the consequent effect of the anodynes which were necessarily administered, that he had but few lucid intervals. Notwithstanding this, his ideas were at times exceedingly sublime, obscured as they frequently were by the inability to express fully what he meant to convey. The bent of his mind was very evident; the leading features of his remarks were, *the glory of the church, the prosperity of Zion*—themes upon which he had dwelt with delight while in health. "The glory of the church—the glory of the church of New York!" he exclaimed: "her walls shall be salvation and her gates praise!" He attempted to illustrate the union subsisting between Bible and Missionary societies by the most chaste and beautiful metaphors. One morning, while enduring great bodily pain, he exclaimed,

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

Throughout this severe illness, his mind generally appeared engaged about heavenly things: on a subsequent morning

he drew the bed-curtains aside, and said to a friend who stood by, "Show me the throne! where is the throne?" He would often speak on the fellowship of saints; and sometimes he appeared engaged at a sacramental feast.

In a conversation which took place about ten days after he was laid sick, he remarked to his kind friend Mrs. Doctor Beekman, that her "infirmity of body was not less than his own; but," continued he, "had you my mental sufferings to contend with, in addition to your weakness of body, perhaps you would hardly bear it." He expressed a great desire to be raised again, if it were the will of God: "Affliction," said he, "is not *joyous*, but *grievous;* for example, even Christ himself prayed, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.'" After a pause, he emphatically said, "*Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.*" A deep sense of his unworthiness seemed to oppress his mind: "Having lived so long," he said, "and to so little purpose: Oh," he added, "if I might be raised again, *how I could preach!* I could preach as I never preached before; *I have taken a look into eternity!*" During this conversation the distressing hiccough, from which he had had little or no relief for some days and nights, was converted into a most affecting sob. On its being remarked to him that he suffered himself to be too much cast down by this deep sense of his own unworthiness, a friend spoke to him of the numbers that had been blessed under his ministry, some of whom were themselves preaching the gospel, and others promising fair to commence the work in due time, besides many of whom we shall never hear: "Oh," he replied, "say nothing on that subject;" and then he sobbed out, "Well, I have been a laborer for seven years." He paused for a few moments, and then with emphasis added, "Bless God, I have at least served an *apprenticeship.*" After a little time taken to recover himself, he continued, "I know not how it will *end* with me in this sickness; death is not so near to me as I could wish it to be, were this to be

my *last* sickness:" raising his hand, he said, "I wish to have eternity brought before me, as near to my view as *that*," looking at his hand; "this not being the case, I have thought it a presentiment that God will again raise me. 'Tis singular to remark," continued he, "that the last time I sat down to prepare a sermon, my mind was led to these words, '*Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better:*' the sermon just filled up the last volume of my sermons, and after closing the book, I was led to make use of these words, '*My work is done!*' Yet," he added, "if it were God's will, I should like to preach it."

It is worthy of observation here, that during his severe illness of 1822, when in Philadelphia, and when no hope was entertained of his recovery, this text of Scripture was much upon his mind: "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." After dwelling upon this for some time, the latter part of the text, "nevertheless, to abide," etc., was so fixed on his mind, that he said to a friend in a confident manner, "*This sickness is not unto death.*" The same friend being with him a night during his last illness, Mr. Summerfield said, "Thomas, do you remember I told you in Philadelphia how much those words, '*Having a desire to depart,*' etc., were impressed upon my mind? You recollect with what confidence I informed you that I should recover, from the latter part of the text fastening upon me in so peculiar a manner, 'nevertheless, to abide in the flesh?' Now," continued he, "it is *reversed:* the *latter* part I have nothing to do with; the *former* is altogether on my mind."

On one occasion, when a cup was handed to him to take a drink, he looked upon his friends present, many of whom surrounded his bed, and smiling upon them severally, he said,

> "On *you*, on *me*, on *all* be given
> The bread of life, which comes from heaven."

About ten days before his death, he was visited by his much esteemed friend Bishop Soule. The interview was a most affecting one. He had just obtained relief from very violent suffering. When the bishop entered the room he fixed his eyes upon him. The bishop took him by the hand. For a few seconds they silently gazed upon each other, when the bishop said, "I trust, John, all is *peace*." Being much overcome, and after giving vent to his feelings, the suffering saint replied, "*I have a hope of which I trust I need not be ashamed.*" The bishop put up a most fervent petition, to which Mr. Summerfield responded in a deeply devout manner. When the prayer was concluded, he said, "Bless the Lord, all within me *shouts* his praise;" he added, "great is the weakness of my body." The bishop observed, "Well, my dear brother, you have been *doing* the will of the Lord, now you are *suffering;* so that in *doing* and *suffering* you are serving the Lord." To which he replied, "I bless God. The will of the Lord be done." Then taking a valedictory salutation, he said, "Bishop, farewell; if I do not meet you again on earth, meet me in heaven."

At another time he said, "I doubt not but many will expect a *dying testimony,* but I know not how this may be with me. I would, however, give the answer of Whitefield to a female friend. When she asked him what his dying testimony would be, Whitefield replied, that he had preached Christ, a *living testimony.*"

A few days before he breathed his last he had been taking a little porter and water, when he requested that no anodyne might be administered whenever it should appear that the time of his dissolution was approaching. "Administer nothing," said he, "that will create a stupor, not even so much as a little porter and water, as I wish to be perfectly collected, so that I may have an unclouded view." "Oh," said he, "I fear not so much the *consequences* of death; but nature's *last struggle*—flesh shrinks when we

contemplate *that:* when the spirit is separated from the body, it stands, it stands, after the dislodgement, *trembling and quivering.* Oh, it is *that*—it is *that convulsive struggle* which harasses the mind." On being told there would be grace sufficient, he replied, "Well—yes—well—*all is well.*"

After expressing his obligations in the most affectionate manner to all his friends, many of whom he named and remarked on something peculiar in each of them, he spoke of one for whom he felt more than common interest. "Oh," said he, "how much that dear friend has been the subject of my prayers. With respect to the things of this life, my God will reward him. I believe he will never lack in the store nor in the basket. I trust he will meet me in glory: this is the subject of my prayers for him." He then said to his sister Blackstock, "Ellen, my dear, we have been much separated; we have not seen much of each other; my time has been greatly occupied without my being able to enjoy *much* of your society: but absence has never banished you from my mind. God is my record that you are daily borne in the arms of faith to the footstool of his mercy. I plead there for *each one of you by name.*"

Within the last three days of his life, he appeared to be no stranger to approaching dissolution. On the 11th of June, he requested that his sister would have mourning prepared. The day before he died, he wished to change his position in bed; he pointed towards the bedside, and spoke of the grave. He was at the same time exceedingly restless, and said, "I wish for a change." When asked what he meant, he replied, "I want a change, a change of *form,* a change of *every thing.*" Among his last articulate expressions, was an attempt to quote a passage of scripture, which he left unfinished. It was delivered with much hesitancy. "Al—though—sin—has—entered—" Shortly afterwards he called his brother to the bedside, took his hand, and requested that he would stay by him.

About five o'clock on the evening preceding his death, he called out in a surprisingly audible voice for his sisters, each by name: "Anne;" being told that she was not there, he called, "Amelia;" she was also absent, attending her afflicted father. He then called, "Ellen," his eldest sister, who was present. She took him by the hand, and reminded him of the necessary absence of his sisters. He replied, "Well—tell *Amelia*—tell *Anne*—tell *them*—ALL IS PERFECTION."

In the course of the evening, his sister, thinking that he was much more comfortable than he had been for a few days past—little did she think he was so near his end—embraced the opportunity of visiting her anxious parent, who was confined to his bed in the country. She returned about ten o'clock in the evening, with a message from him to his darling son. She said, "John, my dear, your father sends his *love* to you: he desired me to say that you are the subject of his prayers night and day"—to which he made no reply; his eyes appeared fixed, but there was no apprehension of his immediate death. She added, "John, my love, is that right?" He answered, "*Certainly, Oh, certainly.*" Observing that his cough was very troublesome, she said, "My dear John, you must have taken cold from the windows being open." He said, "Very possible." She then gave him a drink, which was his *last*, as she was about to retire to rest for a few hours. She gave him a kiss, and said, "Good-night;" to which he replied, "*Good-night.*" These were his *last words*.

From this time until about four o'clock in the morning, he appeared in a comfortable sleep, when a change was first discovered to have taken place. His friends were then collected, and remained around his bed until, without a groan, or one convulsive struggle, his spirit departed at twelve minutes past eleven in the forenoon of the 13th of June, 1825.

A friend immediately proceeded to Bloomingdale to

communicate the mournful intelligence to his afflicted parent. On the gentleman's entering his chamber, Mr. Summerfield raised his head from his pillow, and was at once convinced of the cause of the visit: 'So, Mr. S——, I perceive you are the harbinger of melancholy tidings to me—my dear John is no more." After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes heavenward, and with pious resignation exclaimed, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," deeply agitated; then added, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus lived, and thus died John Summerfield—a man whose name is not only written "in the Lamb's book of life," and his piety recorded on high, but one, the fragrant memorial of whose virtues deserves to be cherished by the church below, as exhibiting in a high degree the spirit which characterized his evangelical namesake mentioned in the gospel, even "that other disciple whom Jesus loved."

The last entry in his father's journal is as follows:

"My dear John departed this life on Monday, the 13th of June, and was interred the next day. From the accounts I have received, I have every reason to thank God for his safe arrival in heaven, where I hope to meet him soon, and all my dear children that are left behind. I thank God for giving me such a son; may his death speak louder than all his preaching. Lord, prepare me to follow him to thy kingdom."

The sensation which the news of this event produced wherever the deceased preacher had been known, was deep and general, and testimonies of his piety, his eloquence, and the attractiveness of his entire character, immediately appeared in many of the newspapers of the United States. To transcribe these spontaneous effusions of respect—in many instances the more valuable as coming from individuals not to be supposed to have any favorable predilections towards the body to which Mr. Summerfield belong-

ed—would be a pleasing task; but that which constitutes a chief excellency of the documents in question, forms at the same time one main objection to their repetition in this place. They are almost uniformly couched in language at once laudatory to the memory of the deceased and honorable to the feeling of the writers, while the choicer epithets and illustrations which they contain are not unfrequently implicated with obituary notices of considerable length. Collectively, therefore, they would occupy more space and present less variety than might be deemed compatible with the design of the present work.

On Tuesday, the 14th of June, the funeral took place. The procession being formed, moved from Dr. Beckman's house in Cortlandt-street at a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon, in the order following: Members of the Young Men's Missionary Society, of which Mr. Summerfield was president; ministers of various denominations, six of whom were pall-bearers; the mourners, and a long train of the friends of the deceased. The streets through which the procession passed were greatly crowded: a degree of seriousness marked every countenance; indeed the public sympathy could hardly have manifested itself more than it did on this occasion. The loss of a *great* and *good* man appeared to be sensibly felt by all classes of the community.

Arriving at John-street, the body was taken into the Methodist church, which was filled to overflowing; an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. T. Birch, and the service concluded by a solemn and affecting prayer from the Rev. Henry Chase. The procession was then again formed and proceeded to the steamboat ferry, where it crossed to Brooklyn. Here the body was again taken into the Sands-street Methodist church, when the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs read the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians, and concluded by reading the burial-service, after which the body was silently committed to the

grave. His voice while living had often been heard in this temple, and there "his body, precious even in death, sleeps near the spot where the doctrines of the Christian denomination to which he was attached were first preached in America. There it will await that morning of which he loved when living to speak, and of which he sometimes spoke in entrancing language—the morning of the resurrection.

The tombstone over the grave of Summerfield bears the following inscription, written by the Rev. Joshua N. Danforth, of the Presbyterian church:

Sacred to the Memory

OF

THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A.M.

ÆT. 27.

A PREACHER OF THE METHODIST CONNECTION,
BORN IN ENGLAND—BORN AGAIN IN IRELAND;
BY THE FIRST A CHILD OF GENIUS, BY THE SECOND A CHILD OF GOD;
CALLED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.
IN IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA,
HIMSELF
THE SPIRITUAL FATHER OF A NUMEROUS AND HAPPY FAMILY.
AT THIS TOMB
GENIUS, ELOQUENCE, AND RELIGION, MINGLE THEIR TEARS.
HOLY IN LIFE, ARDENT IN LOVE, AND INCESSANT IN LABOR,
HE WAS
TO THE CHURCH A PATTERN, TO SINFUL MEN AN ANGEL OF MERCY;
TO THE WORLD A BLESSING.
IN HIM WERE RARELY COMBINED
GENTLENESS AND ENERGY OF CHARACTER:
BY THE ONE ATTRACTING UNIVERSAL LOVE,
BY THE OTHER DIFFUSING HAPPINESS AROUND HIM.

SINGULAR SWEETNESS AND SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS,
INIMITABLE ELOQUENCE IN THE PULPIT,
NATURAL, GRACEFUL, AND FERVENT,
RENDERED HIM
THE CHARM OF THE SOCIAL CIRCLE, AND THE IDOL OF THE POPULAR ASSEMBLY.

UPON THE LIPS THAT MOULDER BENEATH THIS MARBLE,
THOUSANDS HUNG IN SILENT WONDER:
HIS ELEMENT WAS NOT THE BREATH OF FAME, BUT
THE COMMUNION AND FAVOR OF GOD.

HE CLOSED A SCENE OF PATIENT SUFFERING, AND SLEPT IN JESUS,
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON THE 13TH DAY OF JUNE, 1825.
BY FAITH HE LIVED ON EARTH;
IN HOPE HE DIED;
BY LOVE HE LIVES IN HEAVEN.

The new church in Sands-street extends over his remains and those of his revered father. They now lie immediately under the pulpit.

Besides the above memorial, another monument has been dedicated to the memory of the lamented Summerfield. This is a beautiful cenotaph which the Young Men's Missionary Society of the Methodist church erected to commemorate the virtues of their late president and their love for him. It was placed in the front of the church in John-street, New York, near the western corner; but on rebuilding the edifice, the trustees evinced their affectionate regard to his memory by placing it on the wall within the church. The tablet is of black marble, finely polished, in the shape of a cone. Near the base of this an urn is affixed, standing upon a pedestal, with a few volumes of books on either side. From one side of the urn a mantle hangs down in graceful folds, and at the right of it is a scroll half unrolled. These are elegantly sculptured from a block of very fine and beautiful white marble. Upon the tablet in the centre the following tribute, from the pen of bishop Soule, is inscribed:

SACRED

To the Memory of the

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A.M.

"A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT."

HE COMMENCED HIS MINISTERIAL LABORS IN THE CONNECTION
OF THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS IN IRELAND:
BUT EMPLOYED THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF HIS LIFE
IN THE ITINERANT MINISTRY
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.
HIS MIND WAS STORED WITH THE TREASURES OF SCIENCE.
FROM A CHILD HE KNEW THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY,
UNITED WITH EXTRAORDINARY INTELLECTUAL POWERS,
EXHIBITED IN HIS CHARACTER A MODEL
OF CHRISTIAN AND MINISTERIAL EXCELLENCE.
HIS PERCEPTION OF TRUTH WAS CLEAR AND COMPREHENSIVE;
HIS LANGUAGE PURE,
AND HIS ACTION CHASTE AND SIMPLE.
THE LEARNED AND THE ILLITERATE ATTENDED HIS MINISTRY
WITH ADMIRATION,
AND FELT THAT HIS PREACHING WAS
IN THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT AND OF POWER.
DISTINGUISHED BY THE PATIENCE OF HOPE,
AND THE LABOR OF LOVE,
HE FINISHED HIS COURSE IN PEACE AND TRIUMPH.

BORN IN PRESTON, ENGLAND, JAN. 31ST, 1798.
DIED IN THIS CITY, JUNE 13TH, 1825

Beneath the tablet, upon the base of the black marble groundwork, is the following inscription:

"This Monument was erected by the 'Young Men's Missionary Society,' of which the deceased was President, with sincere prayer that the ardor of his zeal in the cause of missions may live in his successors, when this marble shall moulder into dust."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

The foregoing narrative will, it may be presumed, have little ambiguity as to Mr. Summerfield's character and proceedings. Open, indeed, and transparent as were all his actions, there are no difficulties to be reconciled, no doubts to be cleared away; and happily it may with equal truth be added, that so obviously and continually was the spiritual purity of his motives reflected in his private as well as public life, that candor does not impose on his biographer the ungracious task of seeking, by extenuation or apology, to color a single particular of his ministerial career. * * *

The susceptible subject of these memoirs undoubtedly received in Ireland that clear sense of pardon, justification, and acceptance with God, to which he ever afterwards referred as his spiritual birth; and yet, in the further and future work of sanctification, the light of spiritual illumination in him, whatever may have been the case in others, did not uninterruptedly shine "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day;" but clouds and darkness frequently intercepted the rays of that Sun of righteousness which had so evidently arisen on his soul. Indeed, the Lord seems to have led his servant, not with the shadow by day and the glory by night, of the pillar of cloud and fire, but alternately presenting to him the light of the flame that cheered the Israelites on the verge of the Red sea, and the darkness behind that frowned upon the Egyptians their pursuers. But God, who is "love," was equally present in the splendor and the terror to him—in the hidings as in the revealings of his face—and by that mysterious dispensation, as the best mode of guidance, led him, we cannot doubt, through the sea and the wilderness, over Jordan to Canaan and Jerusalem which is above.

Perhaps the movement least explicitly accounted for,

especially as to the suddenness of it, may be Mr. Summerfield's emigration from Ireland to America. I have reserved for this place, in preference to interrupting the narrative elsewhere, the introduction of a passage from his diary written at Marseilles, in February, 1823. After some solemn reflections upon his removal from Europe and settlement in the "new world," which he observes will not only operate upon the whole of his future existence in time, but with respect to himself, run into eternity, he proceeds:

"Circumstances of various kinds, and a strange coincidence of events which could only be resolved into the leadings of a providential hand, fully confirmed in my dear and honored father, a conviction he had long experienced, that America was henceforward to become our home. My eldest sister's having married and removed to that country several years before, had always since that time been regarded by him as an earnest, or rather a *pledge*, that the removal of the whole family would succeed sooner or later.

"Having in the autumn of 1820 finished his engagement as the manager of a certain establishment in the city of Cork, and finding no opening into which he might enter in that city, and thereby provide things honest in the sight of all men, although he sought for it with all diligence, connected with incessant prayer by night and day, he paused, and began to consider *this* as the time to which he had so long looked forward. Having exercised the strictest economy over all his domestic concerns since his engagement in that city, and thereby recruited his impoverished circumstances, he now found that he was possessed of the means, and but *barely the means*, of transporting us to the United States; and fearing that these means would so consume away by much procrastination, as to render it impracticable perhaps during the remainder of his life, he immediately concluded, after *agonizing* prayer to the Father of lights to direct him, to prepare to quit his native land. A vessel having put into

the port of Cork by stress of weather, presented an opportunity which seldom occurs there. As the place of her destination was the residence of my brother and sister in America, we regarded it as the last preparatory step by which the kind providence of God had led us on. Preliminaries adjusted, we bade adieu to Ireland and to Europe on the 12th of December, 1820, and arrived in New York the 17th of March following, having first sailed to Portugal to take in cargo. Our numbers were, two sons, two daughters, my dear and *only* parent, and a servant-maid.

"As regards myself, independent of a father's commands which were laid upon me, I too regarded the connection of preceding events which transpired in my ministerial labors, as no other than the leadings of the same God, who

> "'Plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.'

"My public duties in Ireland for the two years previous had greatly impaired, if not totally ruined my health—my journal for that period will bear ample testimony thereto; this, added to the general humidity of the country, rendered some change necessary if my life was to be preserved. For this purpose among others, I visited England in May, 1820, and remained there till after the Liverpool conference in the July and August following. My hope was, that through the interference of many of the English preachers with whom in the interval I had become acquainted, I might be removed from Ireland to the air of my own country, and that the change would have a favorable effect upon my constitution; as also that my labors would be greatly reduced—a measure which my situation at the time imperiously demanded. But notwithstanding the efforts which were made, and the petition of the Manchester society for me to be sent to them, the Irish representative, brother Tobias, refused to give consent to my removal, without which consent the British conference could do nothing. At the same time knowing how

tender and affecting were the ties by which I was bound to the scene of my past labors, and my *past afflictions too*, he failed not to use every persuasion with me. In this he succeeded too well; I gave up my intention and returned to Ireland, to the city of Cork, where the conference of the Irish brethren had stationed me at their preceding session during my absence in England."

It is a striking proof of Summerfield's sincere devotion to God and his cause, that in obedience to his father's "commands," as appears above, he cheerfully accompanied his parent to America, leaving all his prospects in Ireland and England behind, though he had arrived at perilous popularity in the former, and was most temptingly pressed to settle in the latter country—the field in which ambition, in the shape of Methodist preaching, would choose above all the world besides, to shine in its own vain glory; nay, in which the honest and conscientious man of gifts and graces might justifiably deem that he would be the most usefully employed. This then was forsaking all, denying himself, and taking up his cross to follow Christ. * * *

Few ministers in America ever attained a higher degree of popularity than John Summerfield, and no man ever courted it less. It commenced with his *first sermon*, and continued to *the end of his short life*. It would be worse than affectation to insinuate that he was insensible to, or even that he undervalued the homage paid to his talents; but really, when we reflect upon his youth, it seems little less than a miracle that he should have been so wholly preserved from the pernicious influence of popular praise. *Modesty* and *humility* were prominent traits in his character. This was universally admitted. The Rev. Dr. Nevins of the Presbyterian church, Baltimore, says in a letter, "I have been astonished, that in all my intercourse with Summerfield, I never heard any thing from him, even by accident, that savored of vanity. He was literally clothed with hu-

mility; nor was the garment scanty. What popular preacher but he ever passed before the world without being at least *accused* of affectation? That he was, I never heard."

He liked to preach in a church where there was a vestry, into which he could retire immediately after service; where that was not the case, as often happens in America, he has sometimes felt it severely, and been so dissatisfied with himself as to wish that there was a trap-door in the pulpit through which he might escape. If he attended the preaching of others, he preferred an obscure place among the congregation, as he did not like to attract observation. It was a pleasing trait in his character, that he would willingly listen to any advice that might be given by a friend, and some would undertake to find fault with *little things:* for instance, when he arrived in America, he wore a gold seal to his watch, which he soon found was an eyesore to some; he therefore promptly laid it aside, and the like of a plaid cloak, as he would not, he said, offend one of the weakest of his brethren.

The preparation which he generally made for the pulpit was as follows: he would draw a rough outline of a sermon on a *sheet* or *half-sheet* of paper; and after preaching it, determine whether or not it was worthy of being transcribed into his *book of sermons;* if it satisfied him, he would enter it into his book the next day. Many persons would doubtless expect to meet in a work of this nature with some specimens of those discourses which produced such wonderful effects; nor should they have been disappointed, had it appeared that the present writer, by copying or filling up one or more of the *sketches* left by the preacher, could have done any thing like justice to that extraordinary felicity with which his own *viva voce* eloquence filled up the prescribed outline. Such an attempt, however, would only exhibit a gratuitous failure; indeed to a certain extent, the utmost fidelity of the *pen* even of the preacher himself, would have

conveyed as inadequate an idea of the fascinations of his *tongue* and the overflowings of his *heart*, as an indifferent reporter might happen to do of either. He has indeed left one published discourse, which as little invalidates the latter, as I fear the present work may the former clause of the following remark: "I almost compassionate the biographer of Summerfield, however great his graphic talents may be," says Dr. Nevins, "for I anticipate that the best written memoir of him will be to the living, speaking, and acting Summerfield, very much what his best printed discourse was to the unwritten eloquence that he used to pour forth from his heart in his most ordinary sermons; for the eloquence of our friend was preëminently that of the heart. It was the oratory of nature; and I have often remarked that in any age, in any country, in any language, and under all circumstances, he would have been the same magic master of the human heart that we felt him to be."

Let it not however be hence inferred by any who never heard him preach, that the sermons which delighted and edified such unprecedentedly large congregations, were deficient in theological excellency: quite the reverse. I have before me one of the precious volumes of manuscript sermons above alluded to: it is a beautiful autograph of his piety and industry, and contains many of those happy combinations of thought, those luminous expositions of the doctrines of the gospel, and those judicious illustrations of the faith and practice of Christianity, which formed the substrata of his eloquent discourses. But, however crowded and intelligible the contractions in the writing, it will readily be conceived that *sketches* is a proper epithet to designate a collection of the outlines of *one hundred and seventy-six sermons*, comprised in *seventy-four* post octavo pages.

To the question which may naturally occur here—What then were the predominating qualities of Mr. Summerfield's mind?—the answer ought unequivocally to be, GOOD SENSE

and GOOD TASTE: qualities most rarely found in combination with fervency of feeling and a spontaneous eloquence. To say that he was not a man of *genius*, in the true import of the term, would be to deny the whole testimony of his life; while to assert that that genius was of the very highest order, would be to substitute exaggeration for fact. I have before me the following sentence in the handwriting of Mr. Montgomery: "Summerfield," says the poet, "had intense animal feeling, and much of morbid imagination; but of poetic feeling and poetic imagination, very little; at least, there is very little trace of either in any thing that he has left, beyond a few vivid but momentary flashes in his sermons."

His personal appearance,* although not particularly striking on ordinary occasions, was allowed by universal consent to be extremely fascinating in the pulpit. His countenance, when in tolerable health, was one of the most lovely description, yet had it at the same time an expression of calmness and solemnity not common with one so young. The Rev. J. N. Danforth, in a generous, judicious, and eloquent obitu-

* The Rev. Dr. Elliott says of his first seeing Mr. Summerfield, "On an afternoon in 1824, when a member of the general conference sitting in the Eutaw church, we saw a very youthful man coming into the church, who took his seat near the door. Involuntarily our attention became fixed on the youth; we could not tell what so secured our regard. When he smiled, there was something in that which seemed to be the attractive point; but then he was always in a smile, or in good-humor. Again, his very youthful appearance came forward for the prize of competition with the other characters of the boy, for we called him a boy in our musings. And this, after all, was not the thing. Then we thought he must be so pious, for he was just like an angel who had selected the choicest frame for his temporary abode. Still, it was not just his piety that swayed so completely our mind. Well, we could not tell what it was which commanded our regard. We turned to the president, but almost immediately our eyes were fixed on the stranger whose attractions engrossed our thoughts. While engaged in this musing, brother W—— inquired, 'Have you seen Summerfield?' The answer was, 'No.' 'Well there he is sitting yonder, near the door.'"

ary notice of his friend, observes, "But he had his inspiration; and then it [his discourse] was not splendid, nor magnificent, nor overpowering, but simple, pure, gentle, and heavenly, even to a degree of sublimity, and certainly to such a degree as I believe is rarely connected with mortality. His eye, which like his countenance, possessed, on your near approach to him for the first time, nothing positively striking, assumed a dark hue in the pulpit; and as to the rest of his face, if you wished to see meekness itself embodied in human form, there it was in Summerfield as he stood in the sacred desk, the messenger of the Lamb of God—in his face and attitude and manner—in every smile of rapture that lighted up, and every shade of melancholy that passed across his features. He never used notes in the desk, and even smiled sometimes at the practice. He was, however, systematic, and was continually interweaving Scripture, in the most natural and graceful manner, with the thread of his discourse. His mind seemed to be stored, his very spirit to be imbued with the word of God. It dwelt richly in him in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. He preached from fifty minutes to an hour—too long for his feeble and wasting frame."

It has frequently been said that no person ever did so much in the United States towards destroying *sectarian bigotry* as Mr. Summerfield. Every sincere preacher of the gospel was to him a brother; and those of almost every denomination invited him in turn to preach for them. Immediately on his arrival on one occasion at one of the principal cities, he was waited upon by a number of gentlemen of the Protestant Episcopal church, to express a desire that he should preach in one of their churches. With this request he stated his willingness to comply, provided the consent of their bishop could be obtained. The bishop was consulted, but declined acquiescing, observing that he greatly regarded Mr. Summerfield as a man, and esteemed him as a minister,

but that the *canon* of the church prevented his consent, however much he might himself be pleased to hear the young man preach. Being informed of this, Mr. Summerfield pleasantly replied, "Well, it matters not; but I have always thought it was usual to spike the *cannon* in times of peace."

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent minister of the Protestant Episcopal church, to Mr. Summerfield, is equally honorable to the writer and the receiver.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1822.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR—The very powerful impression which the exercise of your ministry in this city has made upon the hearts of many of your hearers, induces me thus to express a most ardent wish on their behalf, that you would *soon* indulge us with another visit, that you may confirm and render indelible that happy effect. Much of the good seed has fallen among *thorns*, and will, I fear, become choked and unfruitful, unless invigorated and nourished by your refreshing agency. Your exertions among us, sir, have been blessed with *great* success in awakening many sleeping, and alarming many careless professors of Christianity; and as a brother-laborer, though a very feeble one, in the vineyard of our heavenly Master, I can no longer resist addressing to you the solicitation given to St. Paul, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.' Your 'heart's desire and prayer to God for sinners is, that they may be saved;' and as the talents intrusted to you have been happily improved among us, I trust that you will be permitted by divine Providence to *establish* the good work which you have begun, and carry it on to perfection. Your sincerity and zeal as a Christian, and your urbanity as a gentleman, will, I am confident, induce you to pardon this intrusion upon your time and attention. As it is generally known I enjoy the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I am frequently

asked, When will Mr. Summerfield favor us with another visit? How, my good sir, shall I answer this question?

"With unfeigned respect and esteem, I am, Rev. and dear sir, your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

"JAMES ABERCROMBIE."

It may not be improper here to introduce an anecdote which has frequently been repeated from versions more or less correct. It is substantially as follows: While Mr. Summerfield was lying in bed, during one of his illnesses, he was visited by two highly respectable clergymen, one of whom, commiserating his early subjection to such extreme suffering in consequence of his ministerial labors, inquired, "How old are you?" To the astonishment of the divine, the suffering saint replied, "I was born at Preston in England, in 1798, and *born again* at Dublin in Ireland, in 1817." The visitor expressed at once his surprise and curiosity at what to him was so strange a declaration. Mr. Summerfield, no less excited, with great propriety exclaimed in the language of Jesus to Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" and then related to them the history of his own conversion. The sequel is gratifying. The reverend gentleman, after departing, inquired of his clerical companion whether or not he knew any thing about this strange doctrine, and finding that he too was a subject of the same happy change, set himself to obtain the like blessing with a sincerity and success of which his subsequent ministrations bore satisfactory testimony.

Summerfield was commendably particular with regard to his person; plain, but remarkably neat: indeed, carelessness in any respect did not belong to him; he equally disliked slovenliness and finery in a minister of the gospel, justly holding that every thing ought to correspond with the dignity and importance of his office.

In private life he was as much beloved as he was admired in his public character. "There was," says a minis-

terial friend, "something unearthly about the man; and yet he was a *man*, and as affable and condescending as if, to use his own expression, he was 'the servant of all.' Any one who was disposed to complain of his being too much the subject of conversation—justly or unjustly—or of his being a youth unworthy of such premature celebrity, forgot it all after sitting down a few minutes in his company." There was something so endearing and truly affectionate in his manners, that it was no wonder his company was courted by all ranks.

In conversation he was chaste, lively, and sometimes facetious; prolific of anecdotes and remarks of a religious tendency. He had, in astonishing perfection, the faculty of remembering names: it mattered not how large a family he might visit; should there be a dozen children, he would inquire the names of each, and would ever afterwards remember them by *name*, even to the servants.

Mr. Summerfield, as before noticed, was fond of preaching to children, and in these services his manner was peculiarly engaging. It was a delightful scene to witness his appearance on these occasions—himself like a boy among his juniors, leaning gracefully over the pulpit, in a manner best comporting with the familiar and affectionate style of his address—his juvenile auditory occupying the body of the church, and listening with the most steady attention to their ingenuous teacher. Occasionally he put questions to them, and would encourage oral answers, and tell them what his next subject would be, that they might be prepared to reply to his interrogatories. His scope and illustrations were sometimes so happily appropriate, that the children would remember nearly a whole sermon. After enforcing most sweetly on one occasion the text, "They that seek me early shall find me," he said, "Are there any of my dear little hearers who will pledge themselves to meet me to-morrow morning at the throne of grace?" Several immediately replied, "*I*

will." He endeavored to excite a *missionary* spirit in the children, and introduced among them the "'Tis But" box, that they might save a few cents for so good a cause. In 1822 he wrote an ingenious juvenile speech, which was delivered by an interesting boy eleven years of age, proposing a missionary resolution which Mr. Summerfield himself seconded; the little fellow presenting at the same time, as the representative of the other children, the sum of four hundred and ten dollars.

In his love of children he resembled Mr. Wesley. It was pleasing, on some occasions, to see the little ones crowd about the altar before leaving the church, each anxious to be noticed by him. He would sometimes from the pulpit invite them to call upon him at his lodgings, to which they repaired in groups, when he would leave his study and spend some time familiarly with them. Children from all parts of the city would bring their little hymn-books for him to insert their names, which he usually did, accompanied with some suitable remark or motto. Among the numerous instances of his attention to the lambs of Christ's flock, occurs the following: A boy about eleven years of age, after one of the sermons to children, remained till the congregation had nearly dispersed, when he attracted Mr. Summerfield's notice. Stepping forward, he said, "My little boy, do you want any thing with me?" He appeared overcome with his feelings, and could only say, "Mr. Summerfield." "Well, my love, what do you want with Mr. Summerfield?" The boy, encouraged, said he wished Mr. Summerfield would call at his mother's. On inquiring where his mother lived, the name of the street and the number of the house were given. "What is your name?" "John Brown," replied the boy. "Well, John Brown, to-morrow at eleven o'clock I shall pay you a visit." Accordingly, at the time appointed, Mr. Summerfield waited upon him; he found John busily employed sweeping, fixing the fire, and preparing for his visitor.

"Well, John, here I am, according to my appointment." John requested him to take a seat until he had found his mother. She was a pious woman, and said that her son had heard him preach whenever he had addressed the children, and that his mind had been much impressed in consequence. Mr. Summerfield knelt down and prayed with them; and before he went away, encouraged John, and gave him some good advice; entered his name on the list of those for whom he felt a peculiar interest, and told him that he should keep his eye upon him, requesting him to come and speak to him whenever he had an opportunity, that he might ascertain what progress his little friend John Brown was making. Carping criticism or cold philosophy may despise these little traits, but ministerial wisdom will not.

After Mr. Summerfield's severe illness in Philadelphia, in 1822, when he had so far recovered as to be able to ride out, he stopped to visit a pious Presbyterian lady, who like himself had been on the threshold of eternity. In the course of conversation she inquired, "Mr. Summerfield, what were your peculiar views and feelings at that solemn moment which it was thought would be your *last?*" Mr. Summerfield said that he felt an *indescribable peace, subduing peace.* "If," continued he, "I had at that moment given utterance, it would have been peace, *peace!* I felt as though the spirit were waiting for the word '*come*'—as though it were soaring. I looked back upon the earth, and I discovered that there were two slender cords which held me—the *church* and my *family;* but I felt that even these could give way." After a pause he added, "Perhaps it may be thought strange, but I have never desired that mine should be the *triumphant* end; singular to say, I have ever coveted the end of *peace, peace, peace!*"

Before he left Baltimore the last time, and but a few weeks previous to his death, Mr. Summerfield was waited upon by a committee of ladies from the Orphan Asylum,

requesting him to plead the cause of their institution. He informed them that the state of his health was such as to preclude him from many duties connected with his own church; at the same time expressing much regret at not being able to comply with their earnest solicitation. One of the ladies thereupon said, "Mr. Summerfield, promise that on your return from New-York in the course of the spring, you will suffer us to have a claim on you?" Raising his eyes heavenward and clasping his hands, he replied, "Before that time I expect to be in glory." This remark produced an electrifying shock upon the minds of his friends in Baltimore, and has often been adverted to since his death, as appearing somewhat prophetical.

It may justly be a subject of gratitude with his friends and with the members of that church with which he was more especially connected, that short as was the life and interrupted as was the ministerial career of this ardent champion of the cross, he not only left, but in no slight degree contributed to make, America better than he found it. His last appearance and efforts in public were, as already stated, to witness and celebrate with his brother ministers one of the triumphs of Christian charity which it had ever been his aim to promote. At the first public meeting of the American Tract Society he was present, though on the verge of the grave, to present the following resolution, which he had himself drawn up: "That as all permanent good cometh down from the Father of lights, we do give ourselves continually to prayer for his blessing on this institution, and do urge it upon all the lovers of our Zion to aid us herein by their devout supplications."

This resolution he advocated, as appears above, in a strain of pious fervor which well became one who was so soon to join in the songs of the blessed. * * * He declared, that of all the anniversaries of benevolent institutions which he had attended, in Europe, in Canada, and in the United

States, there was not one in which he had seen a spirit of brotherly love and Christian affection among different denominations, more manifest. This he felt was to be attributed to the presence of a divine influence. His own sense of the goodness of God, and the spectacle he then witnessed, affected him to tears again and again during the course of the meeting, for he felt that the spirit and atmosphere of heaven filled the room; but he looked so pale and emaciated, that his friends could hardly suppress a tear at his appearance. He had finished his course; and Providence, as if to render more affecting the completion of the circle of his ministerial labors, so ordered that his last faltering accents in public should be heard in the very same room in which, a few years before, he had first publicly opened his lips in his adopted country, when, in the Bible Society, he held the audience in rapt surprise, astonishment, and admiration.

Mr. Summerfield having been waited upon, a few days before his death, by the chairman of the committee appointed to prepare the address of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society to the Christian public, expressed his earnest desire that his name should appear with those of his brethren in the ministry, as an evidence of the deep interest he felt in the prosperity of this society.

At a meeting a few days after his decease, the Executive Committee resolved unanimously to enter upon their minutes the following record, drawn by the lamented Rev. Dr. James Milnor, whose heart blended sweetly with the catholic spirit of Summerfield:

"The Committee having, since their last meeting, been called to mourn over the severe loss to which it has been the will of God to subject this infant institution, in the demise of one of its ablest founders and friends, the Rev. John Summerfield of the Methodist Episcopal church, deem it their duty to place on record among their earliest transactions, a notice of this afflicting event. While they forbear in the

slightest manner to murmur at the inscrutable dispensations of an all-wise Providence, they cannot withhold the expression of their grief at the loss of so much unfeigned piety, active zeal, Christian liberality, splendid talent, and warm devotion to the particular object of this society, as characterized their deceased associate and friend. With the respected religious community to which he was attached, with his immediate relatives and friends, and with the many useful institutions with which he was connected, the committee sincerely sympathize, and will delight long to cherish in their minds the pleasing recollection of so grateful a circumstance as that of which they are assured, that among the last aspirations of a saint, now as we trust in the bosom of his Saviour and his God, this institution was so affectionately remembered, and his kindest wishes left for its prosperity and success."

REMINISCENCES.

The Rev. Dr. Bond, in his introduction to "Summerfield's Sermons and Sketches of Sermons," writes,

"His discourses did not strike one by the novelty of his opinions, or by the erudition they displayed. There were, it is true, in all his sermons, 'thoughts that breathed and words that burned;' but for the most part, they presented only 'what oft was thought, though ne'er so well expressed.' What, then, was the irresistible charm in his preaching? We honestly confess we cannot say. We have some vague idea of it, but cannot embody it in words. There was, however, one peculiarity which could not fail to strike the hearer: it was what is called, by common consent, *simplicity*. The truths he dwelt upon he had felt in all their power, and he presented them in the simple, chaste, and forcible language of unsophisticated feeling. The hearer who participated in his religious enjoyments, responded instinctively to the very spirit of the preacher; and one who knew nothing of such experience felt that it was the most important want of his nature, and his whole soul went out in cravings for the possession. It was this simplicity of style which never failed to make its way to the heart, as certainly as pompous diction and parade of language and learning shut up every avenue to the feelings.

"But though there was much in the clear perception, and the personal experience of the truths presented, and much too in the simplicity of the style and language in which they were clothed, it must be admitted that there was something in the *manner* of the preacher which greatly added to the effect of his preaching. But who can describe this manner? It was not the gracefulness of his attitudes

and action, though these were perfect. Every movement, whether of body or members, was not only exactly correct, but intuitively expressive of thought or feeling, appearing to obey some immediate impulse of the soul. There was nothing theatrical, nothing studied, nothing which gave the slightest suspicion that it was done for effect. All seemed to come unsought—the immediate, spontaneous sympathy of a body which lived and acted in obedience to the promptings of the soul within it. Yet this was not the peculiar charm, however important an auxiliary it might be. It was not even the first or the strongest impression made on the auditory, though it could not fail to be taken into the account. But that which we remember to have struck us most forcibly in the manner of Mr. Summerfield, was the *meekness*, the humility, the lowliness of heart which appeared in his whole deportment, bringing forcibly to the mind the language and the example of Him who said, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.' Every one saw personified the Saviour of men in the act of washing the feet of his disciples, and the soul clave to the minister who bore the image and superscription of his Lord. It was this that so prepossessed you, as to subdue and shame every previously-formed intention to criticize the coming sermon. The affections were surrendered at once, and the decisions of the judgment were anticipated by the suffrage of the heart."

The Rev. Dr. Matthew Richey remarks "of this admirable and lamented young minister, whom the great Head of the church made a polished shaft in his quiver, and in whom He was greatly glorified,"

"At the age of twenty-three, Summerfield's mind exhibited a harmony and an expansion which very rarely anticipate the meridian of life. The unearthly invigoration of the love of Christ affords the only satisfactory solution of

the rapid development of his uncommon mental energies. Though a diligent student, time had not permitted him to attain full maturity of scholarship; but he possessed in a high degree all the attributes of a mind of the first order. His understanding was clear, his judgment discriminating, and his imagination so vigorous and susceptible, that it cost him no effort to fling the hues and tints of vitality over the abstractions of truth, and thus to impart to the most commonplace topic all the freshness and interest of originality. The natural effect of his thrilling eloquence was materially aided by a person and manner the most graceful, and an aspect of angelic benignity: its moral charm was the demonstration and power of that divine Spirit

"'Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire.'

Summerfield was an *extemporaneous* preacher, so far as it is proper for any young minister to be so. His sermons indeed were any thing but unpremeditated effusions. Having enjoyed the rare intellectual luxury of poring over his manuscripts, we are prepared to state, that his preparations for the pulpit evince the full concentration of all the powers of his mind, and the best use of all the resources of knowledge within his reach, on the subjects on which he expatiated. But though rich in thought and logical in their arrangement, the *composition*, purposely it would seem, is left unfinished. Definitions and exegetical remarks are generally written out with studious accuracy and precision; but the occurrence on almost every page of broken hints, followed by a significant dash of the pen, indicates the orator's impatience of the trammels and tedium of previous composition, and the stirring of deep emotion within the breast, that could find full vent only amid the hallowed excitements of the sanctuary. He did not 'offer to God of that which cost him nothing;' but it was the *altar* that sanctified his gift, and the fire that enkindled his sacrifice issued immediately from the propitious heavens.

"Whoever would form or exhibit a just appreciation of this incomparable youth, must, like him, be decidedly Wesleyan in his creed and predilections, in soul an orator, and in piety a saint.

> "'O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum;
> Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
> Esse sinent.'"

REMINISCENCES BY MARINUS WILLETT, M. D.

"The first opportunity I had of seeing Mr. Summerfield was on the platform of the City Hotel, on the anniversary of the American Bible Society, in the year 1822. On that occasion, the venerable Judge Boudinot excited a deep interest; but among the excellent and distinguished men present, a youth of lovely expression and interesting form attracted my particular attention. Many hours were occupied in listening to the report and to the addresses; the audience began to evince strong symptoms of weariness: when this youth arose, instantly every eye was fixed upon him. The first burst of eloquence was followed by a second, which raised the hearers from their seats; this was soon succeeded by a third, which produced loud and universal applause. Such a mode of expressing feeling, *on any similar occasion*, had never before been witnessed in our city: a most striking proof of the power of eloquence.

"From the similarity of Summerfield's career to that of Whitefield, it has been suggested, that as a preacher he must have resembled that distinguished orator. I heard a very aged gentleman, who often enjoyed the opportunity of hearing the latter, and entertained a most exalted opinion of his merits, and who, prior to his hearing Mr. Summerfield, was rather offended at the suggestion that his talents must resemble Whitefield's—on hearing Mr. Summerfield for the first time, this gentleman remarked, 'I must candidly

confess that there is an interest in the preaching of the latter which surpasses that of the former. There is the same faithful exhibition of the truth, the same earnest appeals to sinners, the same evidence of a holy heart most solemnly impressed with the value of the soul, and the same ardent desire to save it from eternal woe. But there is a richer and a more delightful eloquence in the presentations of the truth, an expression of countenance, a charm of manner, a simplicity and grace of gesture, a sweetness of voice, and a clearness of thought, which certainly makes Mr. Summerfield, on the whole, a more interesting preacher.'

"It was the custom of Mr. Summerfield to rise early. He often quoted the remark of Wesley, that a man could not make great attainment in the divine life who refused to commence the day with this act of self-denial. On the morning of the Lord's day, he was particularly solicitous to have a large portion of time for devotional exercises. The influence of this practice upon his heart, I have had the opportunity of remarking in the savor of his conversation on his way to the house of God. He had evidently obtained a peculiar blessing. This was manifest by a deep sense of the divine presence, a most exalted view of the honor of being an ambassador from God, a solemn sense of his responsibility in the faithful delivery of his message, and an earnest desire that the sinner should be saved. On one occasion he occupied the time of a long ride in giving utterance to thoughts expressive of these sentiments. So serious and devotional were these occasions, that I shall always remember them as the most interesting of my life.

"Few persons of any seriousness will forget his morning services in the house of God, which were invariably set apart for *Christians;* the evening, for the promiscuous assembly. Having in his early closet devotions obtained so great a blessing for himself, we cannot be surprised that he should communicate a great blessing to his hearers.

"His popularity was greater *with all denominations of Christians* than that of any preacher we have ever had in this city, and it never waned.

"Mr. Summerfield possessed in an eminent degree the talent of *parlor preaching*. In whatever society he was placed, he did not fail to use this talent in his Master's service. So rich and abundant were his resources, that the conversation never flagged: he maintained it with an interest and vivacity that charmed and edified every hearer. He possessed a great fund of wit, in the use of which he occasionally indulged; but it was with much caution and restraint. On one occasion, we spent half an hour in company with a political gentleman of distinguished talent, who had great skill in repartee, but was entirely destitute of piety. Mr. Summerfield met him on his favorite ground, and opposed him with remarkable shrewdness, and a display of talent which was really delightful; at the same time, he did not omit to impress solemnly on his conscience his duty to his God.

"We spent a few days together at the house of Mr. G——s, at Rhinebeck. Every person acquainted with that devoted family will appreciate the influence felt by all who came within their social circle. Mr. Summerfield's presence excited and drew forth with unusual power the spirituality and devotional feelings of all. Mr. Summerfield preached in their house to the family and neighbors. He also preached in the Methodist church; but so great was the crowd, that few, comparatively, were accommodated. This induced them to make suitable preparations for a sermon in a grove. The day was extremely propitious; a large multitude assembled; the silence and attention of the people, the youth, eloquence, and solemnity of the preacher, the fine effect of the solemn service amid the trees of the grove, produced an impression long to be remembered.

"Mr. Summerfield proceeded to Albany for the purpose

of preaching a sermon and making a collection towards paying the debt of the church in that city. On this occasion, Dr. Lacy of the Protestant Episcopal church, with a singular generosity, offered the use of his church; and though the service was held on a week-day evening, the church was crowded to overflowing. His text was, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' etc. At the close of the discourse, he seized the opportunity of alluding to the change which had taken place within a few years in the sentiments entertained by persons of different denominations towards each other. He described a large vine, whose branches extended in several directions; the different vine-dressers had built their walls around their branches. If you enter the separate enclosures and taste the fruit, you will find the various modes of culture and training have produced a difference in the flavor: by and by the great Vine-gatherer will come and collect all the fruit from these many enclosures, and press them in *the common wine-press;* then it will be impossible to distinguish any difference. A few years ago, he said, these party-walls were so high, that he could not look over them; but *now*, he had absolutely leaped over them.

"From Albany he went to Troy, and was entertained at the house of an Episcopalian of that city, so eager were persons of all denominations to manifest their respect for one whose character was so well calculated to win their friendship and admiration. He was anxious to promote every good work. He took a deep interest in the formation of the '*American Tract Society*' He embraced the liberal opinion, that as the points of difference between *true* Christians are very few, and probably of trifling importance, a combined effort of all denominations in preaching the gospel, by means of the press, to the millions of our land, may be expected to produce the happiest results; an anticipation that has been most fully realized."

LETTER FROM BISHOP H. B. BASCOM, D. D., TO THE REV. SAMUEL K. JENNINGS.

"PITTSBURG, Penn., June 20, 1825.

"DEAR DOCTOR—I have just learned that our friend SUMMERFIELD is no more. I read the obituary notice of his death with mingled emotions of *regret* and *admiration*. I regret most sincerely that the church and the world have sustained a loss of such magnitude, but am forcibly struck with admiration, when I learn the *manner* in which our friend encountered death, his 'final foe.' He has doubtless exchanged the *toils* and *duties* of *time* for the *rest* and *rewards* of *eternity*. In my estimation, John Summerfield exhibited a rare union of *talent* and *piety*, of ability and worth. He certainly possessed a *mind* of no *ordinary* mould, and a *heart* of no *common* virtue. As a man and a minister, he was unquestionably 'one of a thousand.' If we have among us those who possess equally discriminating minds, there are few indeed who can lay claim to the same exquisite culture and *discipline* of *thought* and *feeling*. I sincerely wish the world may be furnished with some specimens of his *admirable* skill as a preacher.

"From his known habits of study and preaching, I think he must have left behind some valuable manuscripts. It is a thought, in my opinion, worthy the attention of his friends and a generous public. Would to God I were the favored *Elisha* destined to share the *benediction*, and catch the inspiration of his mantle. It is a dispensation of Providence in which few will acquiesce without feelings and expressions of the deepest regret and disappointment. It requires more of the Christianity of the New Testament than most of us possess, to say, in such cases of affliction and bereavement,

"'Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.'

Summerfield is dead, but his 'blossom has not gone up like the dust.' Long will he live and flourish in the memory of thousands."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD, BY MRS. CREAGH.

"It was in the year 1820, when residing in Fermoy, Ireland, that I first became acquainted with the late Rev. John Summerfield. At that time an intimate friendship commenced, which continued, except during short intervals of local separation, until his death.

"It was my happiness to be intrusted with a large share of his confidence and affection; by which I became familiar with the sweetness of his disposition, the tenderness of his feelings, the purity of his heart, and the elegant refinement of his mind: all which, in connection with his other rare endowments, made him an object of special interest and regard.

"This early acquaintance afforded me an opportunity of hearing him preach some of his first sermons, before his fame had preceded him; and I can confidently say that even this incipient stage of his ministerial career was strongly marked by indications of that elevated style, charming eloquence, and chastened imagination, which shone 'more and more unto the perfect day,' and which captivated wondering thousands in both hemispheres who hung with rapture upon his lips.

"His entrance upon the work of the ministry was not to him 'a cause of small import.' This, not only the expressions of his lips, but the struggles of his heart, amply testified. Frequently have I been pained in witnessing those unutterable emotions within him which seemed to say in language which none but an ambassador of Christ can fully understand, 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

"But in 'doing the work of an evangelist, and making full proof of his ministry,' it was made manifest unto all that his 'sufficiency was of God, who had made him an able minister of the New Testament,' and by whose all-inspiring Spirit the 'letters of his commendation' were written and sealed upon many, many hearts.

"Soon after he was thus engaged in his Master's vine

yard, a correspondence between us commenced; from which I learned that incessant demands were made upon the time and services of this incomparable youth; for quickly his 'praise was in all the churches.' Indeed, so numerous and pressing were the invitations from all quarters, that my fears were soon excited lest his feeble tenement should early fall beneath the weight of his abundant labors; for while the listening multitudes were charmed and transported with the exhibition and development of such extraordinary powers, they apparently forgot that the treasure was deposited in an 'earthen vessel'—that so rich and rare a jewel was encased in so frail a casket.

"His letters were always welcome visitors: they bore his own 'image and superscription'—the impress of his mind and heart. The former, original, vigorous, expansive, and liberal; the latter, holy, humble, fervent, and heavenly—breathing forth, under the influence of burning zeal and ardent love, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'

"The easy, fascinating style of his letters, their freshness of thought, their fruitfulness of incidents, together with the spirit of piety with which they were so richly imbued, still live in my fond remembrance, and bring to mind that the writer of them 'lived and moved and had his being' in the pure element of living faith and holy love.

"In private life he was no less pleasing. Affable, courteous, cheerful, and instructive, he was the happiness of the social circle. The aged sat and wondered at the wisdom which fell from his lips; while the young, rejoicing in his presence, delighted to honor him as their instructor and friend.

"His first visit to my house made impressions on my heart which have never been obliterated; and ever after his expected coming was regarded by every member of my family, to whom he became individually endeared, with heartfelt pleasure and delight.

"In fine, 'he was a burning and a shining light,' a brilliant star in the right hand of his Redeemer; and though no more seen in the moral firmament of the visible church reflecting the glory of his living Head, he has not 'fallen from heaven,' but is, doubtless, 'shining forth as the sun in the kingdom of his Father.'"

FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. JOSHUA N. DANFORTH.

"Here is a character strongly marked, finely developed, firmly intrenched in the public affections. To mention his name, is to awaken various emotions in the minds of those who knew him—who have heard him preach—who have witnessed his walk and conversation. In some it may be an emotion of delight at the recollection of such moral excellence; in others, of gratitude for the bestowment of so choice a gift on the church of Christ. * *

"In surveying the points of the character of Summerfield, perhaps the most obvious one was *simplicity*. We may take that word, for its present application, in its widest sense. Truly we might say, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.' The simplicity that is in Christ is something beyond that which is called 'the perfection of moral integrity.' It is an element of grace, pure, spiritual, holy; in its origin, heavenly—in its tendency, divine, assimilating the soul to the image of its Maker, and ripening it for heaven.

"But besides this, there is a general simplicity of mind and of manner, of thinking and of acting, which is invested with a peculiar charm, and which raises its subject far above the arts and affectations of human vanity. This was possessed by our friend in an eminent degree, forming one of the most attractive traits of his character. If he was eloquent, his eloquence was native to the soul, not assumed after any exterior fashion for the production of an artificial effect. If,

for the sake of illustration, he drew liberally from every accessible storehouse of thought, his favorite resort, next to the Bible, was the treasures of nature. In her school he had studied profoundly, and rich were the revelations his teacher made concerning the ways and means of obtaining access to the immortal minds of his fellow-creatures. Those secrets seem reserved for a few, though the word of God is not bound to exalted genius, or to extensive lore. He rose in the pulpit, calm, pale, pensive,

> "'And in his garland, as he stood,
> Ye might discern the cypress bud.'

To see him was to yield the heart in advance, such was the magic of his presence. His letter of commendation was unwritten, except on the young, saintly brow, whose expression betokened communion with God and benevolence to man. 'He looks like a lamb,' said a thoughtless youth, who was unaffected by his preaching. That is the idea. A child expressed it, unconscious that the term is selected by inspiration to set forth the gentleness of Christ, the Master of us all.

"To simplicity there was added *gentleness*. The heart loves to contemplate this quality wherever developed. It is taught in the forms of nature. Men have found symbols for it in animate and inanimate objects. The very color of the earth is attempered to the tenderness of the organ of vision, and 'the wind to the shorn lamb;' a happy thought, happily expressed, on which the popular admiration has seized, and stereotyped it for all future use.

"Gentleness in man—gentleness connected with superior intellect and a vivacious imagination—gentleness, especially when combined with energy of character, is one of the rarest and richest endowments of humanity. Stopping at the point where it might degenerate into weakness, it softens and conciliates without inspiring contempt, or even impairing confidence. Meekness and majesty, when allied, constitute the

highest order of moral beauty. Strength and majesty may overawe, but the other charms and subdues. It disarms opposition, and makes conquest easy. The 'legate of the skies,' then, must, first of all, *conciliate*. I do not mean that he must say smooth things, or soften down the tone, or abridge the requirements of the gospel, but he must gain the attention of men, and that is most certainly gained through the feelings. When the affections are interested, the whole mind easily and naturally follows in their train. It may not be affection for gospel truth, but, if it be a kind sentiment towards its herald, the door is open, let him enter. Now herein the young ambassador excelled. So much gentleness—such suavity—such heart-felt kindness for men—so tender a solicitude for their eternal salvation, as to be willing to labor for them, while he was himself afflicted with sickness—to exhaust himself when there was little to be exhausted—to spend and be spent in great weakness and weariness: all this was visible, palpable to the most superficial observer. And it threw around him such a solemn, tender, and continually augmented interest, as few men have been able to secure in similar circumstances. It enabled him to deal much with the heart; for the spirit of love crowned the labor of love, and many a devout pilgrim followed, as he, in imitation of the chief Shepherd, led the way to the green pastures and the tranquil fountains of the better land.

"His eloquence was not of the vehement kind. It did not rush, like that of Whitefield, in an impetuous torrent, sweeping down the barriers of depravity with an almost resistless energy. It distilled like the dew of heaven, penetrating the minutest fibres of the soul, setting in motion the secret and delicate springs of human action, and rousing the dormant sensibilities to themes and objects worthy of their highest and holiest exercise. The brightness of hope, the vigor of faith, the ardor of love, the tenderness of penitence,

glowed more intensely on the moral canvas, as it received the touches of that pencil with which he PAINTED FOR ETERNITY. It was not the gift of the schools—it was no result of artificial training, no fruit of elaborate scholastic discipline that he exhibited. His mind was never moulded into the forms and modes of an exact logic. He respected that science, but had his own way of presenting the truth, or rather he studied the ways of the Bible. 'His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law he meditated day and night.' He studied logic with Paul, rhetoric with David, history with Moses and the evangelists, prophecy with Isaiah, and the art of preaching with Him who 'spake as never man spake.' His genius, perseverance, and quenchless love triumphed over all difficulties, surmounted all obstacles, and, by the assistance of the grace of God, enabled him to make the most of a brief and sickly life. He filled up the measure of his duty, and thus gave an example to all young men of a similar spirit, if not of equal abilities, which should be devoutly studied and earnestly imitated. He acquired character, not so much by making that his direct object, as by acting on those high and conscientious principles, consecrated to the glory of God, which necessarily led to that result.

"Humility is said to be the loveliest flower that blooms in this vale of tears. With this he was adorned. It was one of the habitual graces of his character—the certain precursor of that exaltation in public esteem, to which he rose with no premeditated effort of his own. The Christian loved to hear him preach, because his soul was fed; the philanthropist, because there was so much of the soul of philanthropy in him; the lover of eloquence, because his taste was gratified; the man of emotion, because the tide of feeling was certain to rise; the inquiring mind, for it would be led to Jesus; the doubting spirit, for it would be tranquillized; the desponding, for it would be cheered and reäs-

sured; the liberal man, for he had an opportunity to indulge in the luxury of charity under the stimulus of eloquence; and, it may be added, there was something in that same eloquence which deeply affected the female heart. Around the sensibilities of the tender sex it seemed to throw a kind of enchantment, which held them in an enthusiasm of admiration, and might be said almost to tempt them to a species of idolatry, the spirit of which would steal insensibly through unguarded avenues into the depths of the heart. It was not strange, when we consider his beautiful imagination, his gentle spirit, his tenderness for suffering humanity, the purity of his moral feelings, and the pathos of his eloquence. Heavenly charity was a favorite theme with him; he dwelt on it with delight, and, as he thus expatiated, awoke in listening bosoms sentiments congenial with his own.

"That appeal for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in New York cannot be forgotten by those who listened to it, as long as memory can be exercised. It was the zenith of his power, his fame, his usefulness. There, it was fondly hoped, the star of his destiny would long remain; but no, it was soon—too soon—to shine in another sphere, equally beyond the reach of mortal influence and mortal admiration. Too soon! That thought must be checked when we consider the wisdom of the infinite One, though we ask to indulge it when we look around upon the broken hearts in this ruined world—when we think of the necessities of sinful men, and of the blessedness of hearing the gospel thus preached. O, for other such to arise, and tell of Jesus to this sinful generation.

"The *literary taste* of Summerfield was exquisite. And this arose as much from the peculiar aptitude of his intellectual constitution as from cultivation. A quick and accurate sense of the beautiful was in him in great perfection—whether it were the beautiful in art, in nature, in mental development, or in the productions of genius and of inspira-

tion. In the latter, especially, he delighted. To drink of that fount that flows 'fast by the oracle of God' was his joy. His *taste* was formed on that divine model. The minutest filaments, so to speak, of that celestial pattern were interwoven with the woof of his mind. It was heard in his conversation—it is seen in his writings—it was manifest in the pulpit—it is apparent in all his familiar epistles. He could scarcely have had a conception of the corruption of modern taste. How would his pure spirit have been grieved at the desecration of the temple of literature in these latter days, to see what foul birds of prey flit across her courts and nestle under her very altars. Indignant virtue blushes at the boldness with which modern impostors in literature intrude into her presence, and attempt to despoil her sanctity. They would meet his withering rebuke in the pulpit—'the most effectual guard, support, and ornament of virtue's cause.'

"Gentle as he was, he would not spare the vices of the wicked, nor touch lightly the crimes of those who would poison the wells of literature, and thus wilfully seek to pollute the moral nature of man—who, instead of attempting to extinguish the flame of human passion, render it more intense by pouring oil upon it. To meet this great and growing evil will require the utmost exertions of the eloquent orator, the thoughtful moralist, the practised writer, the philanthropic publisher, and the spiritual divine. In these efforts, too, they must be aided by the friends of morality and virtue. The press that would give a vigorous tone to private morals and public virtue must be sustained. The last speech ever delivered by Summerfield was on this very subject. It was at the organization of the American Tract Society in 1825—it was its first public meeting. He rose all pale and feeble from the exhaustion produced by pulmonary disease. His heart was full—his intellect glowed with excessive ardor—his soul was all alive with the interest of the

occasion—the laying the foundation of a literary and religious institution for the benefit of the present generation, and of posterity. The writer well remembers the sensation produced by that speech. Every feature and every movement of his body was instinct with life, like that which animated every faculty of his soul. He sketched a portraiture of infidelity as it appeared in the keen wit of 'the brilliant Frenchman' Voltaire, in the vulgar ribaldry of Paine, and the solemn argumentation of Hume. He then seemed, as with the eye of a prophet, to behold the dawn of a holy literature, in the progress of which the intellect of the world would be illuminated, the four-footed beasts and creeping things of infidelity driven to their dens of darkness, and the power of Christianity triumphant in the earth. And this enterprise was not to be monopolized by any particular denomination. The transactions of that day testified to the fact, and the necessity, of UNION among all CHRISTIANS of every name. By that sign they would conquer. Six different denominations joined hands that day. None seemed more earnest, more ardent, more undissemblingly glad than the youthful Methodist. The theme and the scene were worthy of the parting words which fell from the lips of one who, from the first, was a favorite with every public assembly, and to the last, commanded that confidence, not to say awakened that enthusiasm, which gives its object such great influence over the general mind. It was a memorable day in one's life to have heard the dying tones of one whose voice was always music to the ear—the breathings of whose spirit ever refreshed the soul. He stood on the verge of the tomb. He seemed to feel his proximity to the purer and the better land—to realize the strength of the tie that bound him to the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven—to be softened and melted, as well by the tender recollections of past experience with American Christians, as by the sweet anticipation of the more complete and enrapturing

communion with the saints in glory. Never will that dear youth reäppear among us. The beautiful vision is past. Its loveliness still lingers on the memory. We cannot mourn.

"'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.'

Thy spirit is with God, while we are still struggling with the difficulties of our mortal state." See Rev. Mr. Danforth's inscription over the tomb of Summerfield, page 270.

"Summerfield," says the same writer, "could tell a pious anecdote, and with equal apparent ease and no alteration in manner, before one person or three thousand, with such a grace and amiable dignity, united with appositeness and impressiveness—in a word, with such a *manner*, as was the property of no other person I ever saw. He abounded in anecdotes at public meetings for benevolent purposes. In this, like the religious part of the nation from whence he sprung, he was ahead of us. I have seen some feeble attempts among our good countrymen to walk in the same track; but though well enough, they were poor indeed when compared with the graceful, fluent, and unhesitating manner of the youthful Summerfield. He has sometimes been facetious in a meeting of a marine Bible society, or a missionary society, to such a degree as to make the whole audience shake with laughter, while his own lovely countenance relaxed only into a gentle smile. But then, if he thought the humorous chord had been too violently swept by him, he would by no very slow process touch the pathetic one, and then every smile would flee away, and the tears would begin to course down not merely the delicate cheek of female beauty, but the rough visage of the hardy sailor or the uncouth laborer. And as he just assumed the mastery—what power has real eloquence!—over all that came within the limit of his voice, rousing or hushing such passions as he pleased, he was careful that the last passion excited should be a serious one, and endeavored in general to leave a solemn impression at the conclusion."

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM M. WILLETT.

"As I mournfully cast my eye over dates, notes, and letters connected with the memory of Summerfield, I find a long lapse of sixteen years to have intervened since he first appeared to me, a mere youth, as a legate from the skies. Never shall I forget the Sabbath morning when I first saw him stand up in the holy place as an ambassador for Christ. His address the preceding week at the anniversary of the American Bible Society, borne on a thousand tongues, had spread the rumor of his unrivalled eloquence through the city. Great was the eagerness to hear him. Along with the crowd I entered the Methodist church in Duane-street. The church was already nearly filled, though the hour for preaching had not arrived. Expectation was depicted in every countenance, and frequently was the eye directed to the door with anxious curiosity. At length he entered. My eye followed him intently along the aisle. He walked with a slow, graceful step, his eye fixed upward. Absorbed in the emotions of his own heart, the congregation did not appear in the slightest degree to attract his attention. He appeared, intellectually and spiritually, to soar like the eagle far aloft above all low and common thoughts. 'He preached not himself, but Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Full of the love of Christ—gazing on his glory—self was forgotten; human applause, though not to be undervalued, was a bubble.

"In the pulpit, before he commenced, his manner was reverent, meek, unaffected. After a brief silent prayer, he rose. He read one of the psalms, then a hymn with uncommon beauty and force. The tones of his voice were low and remarkably sweet, but the enunciation was so clear and distinct as to fall fully upon the ear of the most distant hearer. The prayer which followed was distinguished for simplicity, fervor, beauty, pathos. The text—who that listened to this discourse can ever forget it?—was Heb. 12 : 1,

2: 'Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' It is impossible for me to describe the sermon. I felt the power of an impassioned, heavenly oratory, but I was not prepared to analyze it. This belonged to a cooler head and a heart less absorbed than mine was at the time.

"I need not say that the favorable impression produced by his oratory was universal. From this morning crowds filled every church in which he preached; and though he did not always soar with an equal flight—though his wing would now and then droop—yet, upon the whole, who that heard him is not ready with a sigh to say, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

"I enjoyed the privilege of accompanying Mr. Summerfield on his first visit to Trenton, N. J. His original intention was to proceed as far as Philadelphia, but his health obliged him to return direct from Trenton to New York. On the steamboat between New York and Brunswick, surrounded by a few friends, his conversation was very attractive and interesting. He abounded with anecdote, and possessed a happy art of telling a story. But though exceedingly entertaining as a companion, yet he never, not in a solitary instance, degenerated into levity. His fund of anecdote and narrative were happily rendered subservient to the great interest of religion. Though you might listen to him for hours with unflagging attention, yet at the close you felt no disposition to that sort of mirth which is like the 'crackling of thorns under a pot.' The fancy might be entertained, the curiosity excited, a chastened cheerfulness might prevail; but with all, the heart was purified and refreshed.

"We spent the night at Brunswick. The next morning, having a little leisure before the stage left, he visited several families, praying in each, and leaving behind the unction of a holy conversation. To pray in the families he visited was his invariable rule. He never overlooked little children.

"On our way from Brunswick to Trenton in the stage, Mr. Summerfield occupied with two others the middle seat. His pale, youthful countenance, with his general appearance, led an elderly, respectable gentleman, who occupied the front seat, to take him for a student of Princeton college. Under this impression, he requested him, rather *peremptorily*, however, to change seats. Though struck with surprise, rather perhaps at the *manner* in which the request was made, than at the request itself, after a momentary hesitation, during which his pale cheek was tinged with a momentary flush, he changed seats without a word. Of all those in the stage, not one, on the ground of health, which was the reason assigned *afterwards* for making the request, required accommodation as much as Mr. Summerfield. As it was, the change of seat affected him considerably. I am happy to add, however, that the gentleman having arrived in Trenton and discovered his mistake, took the earliest opportunity to apologize to Mr. Summerfield, and by the greatest kindness endeavored to remove any unpleasant feelings which he might inadvertently have occasioned. The meek spirit of his Master, with which Mr. Summerfield was imbued, led him at once to forget the occurrence, and to cherish the most sincere gratitude for all the after-kindness of this gentleman, with whom an interesting correspondence was kept up.

"We reached Trenton rather late on Saturday afternoon. Greatly fatigued with his ride he retired early to rest. He however slept but little, and rose with the dawn next morning. He had not taken tea the previous evening, and he scarcely tasted any breakfast this Sabbath morning. His mind was evidently laboring under a heavy burden—the

message he was about to deliver. He scarcely spoke at the table. The rest of his time, till service began, was spent in his room in prayer and meditation. He preached his first sermon in Trenton in the Methodist church, which was small and awkwardly constructed. I do not think this morning he preached with his usual liberty. Having been invited to occupy the Presbyterian church, he preached successively Monday and Tuesday evenings to very large and exceedingly interested audiences.

"The greater part of Monday and Tuesday was occupied by numerous calls. His society was eagerly courted, not simply on account of his eloquence as an orator, but from the charm his conversational powers threw around the social circle. From Trenton he returned to New York to be laid immediately on a sick-bed.

"I heard the first sermon he delivered after his recovery from this sickness. It was preached in John-street church, Sabbath morning, Sept. 30, 1821. The text on this occasion was Psalm 116 : 12, 13, 14 : 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. *I* will pay my vows unto the Lord *now*, in the presence of all his people.' The church was crowded to excess. The walls in the gallery were darkened with people pressed high up against them. Great anxiety was expressed by the congregation lest they should be disappointed; and this evidently increased as the hour-hand of the clock approached nearer and nearer the time to begin. But *precisely* at the hour, he entered, his countenance, if possible, paler and less earth-like than usual. An increased interest was thrown about him this morning by his recent recovery from a sickness which it was generally feared would have terminated his short but useful and brilliant career. His own heart overflowed with gratitude to God; his countenance sparkled with a holy joy. The sermon, as the text indicates, was adapted to the occasion."

In the spring of 1822, Mr. Summerfield made his first visit to Baltimore, to speak at a missionary meeting; as much was expected from him, the church was crowded to excess. The Rev. John (late Bishop) Emory concluded a most interesting speech by introducing Mr. Summerfield somewhat as follows: "I will not detain you longer; I know the anxiety of the audience to enjoy the rich feast that is to follow, and I wish to enjoy it with them: we have reserved the best wine to the last."

The youthful Summerfield, perfectly cool and collected, arose; he cast his eyes over that immense congregation, and then exclaimed, "What means this flourish of trumpets? Who is this John Summerfield whose name is bandied through the land? A lad, a mere lad of yesterday, with his 'five barley loaves and two small fishes; and what are they among so many?' But the gentleman says he has reserved the best wine till the last—this is inverting the order of the feast: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drank, then that which is worse'—but I have not the worse wine to offer you, mine is mere water; but if the Master of the feast should deign to touch the water and turn it to wine, it may be the very best wine; but recollect, my friends, the excellency would not be of man, but of God." Mr. Summerfield then proceeded, says Dr. Bond, in his usual inimitable manner.

Shortly after the meeting above referred to, Bishop Emory wrote to a friend as follows:

"I heard brother Summerfield preach last night at Eutaw, to one of the most crammed congregations I ever saw. The clergy generally, I believe, were present, and, as far as I have heard, all were greatly pleased. Dr. Glendy, to whom I was introduced, said to me, 'Well, we have had a gospel feast, and in the first style of elegance.' I have just come from dining at the Rev. Mr. Nevins' in company with

ten clergymen, Methodists and others, including Mr. Summerfield. Poor fellow, he is caressed and run after, almost beyond measure; I wish he may have grace to bear it. I think him an amiable young man, and admire him far above any of his age I have ever heard. He has promised to go with me to Annapolis on Friday to spend the Sabbath there." This Mr. Summerfield accordingly did, and thus speaks of his visit in a letter written to Mr. Emory some time afterwards:

"I bid you farewell with a grateful remembrance of the kindness you showed me at Annapolis, and the solicitude you manifested to administer to my many wants, and add to my abundant comforts. This is no paradox to you; while my body was weak, my spirit was refreshed day by day, and as iron sharpeneth iron, so did the face of my friend—my *first* friend in this strange land—refresh my heart."

Allusion is here made to the fact, that on Mr. Summerfield's arrival in this country, Mr. Emory, having previously become acquainted with him in England, was enabled to relieve him from a very embarrassing situation in which he was placed for want of the usual testimonials of his ministerial standing at home, which he had not brought with him, because he did not expect to remain in this country.

Life of Emory, page 138

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD, BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

"The portrait of Summerfield,* though much too healthful, is perhaps the best likeness imitative skill could give of that most apostolical young man. It is impossible to impress upon canvas or steel the holy sweetness which they who had the privilege of knowing him, remember irradiating his pale, worn features, when he talked of the love of Jesus from the pulpit, on the platform, or by the fireside. Much

* See Frontispiece.

less can the cold pen describe the charm of his eloquence, so simple that you could discover in it no rhetorical art, or of his manner, so mild, and from bodily weakness often so feeble, that the entranced hearer knew not how he was so deeply moved, or so irresistibly carried away. The secret of his power was undoubtedly his sincerity, his earnest delight in the truth as it is in Jesus, and his zeal to win souls from eternal death for his Master's glory, and also, the peculiar efficacy with which the Holy Spirit, who inspired that truth he loved to preach in such pureness, unfeignedness, and charity, accompanied the labors of one so devoted to his work, whose course on earth was to be so brief.

"His discipline, by the providence of God, was severe. Like the apostle Paul, 'he had a thorn in the flesh,' a painful, and as he had reason to believe, an incurable disease. He knew that his life could not be long. With eternity ever before him, 'he *endured* as seeing Him who is invisible.' To him, as he 'died daily,' the world's applause and the pleasures of this life were little worth. He was continually looking at 'the things which are not seen and eternal.' He felt that there was nothing left for him, but to crowd into his few remaining days as much usefulness as was possible through the permission of God upon whom he relied. The usefulness he desired was the best usefulness, the edification of saints and the conversion of sinners. The means he employed were the very best means, the pure word of the gospel, 'the wisdom of God, and the power of God.'

"It is said, 'he was a man of *prayer*,' but he was in no less eminent degree a man of the BIBLE. He appeared to lose himself entirely in the preacher. He was free from what is frequently little better than tricky conceit, 'textual' divisions. He struck immediately at the main thought. He gathered his argument from the connection, or that of parallel passages. It was his text preaching, rather than himself. His language was very scriptural, his definitions and

his illustrations were, with scarce an exception, from the Bible. He may not have been a classical scholar in the stronger sense of the term, though it was not difficult to detect a familiarity with good authors, and an occasional reference to their elegance in his style, but he hallowed all with that 'unction from the Holy One,' which can only be received on our knees before 'the living oracles.' With little of their quaintness, he had all the naturalness—the naturalness of a better nature—that characterizes the older English divines. Every sentence of his that I remember, is pure Saxon, the English of our beloved English Bible. He turned his sweetest passages, or gave them epigrammatic point, by a scriptural phrase at their close. The flock of Christ, under the guidance of the stripling shepherd, were led in the green pastures and beside the still waters where his own soul had been fed. They felt safe under his instructions, for they saw the landmarks which God has set. His metaphysics were not labored and abstruse, for he found his philosophy sitting at the feet of Him who preached his gospel to the poor.

"Summerfield was too honest to check the exclamations that rose flowing from his heart to his lips, at the gracious wonders of divine truth. Like the ardent Paul, the name of Jesus, a sight of the cross, a glimpse of the glory that shall be revealed, made him cry out in subdued and holy ecstasy. Or, as the thought of souls perishing in sin pressed upon his soul, he would break his order with an earnest ejaculation. 'Would to God!' 'O that God!' 'God grant!' were frequent from his lips, not carelessly, but with an emphasis of devotion none could doubt. Indeed, he not only prayed before he preached and after he preached—for he went to the pulpit from his knees, and to his knees from his pulpit—but he seemed to be praying while he preached. Prayer was so much his breath, that as Gregory Nazianzen says of the true Christian, the breathing went on whatever he was doing, not hindering him, but necessary to him. The hearer

felt that it was the preacher's heart, as well as his mind and voice, that was talking to him; and that that heart was invoking blessings for, while it pleaded with, sinners and saints.

"He had also an easy wit, which upon fitting occasions played gracefully, but never sarcastically. He was too kind-hearted to be sarcastic, too devout to be jocose.

"The first time that I heard him—and perhaps the second time he spoke here in public—was on the anniversary of the American Bible Society, then an infant institution. I recollect the venerable president, Elias Boudinot, leaving the chair to seek some repose from the excitement too severe for his aged frame. The speaker who preceded Summerfield, was a divine then and long afterward highly esteemed and admired for his strong sense, his elaborate finish, and his Ciceronian dignity. His address was truly a masterpiece, profound in argument, accurate in logical analysis, and very impressive in its conclusions. A clerical gentleman—since gone to his rest—who was kind enough to take an interest in a lad like myself, was frequent in his expressions of delight and admiration—calling my attention to his gesture, his pithy sentences, and his elegant elucidation. The orator closed amidst murmurs of applause, and the chair announced 'the Rev. Mr. Summerfield from England.' 'What presumption!' said my clerical neighbor; 'a boy like that to be set up after a giant!' But the stripling came in the name of the God of Israel, armed with 'a few smooth stones from the brook' that flows 'close by the oracles of God.' His motion was one of thanks to the officers of the Society for their labors during the year, and of course he had to allude to the President, then reposing in another part of the house; and thus he did it:

"'When I saw that venerable man, too aged to warrant the hope of being with you at another anniversary, *he reminded me of Jacob leaning upon the top of his staff, blessing his children before he departed.*'

"He then passed on to encourage the society by the example of the British institution. 'When we first launched our untried vessel upon the deep, the storms of opposition roared, and the waves dashed angrily around us, and we had hard work to keep her head to the wind. We were faint with rowing, and our strength would soon have been gone, but we cried, 'Lord, save us, or we perish.' *When a light shone upon the waters, and we saw a form walking upon the troubled sea, like unto that of the Son of God, and he drew near the ship, and we knew that it was Jesus; and he stepped upon the deck, and laid his hand on the helm, and he said unto the winds and the waves, 'Peace, be still;' and there was a great calm.* Let not the friends of the Bible fear, God is in the midst of us. God shall help us, and that right early.' In such a strain he went on to the close. 'Wonderful, wonderful!' said my neighbor the critic, 'he talks like an angel from heaven.'

"The next time that I heard him, was in the John-street church. The only method by which I could see him, from among the taller crowd who filled every accessible space, was by climbing like Zaccheus, not a tree, but a huge church stove that stood in the north-eastern corner. I can give you no part of the sermon, but I well remember a fact that will show the intense power he had of riveting the attention. We had all been crowded in the church at least an hour and a half before the time of service, and among those in the front of the gallery opposite to me, was a group of the most fashionable women then in New York; one of whom was remarkable for her beauty, but still more famous for her wit, that defied all restraint of time, place, or person. Before the service commenced, she was endeavoring to change her very uneasy position for one more comfortable, but in vain. French hats and Methodist bonnets were jammed closely in almost inextricable confusion. Miss F——'s posture was still most painful; but the moment Summerfield

began to preach, her eyes were riveted upon him, and with her lips slightly opened, and at times twitching convulsively, she listened without moving until he ceased, when she heaved a deep sigh, as if only then permitted to breathe. What effect, other than this, the preaching had upon her, it is impossible to say, but wherever Summerfield was to speak, she was to be found. May we not hope—for she has long since gone to her account—that some seeds were sown in her heart which are now bearing fruit in heaven?

"Preaching one morning in the Allen-street Methodist church, upon Romans 8:38, 39, he wished to define and illustrate Christian confidence; he did it in this way: 'You remember Peter, when he was imprisoned, chained between two soldiers. The church was praying in tears, wondering what would become of them if their strong champion was taken from them. The enemies of God on earth, and the devils in hell, were rejoicing that they had Peter in their power. The angels in heaven, ever intent upon the mysteries of Providence in redemption, were sending down to see what the Lord would do with Peter. When heaven and earth and hell were thinking of Peter, what were Peter's thoughts? What was Peter doing? *Peter was asleep.*'

"The sermon for the deaf and dumb, as printed, is nothing like what it was when delivered, either in thought or language. Summerfield himself wrote it, but after it was preached. He could not catch his own 'winged words.' The pen trammelled him. One striking sentence, which thrilled through us all, is left out altogether. 'Turn away from these children of affliction,' said he, 'and when the Lord says, "Inasmuch as you did it not unto the least of these, you did it not unto me," *you too may be dumb, speechless in shame.*'

"He evidently took his last fatal cold at the laying of the corner-stone of the Tract Society House, in Nassau-street, from standing on the damp earth which had been

thrown up to make room for the foundation. But that morning, at the meeting in the City Hotel, he had made one of his most delightful speeches. 'Thomas Paine,' said he, 'boasted that he would root up every tree in paradise. Would to God that he had laid hold of the tree of life.'

"Such are a few instances of his eloquence. It was peculiar to himself. Sweet as was his voice to us then, it is sweeter now. May we all hear it in heaven. 'Though dead, he yet speaketh' in many hearts. There is one heart that can never forget him—the heart of the writer.

"PHILADELPHIA, September, 1845."

FROM AN ARTICLE BY THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., PRINCETON, N. J.

"It was, I think, in the spring of 1821, that I first saw Mr. Summerfield. Having undertaken a pedestrian excursion in the state of New York, I happened to be at Troy during the meeting of a conference, and there heard him preach before a large assembly, which included a great number of preachers. It was before disease had marred his youthful beauty. There was an infantine freshness and ruddiness in his cheek, and an inexpressible brilliancy in his tender and yet laughing eye. His voice was music itself. Every thing in his manner was instinct with exuberant vigor.

"His text was 1 Cor. 11 : 1 : 'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.' He held forth Paul's imitation of Christ as the model for the Christian minister. After the lapse of twenty-four years, it is not wonderful that my recollections of the discourse should be somewhat faint; yet some things there were which made an indelible impression. Eloquent as he was in every part of his masterly performance, I distinctly remember that no single portion of it so moved and melted the great assembly, even to tears, as his simple rehearsal of the apostle's sufferings, in his own words,

'In stripes, in imprisonments,' etc. 2 Cor. 6 : 4–11. Never have I heard a passage of Scripture recited with such pathos. He introduced a beautiful quotation from the dying expressions of Melancthon, in allusion to a shipwreck; but I cannot now venture to reproduce it. In turning to the audience at large, near his peroration, he said, 'But, brethren, you should all be preachers; not pulpit-preachers, it may be, but street-preachers and parlor-preachers.' And then in reference to some who dread the undue multiplication of preachers, and who are jealous for the dignity of the regular ministry, he cited, with a very significant archness, the reply of Moses when Joshua complained that Eldad and Medad were prophesying: 'And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them.' Num. 11 : 29.

"In this, as in all Mr. Summerfield's performances, nothing was more remarkable than the total forgetfulness of self. All was childlike simplicity and nature, yet fervid and pathetic, to a degree which cannot be communicated to those who never heard him. Many orators have I heard, but never any one whose elocution and manner were so captivating and persuasive. The unction and confidence of his prayers were also strikingly great, and the manner in which he repeated the Lord's prayer transcended all the tricks of elocutionists and actors.

"Some time after this I again heard him, when he visited Princeton, N. J. The discourse which, at that time, he preached in the Presbyterian church, is the same of which the outline is preserved in Dr. Bond's Collection, No. 79, entitled 'A Friend at Court.' The text was Heb. 4 : 14: 'Seeing then that we have a great High-priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.' But that sketch, however interesting in itself, can convey no idea of the fulness, the rapidity, or the glow-

ing amplification of the discourse. In this, as in all his sermons, he was remarkable for the quick succession of new thoughts. No man better observed the caution, *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.* Summerfield did not say every thing, and he did not weary. Not only did he not dwell very long on any point, but, after presenting it most vividly, he immediately and most adroitly glided to another, keeping up a sparkling current of perpetual change. The discourse comprised a brief, but able vindication of the divinity of our Lord. One of his illustrations, in which he represented an execution, and the crowd opening to a horseman bearing a reprieve, was graphic, and never to be forgotten.

"It was my happiness to hear Mr. Summerfield, on a second visit to Princeton, in the summer of 1824. Alas, he was at this time enfeebled by disease, and no longer blooming in the vigor of his first appearance in America. His visage was pallid, and his voice was much injured. Yet he preached with uncommon power, and with a tenderness and awe which abundantly made up for any lack of vivacity. His subject was 'Isaiah's vision,' Isaiah 6 : 1–8. See Dr. Bond's Collection, No. 23, p. 165. He rose above himself, and seemed to see heaven opened, as with a seraphic glow he caught the adoring song, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.' Well do I remember, after so many years, the delightful transition, when, from depicting the awful glories of God's unapproachable majesty, in the temple 'filled with smoke,' he passed to the 'Lamb in the midst of the throne,' as the reconciling sacrifice.

"On the day following I was admitted, by what we call a mere casualty, to some personal acquaintance with Mr. Summerfield. He was about to be admitted, as an honorary member, to one of the literary societies of the college of New Jersey. While he was waiting to be introduced, he was brought by his attendant to the room which I occupied in Nassau Hall. No one who ever knew him needs to be re-

minded of the suavity and ease of his manner, even to the young. It was an interview which, though brief, left deep traces on my memory. He seized the moment to give me some very seasonable counsels. Among other subjects he touched upon the necessity of divine illumination, in order to the understanding of the Scriptures, and its superiority to all the aids of human learning. In this connection he related that Dr. Doddridge, when composing his celebrated Exposition, was accustomed, after laboring upon a difficult passage, to carry it to a poor and uneducated member of his church, whom he believed to be taught by the Holy Ghost, in order to get his opinion upon the passage in question. Speaking also of stated times for prayer, he said, 'It is good to have a fixed time, and a fixed place for devotion. By the law of association, these will recall holy thoughts to the mind.'

"Some months after this I was favored with two letters from Mr. Summerfield." See pages 247, etc. "They need no comment. But I may be allowed to add, that after years of public labor, I recollect no counsels on the subject of preaching to which I attach more value."

The two following extracts are given as a sample of letters of the same character which Mr. Summerfield very frequently received during his brief ministerial career.

FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, MAY 13, 1823, THEN A STUDENT AT LAW, NOW A MINISTER OF CHRIST.

"I sensibly feel, that in the hands of God, you were the one who instructed me in the very first principles of religion; for before I attended your ministry, I was as little acquainted with the doctrines of the new birth, and of justification by faith, as if I had been born and educated in a heathen land. Though suffering under a painful sense of sin, its present heinousness, and the future punishment which awaited it, yet I was walking daringly forward in my career

of vice when I heard you for the first time from Hebrews 12 : 1 ; my feet seemed riveted to the floor. From that morning my convictions of sin, which had for some time past been occasionally severe and poignant, became more and more frequent, and yet more and more terrible to bear. But notwithstanding I had become a more uniform attendant upon public worship, still I did not relinquish my former pursuits. Satan was yet my master ; and though, through the assistance of the Spirit of God, I was struggling hard to emancipate myself, my immortal soul, from his destructive power, yet he held me fast bound in the chains of sin and death. I continued to walk in the downward road, if not with equal zest and delight as in former days, yet with a more awful precipitancy, a far greater degree of desperation. On every returning Sabbath, however, conscience failed not to rise up against me with renewed strength, crying aloud, 'Turn ye from your evil ways.' But so deeply fixed were my old habits, that it seemed like rooting out the seeds of life from the ground of the heart, wholly to abandon them. Nevertheless, after a long and agonizing struggle, I was enabled by the grace of God wholly to abandon them ; and though I cannot to the hour mention when the burden of sin and death was removed, yet I humbly trust I can say, I *know* I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren ; and also from that mysterious, though entire revolution which has been effected in my feelings, my sentiments, and my pursuits.

"My song now, day and night, is praise and thanksgiving to my Redeemer."

FROM A STUDENT OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, PRINCETON, DEC. 4, 1822, NOW A MINISTER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

"I should do injustice to my feelings did I not take this opportunity of thanking you for the kindly interest you have ever taken in my spiritual welfare. I shall ever have

reason to bless God that I have heard you; for it was through your instrumentality, under the blessed God, that I was first led to turn my attention to those subjects which belong to my eternal peace. It was under your preaching that I first was brought to see my danger as a sinner exposed to the curse of a broken law. I felt that I had never answered the object of my creation, the glory of God, but I raised my puny arms against the authority of the Most High; and the language of my heart and actions has been, 'there is no God.' You preached Christ and him crucified, and offered a Saviour willing and able to save to the uttermost. I felt my need of such a Saviour, and as I trust, accepted of him as my portion, as my all in all. I am now a professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and have determined, relying upon his grace to support and strengthen me, to devote myself soul and body to his service. I feel more and more the great importance of the work for which I am preparing, and its awful responsibility. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' I trust, my dear friend, that you will pray for me, that my faith and love, and all my Christian graces, may be in lively exercise."

FROM A LADY.

"May I not be pardoned for the peculiar feeling I cherish for the memory of him who of me could say, in the words of the inspired apostle, 'Through Christ Jesus, I have begotten you in the gospel?'

"The sketch by —— has brought the sainted Summerfield vividly before me. Well do I remember his reading of the hymn that writer refers to; but it was not when reading it to his audience that he invested it with its peculiar power. The influence was felt when he quoted it in prayer. After having, in tones of most earnest supplication, implored God to

"'Take my soul and body's powers—
Take my memory, mind, and will—
All my goods and all my hours—
All I know and all I feel—
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my heart, but make it new,'

his whole manner would change, and, in the joyful exultation of assured victory, he would exclaim,

"'*Now*, my God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own!
Freedom, health, and friendly fame
Consecrate to thee alone!
Thine I live, thine happy I;
Happier still, if thine I die.'

"I have heard Mr. Summerfield introduce another verse with great effect, in the following manner. Describing the adoration of the heavenly host, he would say,

"'Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus'—

but angel powers were not competent to finish the verse; no, it was left for man, for fallen man, to complete the stanza, and say,

"'Worthy the Lamb that died, *we* cry,
For he was slain for *us!*'

"I heard the first sermon Mr. Summerfield preached in the city of New York. It was from the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;' and it may be that many others besides the young girl who hung upon his words with breathless interest, can remember, that while alleging the insufficiency of earthly good and worldly knowledge to yield abiding happiness, he spoke of the philosopher, and exclaimed, 'Let him skip like a mountain-goat from star to star, until at last he reach that great luminary—let all the planetary system pass before him, and let him understand all their mysteries—let Nature stand confessed in luminous simplicity, and show those things which now she

holds most dear, still there is an aching void; for though he sees a God without, he feels him not within—still, like Alexander, though on a different occasion, he would weep tears of blood that there was not another world of science to explore.' That first sermon had an electrical effect; but it is not left for me to depict his triumphs and his sway. He did, indeed, sway his congregation at will. While preaching from the text, 'If a man believe my saying, he shall not see death,' he introduced part of Pope's address of the dying Christian to his soul, commencing at,

"'What is this absorbs me quite?'

and when he came to the line,

"'Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!'

hundreds of his audience rose involuntarily from their seats; and the close of the quotation found them standing on their feet, with their heads inclining towards the preacher, and their eyes riveted upon that youthful being, who seemed to have naught of humanity about him, save the fetters he was so soon to drop.

"Nor was it in the pulpit alone that this mastery was his: his social life abounded in incidental instruction. I trace the vivid appreciation I have of temporal blessings, and my power to thank God for 'a grateful heart, that tastes those gifts with joy,' to a blessing which he asked at our tea-table, in those my youthful days. He said, 'May we receive the food before us with gratitude, remembering that all these *common* blessings are most *uncommon* mercies, and that temporal, equally with spiritual gifts, are the dear-bought purchase of the blood of Christ.'

"At the same table I one day spoke ungrammatically. He corrected my error—we were but a family party—when an elderly person present said, 'If you are so particular, I shall be afraid to speak.' His quick response and apology was, 'O, you and I were born in the last century; but for

E—— there is no excuse.' And there was none; and never since that time have I said '*learned*,' when I ought to have said '*taught*.' He was cheerful in conversation, even to liveliness, abounding in anecdote, and excelling in its relation. Well might any one who was admitted to familiar intercourse with him say, 'In all things I am instructed.'

"E. M. B."

FROM A LETTER OF THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY, D. D., LONDON, OCT. 20, 1825.

"I am well convinced that, 'take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again.' His deep piety, unassuming yet most amiable manners, uncommon talents, and susceptible mind endeared him to his friends, and gave an ardor to their attachment bordering on enthusiasm, and rendered him the object of universal esteem and unbounded popularity."

FROM THE POET MONTGOMERY.

"Summerfield," says Montgomery on reading his manuscripts, "was not a man of every day; there is yet fire enough in his ashes to kindle a flame that will be much longer lived than himself."

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D., BALTIMORE.

"Simplicity, artlessness, and fervor were among the characteristics of his eloquence. It has been said by some, that there was *art* in it: if there was, it was the absolute perfection of art, for it succeeded in concealing its own existence—it was the art of nature, if I may so express it.

"In conversation he was often brilliant and always interesting. His sweet spirit of piety diffused itself through all that he said—but the pulpit was his stronghold, and in the simple preaching of the gospel lay his great talent."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD'S FATHER AND MOTHER BY HIS ELDEST SISTER.

"My father and mother were married at the age of about twenty, depending solely upon the talents and industry of my father. My mother, by her economy and excellent management, proved herself then, as in after-life, a *help-meet*. At this period my parents were not members of any religious body; my mother had, previous to her marriage, been a regular attendant of the established church.

"My father was very companionable, and being fond of music, having a fine voice and playing on an instrument, he was much sought after, and consequently became ensnared by gay and thoughtless company; indeed, I have heard my mother say that she felt the greatest anxiety on his account, not knowing what the consequences might be. After the birth of their first child he continued to spend his evenings a good deal from home, to the great discomfort of my mother. When the child was about a year old the smallpox broke out, which made dreadful ravages in the neighborhood of Manchester where they resided. They became exceedingly alarmed for their infant, and fled from the town; but on their return, after an absence of some weeks, their infant son sickened and died.

"This day of sorrow was the commencement of my father's spiritual career; my mother said that for a time he seemed to be inconsolable. The evening following the interment he went to hear the Rev. Joseph Benson, a Methodist preacher of great celebrity; and under the powerful preaching of this 'man of God,' as my father always emphatically termed him, was the great and decided change effected. And I feel privileged to say of my revered father, that he ever manifested himself to us his children a tried saint. Indeed, to me it is delightful to dwell upon the excellences of his character. His attainments as a Christian

were of a high order. He was a man of unceasing prayer, and almost unexampled self-denial.

"My mother's countenance was very pleasing, resembling that of my brother John; her eye a soft blue, her complexion fair and delicate, with an agreeable, though rather pensive expression. She was of a retiring disposition, yet firm of purpose, with more discrimination than my father, who was too apt to place unreserved confidence in strangers. I have often known my mother to warn him of certain individuals, some of them professors of religion, and he was obliged frequently, to his sorrow, to confess that her estimate of character was astonishingly correct.

"'After the birth of their second child, my parents removed from Manchester to Preston, the birthplace of my brother John. In this place they resided a number of years, and enjoyed their greatest worldly prosperity. Here my mother, I presume, became a member of the Wesleyan society, for such she was from my earliest recollection. She was a most devoted mother, in the common acceptation of the term, and manifested the greatest interest in the most important concern of our being. It was usual for my brother John and myself, being the eldest, to sit with her some time after the other children had retired, for the purpose of reading to her; and she had a happy way of arousing our interest on subjects for conversation.

"On one occasion she tried us on the subject of *faith*. She told us it was not our merely *assenting* to those things made known to us by the word of God, but our so believing and trusting in them as to guide our conduct. She would, in the most simple manner, illustrate faith by commenting on my father's promises to us his children under many and various circumstances, and our trust and confidence in his fulfilling them. She would urge us to examine ourselves, and see whether we did not more frequently honor the word

of our earthly parent than the word of God. She was fearful that the reading of the Scriptures might become a mere form, and taught us that if we would read with profit, we must read *believingly*, always bearing in mind that 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

"At another time she asked, if I were very sick, and as I might suppose at the point of death, and my father should tell me of a certain remedy which was so placed that by my exertion I could obtain it, I should so believe him as to make the effort. I said I should. Then, she said, 'My dear child, you must have full confidence in what your heavenly Father promises to do for those who love him and keep his commandments; for remember, God loves you much better than your parents are capable of loving you.

"My mother was of a much less ardent temperament than my father; she rarely manifested any exuberance of feeling, and I think she had not such continued spiritual enjoyment. Sometimes, and especially when her health was declining, I have heard my father endeavor to comfort her and strengthen her faith, telling her that it was her privilege to be delivered from *all* fear, yea, from the fear of death. I think her mind was harassed on this subject; but I have been told that she obtained entire deliverance before she was called hence. In her peaceful death my dear father was peculiarly sustained and comforted.

"In the management of her children, and in all her domestic relations, in the most trying circumstances, she could not be surpassed. It was her rule to study the peculiar disposition of her children, and to suit her instructions accordingly. She used to say, in families of children, some may be *drawn*, and some required to be *driven*. She would say of my brother William, who was rather difficult to manage by those who did not know him, I can *draw* him by a silken thread. Such was her influence with her boys, that I have seen her beckon to them when with a dozen boys of

their own age, and in the midst of some interesting games, the hour having come for *her* boys to leave the play-ground, and it was a rare thing for them to evince the least displeasure. They had been taught obedience from their infancy. I have heard her say, 'How thankful I ought to feel that my boys are so docile; they promise to be an honor to their parents: if it were not so, I could hardly bear it.'

"My father was necessarily separated a great portion of his time from his family; sometimes he would be absent on business many weeks. How I have seen his countenance lighten up on his return home, when, in answer to his inquiries, my mother was enabled to give a satisfactory account of us. Then he would produce some little memorials of his affection, and handing them over to her, would say, 'Distribute these as you think best;' which she would do very judiciously.

"My mother's kindness and consideration for the poor, and particularly the sick poor, were such as to preclude all thought either of expense or trouble. It was her custom to have gruels, soups, and other nourishing articles of food prepared under her own superintendence, and she spent much of her time in visiting them. She was greatly respected in her neighborhood, and by the families of the workmen in my father's employ was much beloved. There were twelve families on the foundry premises, to whose calls in their trouble she was at all times subject. She was much respected by her servants, and never permitted an unkind or ungenerous expression to be made to them by any of us.

"The Rev. Thomas Thompson, alluded to in the Memoirs, p. 120, entered my father's house as an apprentice, and I believe chiefly through the influence of the example and instructions of my parents became a devoted child of God and a useful minister of Christ. After he became pious, according with my mother's desire, he always dined with us

on the Sabbath, which he considered a mark of her deep interest in him. I believe he sincerely loved her.

"When I was about eight years old, my father had a very narrow escape, illustrative of that special providence manifested to such as 'magnify God in all his ways.' I shall never forget his manner, when he related his deliverance from the jaws of death. He came to see me at a boarding-school: I had retired; he came into my room, and drawing aside the curtain, seated himself on the side of my bed. He began by saying, 'Ellen, my love, you will praise the Lord with me, when I tell you what a mighty deliverance he hath wrought for me. Yes, my dear daughter, I never expected to see you again; but, bless God, your father is again permitted to embrace his dear children. O how I looked upon you as orphans!' Here, as frequently during the recital, his utterance was choked, and he wept unceasingly. Again he said, 'Pray, my love, that my spared life may be spent more to His glory.'

"This perilous situation was in crossing the Lancaster sands, which is literally *a bar of quicksand*, the crossing of which ought never to be undertaken without a guide. My dear father was not fully aware of the necessity of this precaution, and his business being urgent he had ventured to cross, and was surprised by the tide flowing in, and his being surrounded by water. Finding it impossible to proceed, he made an effort to turn his horse, but found that the noble animal could not extricate himself, having sunk lower and lower at every plunge for some time previous to this awful moment. My father then saw nothing but death, death inevitable. 'And,' he added, 'with what agony did I bid you each farewell. O how I wrestled with God, while poor Jack,' his horse, 'plunged and labored for his master.' About this time he saw at a distance a fisherman's boat; he observed by the gestures of the man that his situation was all

but hopeless; the fisherman evidently made an effort to be heard, but this could not be, from the rushing in of the waters. By this time the horse had sunk half way up the chest. My father gave himself up, and throwing down the reins, raised his eyes to heaven, to commit his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, when to his astonishment his horse made one mighty effort and extricated himself, and by degrees was enabled to reach the place he had left some hours before. 'My first act,' said my father, 'as you, my dear Ellen, would expect, was to dismount and kneel before my God; and if your father ever prayed, it was then. Mine was indeed a song of praise and thanksgiving:

"'I'll praise him while he lends me breath.'

On rising from his knees his attention was directed to a small hut, where he was informed that they had observed a person in the quicksands, and consequently had in their own minds consigned him to death. They told him that the week previous a carriage had attempted to cross, and every soul had perished.

"On another occasion, on coming home from school, my father was seated with the two youngest children on his lap. I observed one of his hands bound up in a silk handkerchief; his countenance beamed sweetly upon me, but I saw he had been weeping. On inquiring what was the matter, I was informed that he had that morning been called, in the way of his business as engineer, to examine some extensive coal-mines. After being detained below for some hours, he ascended one of the pits, but was so overpowered by the change of atmosphere, as to cause him to faint; he was conscious, when he first felt the sensation, that nothing could save him from a fall that would have reduced his body to a state not to be recognized. After this moment he was lost entirely to himself; and when he recovered his reason found himself extended upon the ground, surrounded by those who had

drawn up his apparently lifeless form. He was wonderfully preserved by the twisting of the ropes of the bucket in which he had placed his feet for the purpose of ascending, being so completely entwined as to preserve the body in an upright position. It was by the twisting of these ropes that his hands and his fingers were lacerated and crushed. He was so deeply affected at this signal instance of God's goodness, that he could not advert to it either in family prayer or otherwise without the deepest emotion.

"I have often looked upon my father with feelings tenderly alive to his bereaved situation, after the death of my dear mother. He was left with seven children, the youngest an infant. I have no hesitation in saying that there are few such fathers. He was invariably the same patient and affectionate parent; indeed, bearing astonishingly with all the waywardness of us his children. I never saw him out of temper. When any thing took place to hurt his feelings, his fine open countenance would be expressive of grief, never of anger. He would mildly accost the aggressor by name, and in the most tender and touching manner say, 'You little know how you have grieved your father.' He used no chastisement, but would give time for reflection, and then by asking pardon, forgiveness was obtained. I have seen my brothers, when in the wrong, solemnly ask my father's forgiveness, as also that of others when my father desired it, after they had almost reached their full stature. It was a solemn time with us, for we all participated deeply in whatever interfered with the tender feelings of our only parent. Perhaps there never was a family who lived more for each other than our own. Our Sabbaths, after the harassing cares of the week, were like days spent, I had almost said, in paradise.

"The circumstances connected with my brother Henry's death were such as to place it among the most heart-rending trials my dear father was called to endure; it was after our

removal from Liverpool to Dublin. Henry was a fine boy of seven years; he had been much caressed by a German captain, whose vessel lay directly opposite to the house we occupied. The last day of his life he had dined with us, and afterwards, as we suppose, went on board this vessel, and probably leaning over the side, fell into the water and instantly disappeared. My father, who had been confined to the house two weeks from severe indisposition, had been through the day diligently and almost uninterruptedly employed in reading the Scriptures. I had sat in the room with him during a great part of the day, and he several times expressed his gratitude at the prospect of returning health. Sometimes he would read aloud. His mind appeared tranquil, and his spirit sweetly drawn out in many remarks which he made on his reading.

"About six o'clock the servant called me out of the room, and informed me that Henry could not be found for his supper. My father hearing her report, came into the hall, and inquired, 'Jane, what is the matter?' She replied she had called Master Henry, but he could not be found. I reminded him that this was not uncommon; that it was early, and that she ought to look for him. My father's look I can never forget; he placed his eyes upon me most affectionately, and said, '*Ellen, my love, you will never see Henry again.*' I seized his arm, and imploringly said, 'O, my father, how can you say so?' He replied, 'You will never see your brother again.'

"The evening became very foggy and unpleasant. My father exposed himself for upwards of three hours upon the water, in search of the body of his child. Many friends had collected, and joined us in entreating him to give up the search. They endeavored to inspire him with hope that the child might yet be living; he smiled faintly, but showing himself painfully firm to his purpose, returned to the boat he had just left, and remained until the hat of the child was found.

"It was then a late hour, and very dark. He entered the house, and heaving a deep sigh, laid the hat on the table in the centre of the room, and looking with mournful affection upon us, for we were greatly afflicted from the oldest to the youngest, he said, 'There is your poor brother's hat.' He endeavored to soothe us; he told my brothers, two of whom were fond of the water, that he trusted this calamity would be to them in particular a solemn warning; he showed them that their accountability, from the difference of their years, compared with that of their lost brother, was such as would have, in their case, greatly aggravated this *heavy stroke*. He, looking up, said, 'Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?' He observed the nurse standing in the room, and said, very kindly, 'Jane, will you send in tea?' When the tea was prepared, he said, 'Come, my dear children, take your places.' He asked a blessing; after a pause, said, 'Poor Henry's seat is vacant.' After tea was dismissed, he asked for the Bible, read and prayed as he was wont; after which he said, 'Now, my dear children, I have to beg that you will go to bed, and compose yourselves to rest; and God bless you.'

"I have no doubt but my father passed most of the night upon his knees. I heard him in great agony, when he supposed all were asleep. The next morning, between four and five o'clock, I found him seated at the window of the room he had occupied the day previous, which overlooked the scene. This was the Sabbath. I could observe from his countenance as he sat, his head reclining upon his hand, that he had passed a distressing night. After anxiously watching those who were engaged in grappling for the body, he observed with a piercing groan, 'They have recovered my poor Henry;' and walking to the door, waited until the body was borne in. He accompanied those who carried the lifeless form of his interesting boy, and assisted in placing it upon a table which he had ordered to be prepared.

"I thought my father appeared soothed after he received the body. A friend calling at this time, said, 'My dear brother Summerfield, you are much afflicted.' He replied, 'It is a *dark* providence; it is a heavy chastisement; but I have deserved it all.' In family prayer that evening, I remarked that my father thanked God that his mind had been so prepared to meet this awful dispensation.

"I cannot omit saying, that my father was almost preëminent *in his undeviating devotion to the sacred Scriptures.* His conversation had so much of the spirit of the gospel, that it was delightful to hear him. His knowledge of the Bible was truly remarkable. It mattered not to what part of the book reference was made, he was familiar with it. He greatly enjoyed religious conversation. In company with ministers, however eminent, or others, he would generally be among the first to introduce the subject of religion. He had a happy method of gliding into it, and it would invariably give pleasure. His familiarity with the Scriptures gave him a decided advantage in a religious discussion. His memory was very tenacious. He would refer with remarkable facility and with great accuracy to the parallel passages. His son delighted to converse with him, and to obtain his views on intricate points of Scripture. He highly valued his father's opinions; he knew that he was skilled in that 'divinity' which Luther denominated 'nothing but a grammar of the language of the Holy Ghost.' My father's habit I can from my childhood recollect was, *to read and study the Bible in secret*, and *much on his knees.*

"His gift in prayer was also remarkable; so varied, so copious, so scriptural, at the family altar and elsewhere; there was little or no repetition. My brother invariably gave place to his father whom he so highly revered. Even in company, when called on to pray, he would always transfer the call to his father. I never heard him pray in our family when his father was present; but how often have I seen

him weep under his father's prayers, especially on the Sabbath morning, when he would so eloquently pray for 'the lad with his five barley loaves, who was about to go forth to feed the multitude with the bread of life.'

"During my dear brother's last illness at Dr. Beekman's in New York, my father was confined to his bed at my house in Bloomingdale. Their final interview on earth was on the Sabbath, the day before my brother took his bed. For one month they were separated, which was very distressing to both. The family of necessity were divided: part in town, and part in the country. My father's presence would have been consoling to my dying brother; his prayers would have borne him up; but this privilege was not granted him.

"There was a brief interval of twelve weeks only, when my father was taken from us. His death was one of the most triumphant. His sufferings were greatly beyond what I had hoped he would be called to pass through in the closing scene. He had been a martyr to bodily suffering and infirmity for two years. The last two nights and days which he spent upon earth, little was heard from his lips but prayer—uninterrupted prayer and praise. Twenty-four hours before he ceased to breathe, friends and relatives were gathered around his bed, expecting every moment to be his last. The eye had become dim, the countenance fixed as in death, when, as if aroused from sleep, on hearing a friend who had just arrived pleading in prayer that he might be permitted to hear from his own lips the testimony of that *full assurance* which he always hoped, should he survive my father, he might be privileged to witness; my dear father's eye assumed a peculiar brilliancy, the first words he uttered, at the same time extending his hand to his friend, were, '*Jesus, Jesus, Jesus;*' his friend said, 'is precious?' He replied, 'Is precious.' My beloved parent looking around on his children, observed how we were affected, and said, as if surprised, 'What, weeping?'—'*I* will never

leave thee. *I* will never forsake thee;' no, 'none shall pluck thee out of my hand.' My dear father said to his friend, '*Pray;*' and afterwards he himself gave out a hymn, and sung with great spirit. He continued through the night and the following day in such a happy frame of mind, alternately singing and praying. Towards evening he began to sink rapidly; he however again revived, and broke out in the night into singing, and with such energy and power of voice as to be heard through the house. He sung with ecstasy.

"'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,' etc.

He then gradually declined, and sweetly slept in Jesus.

"'The eloquence of death' was impressed upon the face of my revered father. What a blank did the solemn event occasion! How destitute did I feel that as a family we had become! The prayers of my father and brother had now ceased to be offered in our behalf. But when I again looked upon that countenance radiant with a *smile of holy triumph*, permitted in the very article of death, I felt constrained to acknowledge that '*our loss was his eternal gain.*'

"E. B."

"Summerfield House, Portchester, Oct., 1850."

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, ESQ.

I saw the evangelist of God ascend
The holy place. He stood in the beauty
Of meekness. He spoke, and on my heart
Fell accents glowing with the prophet's fire.
I heard thee, mighty one; and was afraid,
Yea, trembling listened; for methought no voice
Of mortal mould could thrill my bosom thus.
O, sweet as angels' music were the tones
That breathed their Gilead on the wounded heart,
Strengthened the weary, bade the broken come
To Siloa's fountain, and in faith be whole.
I wept o'er blighted hopes; but thou didst draw,
A willing captive, my admiring soul
With thee to brighter regions, where the dream
Of full fruition lives, nor is unreal.
I feared death; but thou didst deck the foe
In lovely garb: with softest beauty clad,
I saw him beckoning to the narrow house
Of rest, where spicy odors balm the air,
And resurrection's halo crowns the dead.
God speed thee, favored one. Thy diadem
Is wreathed of gentleness, and thick bestrewn
With pearls of nature's forming: they are *tears*.
Yea, tears of rapture, holy and untold.

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